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VIENNA

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HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

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(Kupferstech)

Bird's-eye View of Vienna and Vicinity about 1683 (1686)



by

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

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To
M.M.S.; H.D.S., II.; F.H.S.;
A. de F.S.; R.M.S., II.; P.S.; AND F.M.S., Jr.

*Seigneur! préservez-moi, préservez ceux ce j'aime,
Frères, parents, amis, et mes ennemis même
Dans le mal triomphants,
De jamais voir, Seigneur, l'été sans fleurs vermeilles,
La cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
La maison sans enfants.*

Tros fuit

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away.

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VIENNA

CHAPTER I

THE DANUBE

CITIES are the children of waters; and by waters are their fates determined. Some are born on the borders of the ocean, of great bays or estuaries, cities destined to be centres of commerce, where ships shall congregate, such as New York, Liverpool, Hong Kong; a few are born inland, among plains or mountains, like Moscow, or Madrid; but the best fate for a city is to be builded beside a river—a river of character and high romance—for instance Rome on the Tiber, Paris on the Seine, London on the Thames. Citizens of cities on the sea may be more cosmopolitan, they may have better acquaintance and greater understanding of foreign peoples, but a city on the banks of a river has many a compensation. Its citizens drink of it, they bathe in it, they make it carry their burdens, they defend themselves with it as by a rampart. And the river is more to them than a mere aid to a safer and easier life; it exercises a continuous influence upon their imagination, it colors the dreams of the young, it comforts the middle-aged, it invigorates and refreshes the old; it is a mocking likeness of life itself, coming from the womb of earth and disappearing below the horizon on its way to the immensity of the ocean, jumping, rippling, gliding, whirling, and all with the same apparent freedom as have the actions of men. The Seine has set her mark on the Parisian, the Thames on the Londoner, the Tiber on the Roman, and the Danube on the people of Vienna.

Of all the rivers in Europe the Danube is the noblest, the most picturesque, the most interesting. The Volga is longer, the Tiber, the Thames, the Seine can boast of greater glory in human history, but the Danube, from her origin in the Black Forest to

her disappearance in the Black Sea, proceeds like a predestined queen in her adolescence and young womanhood. At the head of a pleasant little valley high up among the bristling mountaintops of the Black Forest, a tiny stream of clear water comes tumbling down the rocks, and, gathering strength and volume from an occasional spring or rivulet, cuts a channel into the rich soil, and dances gaily over its bed of glistening pebbles. This little stream the Brigach, and its twin sister, the Brege, which rises about ten miles farther to the south, are the highest sources of the mighty river. The two streams meet at Donaueschingen, and run on as the Danube, in united course, northeasterly, through the Hohenzollern country, to Ulm, taking with them memories of white swans, with curving necks, and stately heads (hallmarks of aristocracy) to tell the citizens of Vienna that the true value of life is to glide with beauty, dignity and grace down the unintelligible river of existence. At Ulm, the river bids its banks bring forth iris, forget-me-nots, valerian, and other flowers, and then continues to the east to Regensburg (Ratisbon), which Napoleon and Browning have brought to our ignorant attention, and then turns to the southeast, a gently flowing, well-behaved river, through the Bavarian plain to Passau, beyond which Austria, before she was swallowed up by Germany, used to begin.

Here the river Inn empties its dirty yellow, or more politely, grey, waters into the Danube from the south, and adds much volume to the stream. Above the junction the Danube has a greenish color, and sometimes in deep shady pools an intense and beautiful blue; but otherwise the adjective blue for the Danube is an adjective of courteous misrepresentation; by some the color is called pale-green, except in flood, when it becomes brown, but probably it is best described, keeping near to the language of courtesy, as pale *café-au-lait*. The flora changes a little; there is meadow sweet and meadow rue, purple and yellow loosestrife, white convolvulus, cyclamen, hepatica and monkshood. All these influences the spirit of the Danube car-

ried down to make the Viennese a gay, tolerant, pleasant, Epicurean people, who should jog their way through life smiling and whistling waltz tunes. The blithe, boyish character of the river is more vividly present in the upper reaches, as it runs past woods, meadows, and hills crowned with the ruins of castle or monastery, past picturesque valleys, past cliffs and precipitous rocks, and yet as it runs, thinking a river's long long thoughts. And then, again, the Danube, squeezed into half its former breadth, by hills near a thousand feet high, glides through scenes of grandeur that exhaust the stock of epithets at the traveller's command. There are miles of marsh-land, too, where the river spreads out and has time to ruminate—as she taught Vienna to do—that pleasure is the goal of life, but not time enough (for there never is) to discover the certain way to that goal. Then again the banks close in, the land falls faster, and below Linz, near Grein, the navigable branch of the river narrows into a gorge, scarce a hundred feet wide, between steep cliffs on the left, and a rocky island to the right, and rushes on in a surging sea of yellow billows, called the Strudel and Wirbel, omens of evil. Then comes the Wachau, a rocky valley twenty miles long, with vineyards and forests, with pretty villages and ancient ruins, and that same charm which hangs, or rather used to hang, over Vienna. And farther down, to emphasize the spirit of romance that haunts the river, comes Dürnstein Castle where, story says, Richard Coeur-de-Lion was imprisoned, and then a great plain, and woods and a multitude of little rococo islands, and the Wiener Wald with its forest of beech trees. And so, at last, the Danube comes to point with pride to Vienna, the Queen of German cities. Here we stop, but the river goes on to the east, into Hungary, where she makes a sharp turn to the south, passes Budapest, and on south into Yugoslavia, past Belgrade, then on, on, to serve as boundary line between Bulgaria and Rumania, and at last to flow northward and eastward through Bulgaria and finally come to rest in the Black Sea.

CHAPTER II

POLITICAL BEGINNINGS

THE river Danube when it reaches Vienna is the sum of many waters, of the Inn, the Enns, the Morava and others; in like manner Austria (I speak of pre-Hitlerian times) was composed of various elements of alien nationality and alien customs. But as I have spoken of the sources of the Danube, I will go back to the beginning of Austrian history.

There were Celts on the banks of the Danube when the Romans first went there during the principate of Augustus Caesar. Civilization and uncivilization make poor bedfellows; neither likes the other's ways. There comes aggression, repression, retaliation, until one side is able to dominate the other, and all become civilized or all barbaric. Tiberius and Germanicus led the Roman armies, and the conquered country, bordering the Danube from the site of Vienna to that of Budapest, was organized into the Province of Pannonia. A few years later Publius Silius, proconsul of Illyricum, did as much for the region that lay between Pannonia and the Inn, and established it as the Province of Noricum. To the north of the river the Quadi and the Marcomanni, Teuton tribes, continued to assert their native ways and customs -to which, like true Teutons, they attributed great importance--and crossing the river, which in those times was frequently frozen in the winter, gave great trouble to the Roman government. In the year 166 A. D. they burst upon the Roman provinces, Noricum and Pannonia, defeated a Roman general, killed twenty thousand of his soldiers, ravaged the countryside, and carried off a great part of the

inhabitants into captivity. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius felt it his duty to take command at the post of danger, and spent the last ten years of his life (170-180 A.D.) along the harassed border, at times at Vindobona, now Vienna, at times at Carnuntum, a Roman camp, also on the Danube twenty-five miles to the east. There were other Roman forts along the Danube, but these two conspicuously bear the honor of the memory of his presence. The Third Book of the *Meditations* is dated at Carnuntum. Nothing could be more in contrast with the Viennese character than these meditations, no development from such a beginning could be more contradictory. The Emperor says: "We ought to eschew the aimless and the unprofitable, still more all that is over-curious and ill-natured, and a man should accustom himself to think only of those things about which, if one were to ask on a sudden 'What is now in your thoughts?' you could quite frankly answer at once, 'This or that'; so that from what you say it would immediately be plain that you are altogether simple and kind, and of a human spirit, heedless of pleasures and of the passing show, and without rivalry, envy, suspicion, or anything else, that you would blush to admit you had in your mind." No; Marcus Aurelius left no moral trace of his presence in Vienna, and yet Vienna is proud of his presence; you will find a *Marc-Aurel-Strasse* running from the Hoher Markt to the Morzin-Platz by the Wiener Donau Kanal.

This region at that time, and for half a dozen generations later, was not a wholly pleasant place to live in, and yet tolerable, even delightful, to what it became in the fifth and sixth centuries, when Slavs, of various origins, Huns, Avars, and Hungarians (both akin to the Huns), and many German tribes, Goths, Lombards, Gepidae, led by their various *führers*, all came, fought, conquered, went or stayed, in horrible confusion. If ever a country was cursed with mixed populations, it is Austria, and yet out of the confusion, the city of Vienna still

sits at the meeting place of Teuton, Slav and Magyar, and newspapers are, or till recently were, published in German, Hungarian, Polish, Ruthenian, Czech, Slovak, Servo-Croatian, Slovene, Rumanian and Italian. The confusion of battling nations during the Dark Ages was horrible, until Charlemagne, the mighty civilizer, defeated Slavs and Avars, pushed the frontier of his empire eastward, and set up the *Mark in Ostland*, north of the river Drave, that now separates Hungary from Yugoslavia. But this Ostmark, which grew into Austria, appears distinctly in history only when the Emperor Otto II conferred it upon Leopold of Babenberg, as Margrave (976 A.D.). This date is regarded as the birth year of Austria, though the name Ostarichi (Österreich, Austria) appears for the first time twenty years later. The Babenbergs were a gifted family, capable, resolute, energetic. In appreciation of their abilities, Frederick Barbarossa, in 1156, raised Austria to the rank of a duchy; and not long after, Styria, a contiguous duchy that lay along the river Mur to the south, was added to it. The family came to an end with the death of Duke Frederick II in 1246. So much for the political beginnings of Austria.

Genealogy of the last Babenbergs

Henry II, Jasomirgott (So help me God!) died 1177

His son, Leopold V, died 1194

His son, Frederick I, died 1198

His brother, Leopold VI, died 1230

His son, Frederick II, died 1246.

CHAPTER III

RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION

IT WAS in the reign of Duke Leopold V that Vienna first swims into the sight of the western world in a flash of romance. This episode occurred at the end of the Third Crusade, when Richard of England and Philip of France made their vain attempt to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Pagans. Philip had already gone home, to look after his own affairs, and had left Richard to prosecute the holy enterprise. I will tell the story as told by Matthew Paris.

MARK THE PROUD TRANSGRESSION OF KING RICHARD, WHICH GREATLY DISPLEASED GOD, (AS PLAINLY APPEARS FROM WHAT FOLLOWS):

About this time the Duke of Austria came to Acre, in fulfillment of his crusader's vow that he would fight loyally for God's sake in the Christian army and worship the footsteps of his Saviour in the Holy Land. His quartermasters had gone ahead and arranged for billets for himself and his staff, and were making the necessary preparations, when a certain officer, a Norman, belonging to King Richard's household, rushed up in hot haste, raging with folly, as is the habit of his nation, and asserted boastfully that he had a better right to those billets than anybody else, since he had come there first and had procured the assignment of them to him and his comrades. There was great contention among them, and the noise reached the King's ears. The King, favorable to the Normans and too ready to believe what they said, let his wrath blaze forth

against the Duke's officers. He did not heed the precept of forbearance laid down in Genesis: "I will go down now and I will see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know" (XVIII, 21), but incontinently ordered, quite otherwise than he should have done, that the Austrian banner, set up as a sign above the house in question, should be thrown into the sewer. When the Duke heard of this, how he had been deprived of his lodgings and shamefully derided by the chattering Normans, he went to the King to complain, but carried away nothing but mimicking grimaces. The Duke, spurned by the King, turned to the King of Kings and Lord God of retribution, asking in tears of Him who saith: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," that he would beat down the proud and comfort him that had suffered so great an injury. And very soon the Duke hurried home in confusion and shame. For this King Richard was greatly blamed, and afterwards felt much ashamed.

The fighting with Saladin continued. The King's prowess dazzled the chronicler. Once he was taken by surprise near Joppa, when he had but a few score men, and Saladin had sixty-two thousand. "The King, perceiving the unexpected danger, buckled on his breastplate, and like a winged thing mounted his horse. Fearless of death, and rendered bolder by the number of his enemies, he urged his men to the fight. With eleven horsemen, all the Knights there were that had horses, he dashed into the enemy's ranks, and, having broken his lance, drew his sword from its sheath, and dealt resonant blows on turbaned heads, and, striking down the riders, gave their Arab steeds to his soldiers who were fighting on foot. These men vaulted on the horses—the King always in front—scattered their enemies right and left, and those that they overtook they slew without pity. The Pagans fled, shrieking horribly, and gave their bloody souls to Hell. In the fight, how the King's courage

flashed forth, how the valor of his men shone out, how many thousands of the enemy they put to flight, would seem unbelievable if divine strength had not been given."

However, valor of itself was not enough; pestilence fell upon the Christian host and King Richard, recognizing the futility of further stay, made a truce with Saladin and went home. The best way to return to England was by Marseilles and Toulouse, but those regions were in the hands of Richard's enemies, and, though he had ample reason to expect ill will from the Duke of Austria, and from the Emperor Henry VI (son of Barbarossa and father of Frederick II), Coeur-de-Lion decided to return by way of Germany. He landed with a few companions at Zara, on the Adriatic coast, in what was then the Kingdom of Hungary. He does not seem to have been very intelligent in the less ingenuous ways of human intercourse. The road to Vienna was due north. He sent a messenger to the Lord of the country where he found himself, with a rich jewel in a ring, to ask for a safe-conduct for the party. The Lord of the land inquired of the messenger who these people were. He answered that they were pilgrims returning from Jerusalem. The Lord asked what were their names. The messenger answered, "One of them is Baldwin of Batun, the other is Hugo, a merchant, it is he that sends you this ring." The Lord looked for some time at the ring and said, "His name is not Hugo, but King Richard." And added, "Though I have sworn to arrest all pilgrims coming from those regions, and not to accept any gift from them, nevertheless, for the worth of the gift and for the worth of the giver, who has honored me so, although he does not know me, I send back the little gift and grant permission to continue the journey." The messenger reported this to the King. The party was greatly alarmed, and saddling their horses left secretly in the middle of the night.

The Lord of the country, having apparently behaved so generously, secretly sent couriers to his brother, Prince of the land

farther up, to bid him arrest the King when he came. This Prince summoned a Norman, one Roger, who had lived in the land for twenty years and had married the Prince's niece, and told him to search every hostelry in the city which took in strangers, find the King if possible, promising him a reward of half the city. Roger made the rounds of the hostelries and did find the King. For some time Richard denied his identity, but finally confessed. Roger was in great agitation, torn between two loyalties; but then, weeping, he bade the King escape as fast as possible and gave him his horse, which was an excellent steed. The next day Roger went back to his Prince, and reported that the stories of King Richard's arrival were idle talk; that the pilgrims were only Baldwin of Batun and some companions. The Prince was furious and bade that all be arrested. But Richard, accompanied only by one Knight and a servant, who could speak German, had escaped from the city, and for three days and nights wandered about with nothing to eat. At last, driven by hunger, the three went into a town. If you will look at a map of Vienna, you will see in the southeastern part of the town, near the Donau Kanal, a street called Erdberg-Strasse, about two miles from St. Stephan's-Kirche. Here was the village, named Erdberg, as tradition goes, in which Richard took refuge. And here (I quote the chronicler) "for the very top of all evils the Duke of Austria was staying."

The King sent his German-speaking servant to market to buy some food. The servant went to the market and there, putting on a great many airs, offered to pay in Byzantine coin. He was at once arrested, and, on being interrogated, said he was the servant of a very rich merchant who was on his way to the city, and would arrive in three days. The lad was let go, and going back by a roundabout way to the inn, told the King what had happened, and warned him to hurry on. But the King had not recovered from the sea voyage and wanted to rest for a few days. Consequently the servant was obliged to go frequently to



The Capture of King Richard
Richard Makes Obeisance to the Emperor

the market place to buy necessities, and, like a fool, on the day of St. Thomas the Apostle (December 21), he wore the gauntlets belonging to the King under his girdle. This was observed, the poor fellow was arrested again, taken before a magistrate, subjected to harsh treatment, torture, wounds even, with threats to cut out his tongue, if he did not tell the truth at once. Under these torments the servant confessed. The magistrate hurriedly told the Duke, while a crowd ran down the street, surrounded the King's inn, and demanded that he surrender. Richard calmly surveyed the scene and, seeing that resistance was impossible, said that the Duke himself must come, and that he would surrender to him and no one else. The Duke came, the King went out to meet him and yielded up his sword. The Duke, put into capital spirits, treated the King with great courtesy, but placed him under the guard of soldiers, with orders to watch him night and day with drawn swords.

And there, in Vienna, or on the outskirts, King Richard stayed for a few days till he was transferred to the castle of Dürnstein on the left bank of the river, fifty miles upstream from Vienna. The way to approach the famous castle is to come down the river; after passing through the narrow valley of the Wachau, one comes out on the castle of Dürnstein, mounted high on a stupendous rock. "Language," says one romantic spectator, "cannot do justice to the sublimity of this view, which might task the united pencils of a Claude and a Salvator Rosa." The rock itself stands upon a rugged promontory, and on the summit of the rock, the keep, with square towers at its angles, lifted its head, with walls, watchtowers and gates. Even now the ruins tell a tale of its mighty youth, and a host of travellers have reported their bewilderment at the complete concord between place, ruins, and romantic associations.

The Duke, braving the shocking impropriety of doing a harmful act to a fellow crusader, sold his rich prize to the Emperor Henry VI for sixty thousand pounds, according to

the standard of Cologne. The Emperor, who also had his own reasons for being incensed against the King, kept him in prison and for a long time refused to see him; but the Abbott of Cluny and other eminent ecclesiastics persuaded him to give the King a hearing. And so, having convoked a great assembly of bishops, dukes and counts, the Emperor formally pronounced his accusations. The first article concerned Richard's doings in Sicily contrary to the Emperor's interests; the second, Richard's actions at Cyprus; the third, the assassination of the Marquis of Montferrat; the fourth, Richard's disloyalty to Philip of France; and fifth, the insult to Austria in throwing the Austrian banner into the sewer at Acre; and in general gross disrespect to Germans both in words and deeds. The King stood up in his own defense and made an admirable harangue, which exculpated him so brilliantly that at the end the Emperor stepped forward, embraced him, and thereafter treated him with gentleness and consideration. This, however, did not prevent the economical Emperor from demanding a ransom of one hundred and forty thousand marks of silver according to the standard of Cologne. If, as I believe, the mark was the equivalent of a pound the Emperor expected a great increase upon his outlay. In the end a great part of the ransom demanded was paid; and as to the Duke of Austria, Leopold VI, who acted so basely towards a fellow crusader, he received his reward, if we may believe the chronicler. "Afterwards the Duke was excommunicated by the Pope and all the cardinals, and when death came, he died horribly."

CHAPTER IV

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE

AT THIS same period, near the close of the Babenberg dynasty as dukes of Austria, we meet the debonair beginnings of what the adjective Viennese brings to the mind, the first work that prognosticates what shall come hereafter—the Viennese motif—a gay, joyous, carefree singing of life and youth and love. Walther von der Vogelweide (1170 ?—1230 ?) was an Austrian gentleman of the lesser nobility; his birthplace was probably near the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol. He went as a young man to Vienna not so very long after the episode of Richard Coeur-de-Lion's capture. Of his stay there he says:

In Austria I learned to compose songs and lays.

Ze Osterrîche lernte ich singen und sagen.

At that time old Reinmar of Hagenau was the court poet, and Walther learned much from his poetry and his society. The metrical art of the minnesingers and troubadours was very intricate and complex, and required industry and perseverance, as well as melodious gifts from the Muses. As a poet Walther quickly made his way, and on the death of old Reinmar in 1207, he succeeded to the place of foremost German poet. Far away in Alsace, Gottfried von Strassburg hails him as chief:

*Wer leitet nû die lieben schar?
Wer wîset diz gesinde?*

Who now shall lead the lovely throng?
 Who the disciples guide?
 Who bear aloft the flag of song?
 I wean, I can decide.
 Your Lady knows—God guide her—
 It's Walther von der Vogelweide.
 Ho! How his clarion voice
 Over the fields rings out!
 How wondrous are the songs he sings,
 With art wrought all about!
 And how his verses twist and twine
 Their deft feet in and out!
 From Cithaeron (unless I'm wrong)
 The poet brings his song,
 Where, to his poetic wit
 The Goddess of Love entrusted it.

Gottfried von Strassburg was right. Walther wrote his songs with frank naturalness and adolescent innocence, flushed with joy in that happy sort of young love, which like a flower lives its summer's day, and, when over and ended, leaves a sweet fragrance and no bitterness behind. Here is one of the poems, most inadequately rendered.

Frouwe Minne, ich klage iu mære.

Dame Love, I complain of you again:
 Judge me, be judge over me!
 He, who championed your honor
 Against inconstant people, that was I.
 In the struggle I was wounded.
 You have shot me,
 But she went unscathed.
 She is hale, and I am ill.
 Lady, let me be well again!
 I know you have more arrows:
 Oh! Will you not shoot her in the heart,
 That she, like me, shall suffer woe?



Walther von der Vogelweide

Will you not, noble Queen,
Distribute your wounds,
Or else heal mine?
Shall I alone be in distress?
I am yours, Dame Love!
Shoot there, where hearts resist you.
Help me to win her.
Lady, please not let her escape.

Frouwe Minne does not represent real passion; but the minne-singer was happier so.

*Saget mir jeman, waz ist minne?
Weiz ich des ein teil, so wist ichs gerne mê?*

Tell me, any one, what is Love?
I know a little of it, but would gladly know more.

It was a boyish, temporary, joy in living, that liked to express itself in dance and song, and wished others in like state:

Wol uf, swer tanzen welle nach der gigen.

Come up! Whoso wishes to dance to the fiddle.

But the best, and the best known, of his love poems is this that he puts in the mouth of a girl:

*Unter der linden
an der heide,
dâ unser zweier bette was,
Da muget ir vinden
schône beide
gebrochen bluomen unde gras.
Vor dem walde in einem tal,
Tandaradei,
schône sanc diu nahtegal*

Under the lindens,
On the heath
There, of us two, was the bed,
There could you find,
Lovelily broken
The flowers and grass
That there grew.
Before the forest in a vale
Tandaradei,
Sweetly sang the nightingale

I went my way
To the grass meadow
Where my Lover had come to meet me;
There did he greet me,
—Oh! Holy Virgin, oh!—
That I shall be forever in bliss.
Did he give me a kiss?
A thousand kisses.
Tandaradei,
See how red my mouth in bliss is.

There had he made
So splendid
A couch of flowers;
Had any man come to that same glade,
He would have longed within him
At our bowers.
By the roses he could well say
Tandaradei,
Where my head lay.

If any one had spied me
As he lay beside me,—
(God forbid)—I should be shamed.
How he behaved to me
Shall never more be named;
To rest in ignorance all must,

Save him and me and a tiny bird,
—Tandaradei—
That we may trust
Not to tell what it heard.

There are others that the German scholar Wilmanns calls *Frühling und Frauen* (Spring and Woman) and *Neues Leben neue Liebe* (New Life New Love), and many more of these love poems, and there are many patriotic poems, and epigrammatic verses, and others of various kinds. Walther, however, found that *Frouwe Minne* and her happiness passed away, like May and June, and that there was much of December and January in life. He was obliged to be away from Vienna most of the time, and when away longed for her, as all true Viennese, and many foreign travellers, do. In a poem that Wilmanns calls *Sehnsucht nach Wien* the poet declares he longs for three things: one, God's favor; two, the love of his lady; three, that which has been barred against him many a day, the delightful court at Vienna, *der wunnecliche hof ze Wiene*. Like many a wretched citizen of Vienna in our day, the poor poet, for what cause we do not know, was not allowed to stay there.

You will remember in *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, that when Walther von Stolzing wishes to become a Meistersinger, he is asked who his teacher was, and he sings his song

*Am stillen Herd in Winterzeit
Wann Burg und Hof mir eingeschneit.*

How, on a winter night when snow shuts in the town and the castle, lying beside the hearth, he had learned from an ancient poetry book how sweetly spring had laughed and how it would come back,

*Herr Walther von der Vogelweid'
der ist mein Meister gewesen.*

CHAPTER V

THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG

THE ruins of the ancient castle of Habsburg (which is said to have been built in the year 1020) lie in the north of Switzerland on the top of Wülpelsberg above the Bad Schinznach, hard by the river Aar, scarce ten miles south of the Rhine. The keep, with walls two and a half metres thick, is still preserved. In the time of the Romans the spot was the site of Vindomissa, the station of a legion. Gibbon remarks: "Within the ancient walls of Vindomissa, the castle of Habsburg, the abbey of Königsfeld, and the town Bruck (Brugg) have successively arisen. The philosophic traveller may compare the monuments of Roman conquests, of feudal or Austrian tyranny, of monkish superstition, and of industrious freedom. If he be truly a philosopher, he will applaud the happiness of his own time." But most people, less philosophic or less phlegmatic, will fall into a consideration, not untouched by emotion, of the dramatic unexpectedness of life, at sight of the birthplace of the greatest house in European history. Between the birth of Rudolph of Habsburg, the first Emperor, and the resignation of Charles I, the last Emperor, intervenes a period of seven hundred years.

Rudolph of Habsburg was born in 1218. In his youth he succeeded to no great inheritance, but by prudence, perseverance, courage, and intelligence, and perhaps other qualities, for it is said that he broadened the foundations of his family fortune by dispossessing his uncles, he became the most powerful prince in southwestern Germany, and in 1273 he was elected Emperor, if I may use that title a little carelessly, for a German monarch though "King of the Romans" did not become "Romanorum

Imperator" till he had been crowned by the Pope. Since the death of Frederick II, *Stupor mundi*, the Wonder of the world, as Matthew Paris calls him, in 1250, the Empire had been vacant, rent by dissensions and rival ambitions, and only upon insistence by the Pope had a new Emperor been elected. Even then Rudolph was mainly concerned with the fortunes of his family. His most dangerous adversary was Ottokar of Bohemia, but in the great battle of Marchfeld (1278) Ottokar was defeated and slain. This enabled Rudolph to establish his two sons Albert and Rudolph in Austria and Styria, the duchies formerly belonging to the Babenbergs, and now claimed as fiefs falling to the Empire on failure of heirs. Rudolph paid little heed to Italy, "the garden of the Empire," and drew down upon himself the blame of his great contemporary, Dante. In the *Divina Commedia*, while Dante and Virgil are wending their way to the Mount of Purgatory, they spend a night in the flowery valley of Antepurgatorio, and there Sordello points out to Dante Emperor Rudolph sitting silent apart from his companions:

*Colui che più sied' alto, e fa sembianti
D'aver negletto ciò che far dovea
Ridolfo imperador fu, che potea
Sanar le piaghe ch'hunno Italia morta.*

He that sits higher up, whose face shows
That he neglected what he should have done
Was Rudolph the Emperor, who had means
To heal the wounds, of which Italy has died.

Another Italian, younger but still contemporary, Giovanni Villani the historian, says: "This Rudolph was a man of great capacity, valiant and chivalric in war, very fortunate in battle, and much feared by the Germans and the Italians. If he had wanted to come down into Italy, he would have been master

of the country without opposition. . . . He died in 1291. He never received papal consecration, because he was always busy increasing his authority and dominion in Germany, and in order to obtain power and territory for his sons, neglected the affairs of Italy. Through valor and perseverance, he rose from a petty count to be Emperor, and acquired the duchy of Austria for himself." Rudolph is said to have been a man of great height, near seven feet, though very slender, of a grave and dignified bearing, and of very unusual personal charm; one chronicler says that he drew everybody to him as if by a magic potion—*ceu philtro pertrahebat omnes*. He was strict in discipline, and magnanimous, in short, he was a fitting figure to start the Imperial fortunes of the House of Habsburg; and it is originally to him that Vienna owed her position as an Empress among cities, owed the qualities of high breeding and elegance, which, as with sovereign alchemy, gilded her *joie de vivre*. Without the Imperial Habsburgs, Vienna would have been no more than Bremen, Hamburg, Bamberg, or Frankfort, and her citizens would never have won their renown of being the gentle folks of Germany.

It is hardly fanciful to imagine that, as the little Brigach and Brege united and, with the aid of many tributaries, swelled into a great river and made Vienna materially what she became, so the influences emanating from Walther von der Vogelweide and Rudolph of Habsburg combined and, receiving through the centuries many contributaries, flowed onward to form the stream of culture that made the Viennese habit of mind. However, after this beginning, there is not much of importance to record during the next two centuries. Austria, as I shall call the Habsburg possessions, acquired the adjoining duchy of Carinthia, which lay to the southwest by the river Drave, and the Tyrol, to the west along the Inn, beside sundry territories here and there. During these two centuries, the cultural stream, whether in architecture, sculpture, or poetry,

ran very stagnant. I come upon the gay, joyous Viennese note but once, and that incidentally. Rudolph had a son Albert who became Emperor, and had four sons. Of these four, Frederick the Handsome, attempted in vain to make himself Emperor, but I need not speak more of him for there was nothing original or marked about him, whereas his brother Herzog Otto der Fröhliche, or Rosenbetränzte—Duke Otto the Gay, or Crowned with Roses—is obviously a true Viennese. The story about Duke Otto is this.

His elder brother, Frederick, he who had attempted to make himself Emperor, had been defeated and put in prison. On his release (1325) he gave a grand banquet in the castle of Vienna, to thank all those who had stood by him in his trouble. In addressing his brother Otto, he called him the ornament of the German nobility for his spirit and boldness, and bade him ask for some gift as a reward. There chanced to be standing at the door, listening, a girl with a wreath of roses on her head. Otto beckoned to her, took the wreath from her, put it on his own head, and said: "I want but little; for my reward I only will take this wreath as a symbolical token of my gay spirits (*Frohsinn*) which I would not exchange for land or titles. It shall be my ornament all my life, and when my heart stops beating, please lay it on my grave." Frederick replied, "You are indeed the gayest man in Austria, and from now on you shall be called *der Rosenbetränzte*, the Man of the Rose Garland."

No doubt Duke Otto and his friends had a jolly good time, in the best Viennese sense of the term, but at times their humor seems of a schoolboy simplicity. Among Otto's merry comrades was Otto Neidhard Fuchs, a poet, whose tomb you may see in St. Stephan's-Kirche, and Wigand von Theben, a student of theology. One day this student was invited to dine with the Duke. He came, and it was noticed that he had holes in his shoes. Wigand begged to be excused, as he could not afford others. The Duke bade him get a new pair at his expense.

Wigand thanked him, said all that his shoes needed were new soles, and ran off to have them mended immediately. He went to a silversmith's shop, and had silver soles, nailed with silver nails, to his shoes. On his return everybody was delighted with this jest at the Duke's expense, which was long remembered by a sign on a house in Kärntner-Strasse which read: "Of the Silver Soles." But the Duke cogitated his revenge. It was the ducal custom to put a gift on each guest's plate at dessert; Wigand's plate, at a nod from the Duke, was left empty. Noticing this, Wigand picked it up, ran out to the ducal mews and tied the plate to a foreleg of the finest charger in the stable. Then, going back, he bade the other guests come and see what a present the Duke had put on his plate. But Otto Neidhard had been forehanded, and had already gone to the stable, untied the plate from the horse, and fastened it to a new foaled donkey. So far the joke was on Wigand. Then Neidhard received a letter from a lady, saying she was sending him his newborn child in a cradle, but when the cradle was uncovered it was found to contain the baby donkey. This joke was presumably at the expense of Neidhard, and was recorded by a sign on a house in the Kärntner-Strasse: "Of the Donkey in the Cradle." Tit for tat. The Duke ended the matter by presenting to Wigand, neither the charger nor the baby donkey, but a serviceable nag, and bade him take enough oats to fill a peck measure. Wigand went to fetch the oats with a cart and a peck measure, in the bottom of which he had punched a hole, so that (incorrigible wag that he was) the oats ran through and filled his cart. Very likely these practical jokes were more amusing in the acting than in the telling; at any rate they are as good-humored and far more decent than some tales by Boccaccio and other contemporaries. And please mark that Duke Otto has furnished us with an adjective for Vienna, that well suited her in the period of her glory, *fröhlich*.

And there is another memory of that time which emphasizes

this adjective, the *Veilchenfest*, the violet festival. The custom was for the courtier that discovered the first violet of spring to cover it with his hat, and then to go and tell the Duke of the happy event, and thereupon the Duke called his friends together and they all went in gay procession, citizens of all ranks following on, with music and songs to greet the first ambassadress of spring. The next thing was to choose the prettiest girl to pick it, and as she picked it the company sang and danced a formal dance. This festival was kept up for generations, in a considerably modified form, in the Prater and the Augarten on the first day of May.

But a more stately memorial of these first two centuries of Habsburg rule is St. Stephan's-Kirche, now in the heart of the modern city. The present building, erected on the site of an earlier church destroyed by fire, was begun in the lifetime of Rudolph of Habsburg, and the western façade, with its Riesen-Tor (Giants' Door) and two towers, Heiden Türme (Heathen Towers) still show the Romanesque style in form, in mouldings and sculpture. In later years the architects, of course, followed Gothic forms. The names of the architects have been preserved, Hans von Prachatitz, who built the tall tower, and Hans von Buchsbaum, who constructed the vaulting of the nave. Since then, especially during the last hundred years, various changes have been made. But there is something more in St. Stephan's-Kirche than a Gothic cathedral. As a work of art it is not comparable to the great French cathedrals, nor to a number in England and in Spain, but it has a singular individuality, whether from its beautiful slender tower, so elegant, so gay, so *fröhlich*, or from its arches and sculptured ornaments, or, more likely, from the happy union of all its members. It affects one like a wedding march with a dance motif running through it, or a sonata arranged for a violet festival. If one is ready to accept—not wholly but in a moderate measure—Schelling's dogma that architecture is frozen music, one cannot but find in the tall

southern tower of the cathedral, in the simplicity and purity of its mass, in the delicacy of imagination in the details of arches, canopies, niches, windows, finials, crockets and mouldings, as it mounts to heaven, a premonition of the music of Haydn and Mozart. But with Gothic cathedrals, such as Rheims and Chartres, such as York and Lincoln, such as Burgos and Seville, there is, as I have said, no possible rivalry.

CHAPTER VI

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I

THE first truly Viennese figure in Austrian history is Maximilian I (1459-1519), Duke of Austria and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; and as he represents almost exclusively in himself whatever of the great intellectual movement, the Renaissance, affected Austria, I shall tarry a while over him. You may see a picture of the marriage of his parents, the Emperor Frederick III and Eleanor of Portugal, painted by Pinturicchio on a wall of the library in the cathedral at Siena. He, himself, had charm, or he never, with his faults and his difficulties, could have left so brilliant a memory. Even today that charm has persuaded a biographer to say his life was "an epic poem of chivalry, rich in bright colors and romantic episodes." He was very clever, as well; he could speak Latin, French, Italian and Flemish fluently and he had some knowledge of Spanish, Walloon and English. His physical education was equally good; he was an admirable horseman, a superb swordsman, skillful in tournament, a daring hunter, "formed by nature [to quote his dazzled biographer again] to be the darling of his age and nation."

A marriage was arranged between him and Mary of Burgundy, daughter of the famous Duke Charles the Bold. She seems to have accepted the arrangement with pleasure, trusting in his reputation. One of her father's subjects described him to her: "Though still a youth, Maximilian displays the true qualities of a man and a prince. He is magnanimous, brave and liberal, born for the good of the race. His fame is increased by a

countenance of right royal dignity, by the splendour of his father's majesty, by the antiquity of his lineage, and the amplitude of his inheritance." And when this Prince Charming came for the wedding, a gentleman noted: "Mounted on a large chestnut horse, clad in silver armor, his head uncovered, his flowing locks bound with a circlet of pearls and precious stones, Maximilian looks so glorious in his youth, so strong in his manliness, that I know not which to admire most—the beauty of his youth, the bravery of his manhood, or the promise of his future. *Man muss ihn gern haben, den glänzenden Mann*—people must become fond of this glittering man." We should be led far afield if we were to trace the consequences of this marriage, or follow Maximilian's Imperial policy; I merely wish to call attention to this Viennese quality—sunlight at high noon riding upon rippling waters—*glänzen*.

He possessed other qualities, too, that throw light on the Viennese character. One was a wild sort of fancy, as if he were listening to a magic flute. He suggested, when he heard that the great Pope, Julius II, was ill, that he should succeed him. He sent a bishop to Rome to persuade Julius (I quote his words) "to take us as coadjutor, so that on his death we may be assured of having the Papacy and of becoming a priest, and afterwards a saint, so that after my death you will be constrained to adore me, from which I shall gain much glory." And in a letter to his daughter Margaret he signed himself, "Your good father Maximilian, Pope to be." This might seem a mere burst of high spirits; but behind his fantastic humor, there lurked a notion that as the Papacy certainly had a secular side, and the Empire a religious side, and as it would be highly desirable to have one Head of Christendom for all matters both spiritual and temporal, might it not be possible for him with his gifts, his lofty purposes, his dreams of a more romantic world, to effect this unity? At all events, the dream was one that was far more likely to happen to an Austrian Habsburg than to anyone else.

And that is not the only evidence of his picturesque fancifulness; he planned several books, but as he had no time to spare, he confided the execution to others, and did no more himself than to contribute material and ideas. The first book is a prose romance, entitled *Der Weisskunig*, consisting of three parts: the first, a mere prologue, tells how his father, Frederick III, the White King, courted, married and was crowned; the second part deals with his own youth and education, while the third part runs off into bypaths of fiction mixed with facts more or less concerning himself. The second book, *Teuerdank*, a long poem, is a sort of fairy story concerning Maximilian's marriage to Mary of Burgundy. The third book is about the Emperor's hunting exploits.

In *Der Weisskunig*, the reader learns what a wonderful person Maximilian was. "While the boy was young, still in his infancy, he became in a short time so virtuous that he excelled the sons of all princes and gentlemen: Everybody wondered at him, and the old White King was delighted, as you may well imagine. . . . Like his father, he lived in the fear of God, and took specially upon himself three of the Ten Commandments which almighty God gave to Moses: Thou shalt have but one God; the second, Honor thy father and thy mother; the third, Do unto thy neighbor as to thyself." The book goes on to tell how the Prince then learns writing, ciphering, and the seven liberal arts, astrology, medicine, foreign languages, painting, architecture, carpentry, coinage, archery with long bow, Turkish bow, and cross bow, as well as hawking, hunting, fishing, fencing with long swords, conduct in tourneys, all about horses, harness, cannon and so forth. The most interesting element in this very long book is the woodcuts, of which there are two hundred and thirty-seven by Hans Burgkmair; the text itself is thought to be, in the main, by an Imperial secretary Marx Treitzsauerwein.

As to *Teuerdank* (*Tewrdannckh*) "which means perhaps Noble Thought or High Revelation," I will content myself with

telling what is said of it in the English introduction to the facsimile. "The poem of Tewrddannekh . . . is more indebted to the luxury of typography . . . than to its intrinsic merits, for the favor it enjoys of being still occasionally reprinted. No one can feel any sincere pleasure in reading it, but in the past two editions there is a charm for every eye in the beauty of its woodcut illustrations, its finely-cut massive letters and the singularity of the flourishes with which it is ornamented. . . . When Maximilian . . . resolved upon printing 'Tewrddannekh,' in a magnificent form, he had Schoensperger (a famous printer) fetched from Augsburg to Nuremberg to do the work . . . , Maximilian being himself the hero described under the name of 'Tewrddannekh,' and in all probability the author of some portions of the work, in conjunction with his Chaplain Melchior Pfintzing, or at all events its prompter. . . . The composition . . . is a romantic and allegorical poem, in which Maximilian himself figures as the hero, and his bride, Mary of Burgundy, as the heroine under the name of 'Ehrenreich' (rich in honor), daughter of Romreich (Ruhmreich, rich in renown) meant for Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy." The typography is beautiful, the text glides down between broad margins like a wedding procession, and the one hundred and eighteen wood engravings were designed by Hans Schenfelein, a pupil of Albert Dürer. The poem is in old German, and is doggerel; I cannot read it; but the woodcuts have a distinct charm.

Partly because he was Emperor, partly because of his intellectual interests, Maximilian was closely connected with the two great German artists of his time: Albert Dürer and Peter Vischer. Dürer made a chalk drawing of him, and a painting *Das Rosenkranzfest*, in which the Madonna, with what would seem to be a reminiscence of Otto der Fröhliche, is crowning the Emperor with a wreath of roses. Dürer also executed his famous woodcuts of triumphal arches and processions, and drew fanciful ornaments on the margin of Maximilian's prayer book.

Peter Vischer modelled the figures of King Arthur and of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, that take their places among the statues of ancestors that stand round the great marble monument to the Emperor erected in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

These tags of information sufficiently indicate Maximilian's character, and the Viennese elements in it, but I may add Macchiavelli's comments upon him: "He is the greatest spendthrift of our time or any other; the consequence is that he is always in pecuniary straits, and never has enough to do him, in whatever circumstances he may be. He is variable; today he means one thing and the next, no. He asks advice from nobody and believes everybody. He wants what he cannot get, and draws away from what he could get, and therefore always does the wrong thing. On the other hand, he is a very military man, and knows how to maintain and lead an army with order and judgment. He can endure fatigue as well as any man, he is full of courage in danger, so that as a general he is inferior to none. He is polite when he grants an audience, but he grants one only at his own convenience, and does not wish to be importuned by ambassadors, except when he sends for them. He is always, both body and mind, in continual agitation, and often undoes in the afternoon what he has decided upon in the morning." It is fairly obvious that Macchiavelli, when sent by Florence on diplomatic embassies, was disappointed in not having opportunities to persuade the Emperor to his way of thinking about one thing or another. Nevertheless, Maximilian represents the best of intellectual life in Austria.

There is one name in the Austrian Renaissance that I must mention. As in the period of Gothic architecture we looked for majestic cathedrals, and we found St. Stephan's-Kirche, but little else; so now in this period when Vienna, Florence, Rome are bursting with the glories of their painting, and Brussels and Bruges point to Roger van der Weiden, Memling, and many another, Austria can boast that in the Tyrol, in St. Wolfgang,

Michael Pacher carved a high altar, but that is a masterpiece worth boasting about.

Maximilian's son, Philip the Handsome, married the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Crazy Joan, and their children were Charles, who besides being King of Spain, became Emperor as Charles V, and Ferdinand, who received the Austrian inheritance and became Emperor after Charles abdicated (1555). Shortly before Maximilian died, Martin Luther opened the great struggle of Teuton against Latin, known as the Reformation, and the reign of Charles V is full of its resonances. The new doctrines made headway in Austria, but we need not stop to discuss how, as they slid in like a snake in the grass, without making much noise; but, on the contrary, the struggle of the Catholics to recover this lost ground was extremely noisy, and is of the greatest consequence, and to that I shall address myself in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

VIENNA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE House of Habsburg established itself firmly in the Duchy of Austria in the time of Rudolph I, but a century and a quarter passed before it succeeded in establishing itself upon the throne of the Holy Roman Empire. Albert, Rudolph's son, had occupied the Imperial throne from 1299 to 1308, and Albert's son, Frederick the Fair, attempted to occupy it, but without success. The Empire was elective and the franchise in the hands of seven Electors, the Archbishops of Mainz, Trier and Cologne, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Saxony, the Count of the Palatinate, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. These Electors were jealous of the House of Habsburg, and not another of the House was elected until Albert II, Duke of Austria, in 1438. He was followed by his son Frederick III, and he by his son Maximilian I, so that we may reasonably enough, consulting our concordance from this time on, regard the Holy Roman Empire, as well as the Duchy of Austria, a Habsburg inheritance.

This Imperial inheritance was, as I have said, of the greatest moment to Vienna; she thereby became the capital city of the Empire, and in a nominal sense the Imperial capital of Europe, for Rome was the ecclesiastical capital of the Papacy, and Paris and London were merely national cities. This elevation of rank could not but affect her opinion of herself. It is a commonplace to say that rank affects a man's manners, carriage and opinions; it may, of course, give him what in a democracy are considered false notions of social and human values, but for better or worse it sets a stamp, happily a stamp of aristocracy, upon him; and

this is so of a city. Vienna accepted her Imperial rank of *Donna di provincie*, and accepted it like a great lady, who becomes the *châtelaine* of a lordly castle, partly as an honor, but more as a responsibility. In this world, unfortunately, evil often gets the better of good, and the importunities of self-indulgence often prevail over a sense of the nobler obligations of rank, and Vienna never rose, except spasmodically, so high as to turn her back completely upon those importunities, but what she did accomplish was to metamorphose self-indulgence into a grace.

Her charms were well recognized even then. In 1547, a poet, Wolfgang Schmelzl, appointed schoolmaster at the Scotch Foundation, wrote a *Eulogy of the very praiseworthy, far famed, royal city of Vienna which is not the least but the chief bulwark of Christianity against tyrants and the hereditary enemies of Christ*:

When first the Town dawned on my eyes
Methought I was in Paradise;
Houses and palaces were there,
One scarce could meet the like elsewhere,
The houses painted out and in
As if but Princes dwelt therein,
And towers, walls and gables high
That fire and foe alike defy.
Well built above, well built below
The tinned, tiled roofs make a brave show;
And deep-dug walls on every side
Hold generous cellars cool and wide,
Well stocked with rich, sweet-smelling wine,
Like gold within a golden mine.
The streets were neat and all well seen to,
Broad, well graded and kept clean, too,
And neatly paved by civic pride
With big strong flags laid side by side.

The poet then praises the University, lodged in twelve houses, and the Cathedral where he heard *süss Geschrey*. He speaks of

the crowds in the streets that pushed him to right and to left, and of the numerous monasteries, Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, and Carmelites. He was greatly impressed by the amount of meat for sale offered by the butchers then congregated in the Graben and the Lichtensteg and at the number of carts laden with wood, straw or hay and by the mass of crabs in the market, so many that a special functionary was needed to look after them, and by the fish in the fish market, and finally by the castle.

And at about the same time, a Spaniard in the service of Ferdinand I, brother to Charles V, one Christobal de Castillejo, wrote a somewhat similar eulogy. Perhaps, if you browse among old Spanish books, you may have heard of his gay poem: *Transformation of a Drunkard into a Mosquito*. At any rate he liked Vienna, perhaps, because he fell in love there. Here is a part of what he says about the city:

I

Perhaps, Sir, you think to embarrass me by asking why I, though foreign born, find myself so well off in Vienna, that I have chosen it for my permanent residence? To answer you truthfully, I have done this because of the city's good qualities, and the great comforts, that all find here.

II

The city is friendly and attractive and has room for many people; there are many handsome churches, such that you can't find among thousands elsewhere, and admirably situated. The great river Danube flows on one side of the city, and fertile fields border it on the other.

III

There are such supplies, such superfluity, that there is hardly room for them—*un embarrasement de richesses*. There are

delightful excursions, and opportunity for all kinds of hunting. There is no lack of society, for people stream in from everywhere, from Bohemia and her dependencies, from Silesia, from Hungary, and from neighboring Italy.

[He too is impressed by the supplies of fish, fruit, crabs, game, vegetables, choice wines, chickens and so forth, cheeses, pastry, etc.]

IV

You see clearly, Sir, from such provisions, such advantages, such relations and dealings, what my grounds are for preferring Vienna to the chief cities of every other nation.

Then again, Hans Sachs, the Meistersinger, with no great originality, takes up the strain, 1567:

Vienna, the great, broad, crowded town,
Girdled by stone walls all around
That measure full two thousand paces,
With moat and earthen ramparts, too,
And towers, turrets, bastions placed,
The streets with stones are paved,
In excellent wise, the houses high—

and so forth, not forgetting

Die Weinkeller so tief und weit,

and ends with the wish that God may deliver the City of Vienna from every calamity. Tradition used to point out a little shop in the Strobelgasse as the place where Hans Sachs as a journeyman shoemaker had worked.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COUNTER REFORMATION

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, of whom I have spoken, died in 1519. His eldest grandson, Charles V, succeeded him as Emperor, while Charles's younger brother, Ferdinand, became Archduke of Austria, which had been raised to an archduchy. A few years later, Ferdinand procured his own election as King of Bohemia (1526) and also as King of Hungary. His claims to these kingdoms were based on prudent marriages. In Bohemia his rule was accepted, but in Hungary it was disputed; as the political history of Bohemia is only surpassed in intricacy and confusion by that of Hungary, I shall warily avoid both. Gibbon's philosopher, who speculated over the changes that had taken place in Vindomissa, might well wonder why the Habsburgs should covet these wasps' nests. The real reason of the union of the three countries, Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, was their common danger from the Turks; for the Turks, ever since their capture of Constantinople in 1453, had been pressing onward into Europe, and in 1519 had besieged Vienna. The union consisted in obedience to a common monarch; but uncertain and precarious as it seemed, that union greatly raised the prestige of Vienna. The common monarch, the Emperor Ferdinand, is said to have been a true Viennese, "jovial and gay, gracious and unaffected."

In Ferdinand's reign the Reformation broke over Europe. At first there were arguments and attempts at persuasion, but argument and persuasion proved unsuccessful and gave way to denunciation. Martin Luther became thoroughly partisan and

put all his Teutonic vigor into his ideas of overthrowing the mediaeval church and reviving primitive Christianity. For instance, in his pastoral *Against the Papacy of Rome*, he alleged that the Papacy was founded by the Devil, and bade "the vicious, scandalous knaves and cursed dregs of the devil at Rome, together with His Hellishness, the Pope of Sodomites, to go to Hell forever," and expressed a desire "to curse them so that thunder and lightning would strike them, hell fire burn them, the plague, syphilis, epilepsy, scurvy, leprosy, carbuncles and all manner of diseases attack them." Like Hitler today, he was very forceful and very successful.

For a time the Reformation made its way in Austria and seemed certain of the same success as in northern Germany, but various causes working together gave the Catholics the opportunity and means to win Austria back to the old fold. In the first place the Lutherans and Calvinists fell foul of one another, and called one another names, "rascally dogs, hangmen's servants, villains, swine, etc." Let me quote a little:

A Lutheran: "The Calvinists call our people cannibals, blood suckers, eaters of the Lord God, cyclopes, Pelagians, keepers of swine, hounds and epicures."

A Calvinist: The Christ of the Lutherans is "an impotent idol of the imagination, a wolf, a murderer, Baal, an ass" who cannot be "sufficiently execrated and ridiculed."

A Lutheran: If you wish to become a Calvinist, you must first learn to know the Calvinistic Lord God aright. "Their God has the face of a bellowing ox. . . . He is to be considered as pure and holy as an angel, even though he allures, entices and drives all infamous villains and lost . . . rakehells to all manner of sin, shame and infamy, according to his own will and pleasure. . . .



Father Canisius

It is sufficiently evident that their God must be a wanton, lascivious, profligate, cunning, crafty, deceitful and bloodthirsty Moloch."

On the whole, these Protestant controversies helped the Catholics. Another cause of the Catholic recovery in Austria was the Council of Trent (1545-1563), which formulated Catholic dogma and church discipline, and procured for its side the great benefits of positiveness and definiteness. A third was the Society of Jesus, organized by Ignatius Loyola, which came forward as a champion of the old order with such success that Vienna became again the staunch Catholic city that she has ever since remained.

As the Jesuits played a great part in keeping Vienna Catholic, and so enabling her to be what she became—for a Protestant Vienna is a contradiction in terms—I must speak of that member of the Society who bore the main brunt of the battle, Peter Canisius. Of the little band that met at Montmartre in Paris in the year 1534, and formed the Order, one of the most charming members—I think I may say the one charming member—was Pierre Lefevre (or Favre), a Savoyard. Of him Peter Canisius said: "I found to my great happiness the man of whom I was in quest, if indeed he is a man and not an angel of God. Never have I seen or heard a more learned and profound theologian, nor any man of such shining sanctity. His desire of desires is to labour in union with Christ for the salvation of souls. . . . He enjoys such great credit and reputation that many members of religious orders, many bishops and many learned doctors have taken him for their master and guide in the spiritual life. . . . For my own part, I can hardly find words to tell you how their *Spiritual Exercises* (devised by Ignatius Loyola) have changed my soul and senses, enlightened my mind with new rays of heavenly grace, and inspired me with fresh strength and forti-

tude. The abundance of the divine favour overflows even into my body, and I feel altogether invigorated and changed into a new man." Naturally such a pupil was sympathetic to his teacher. Lefevre says of Peter Canisius, "I am at present enjoying the company of Master Peter and I have no words to tell you how sweet I find it. May he be blessed who planted so promising a tree and may all those be blessed who helped in any way to bring it to perfection."

And so Peter Canisius, born a Dutchman in Nymwegen, came to serve as a conduit to carry the spiritual power generated by the Order of Jesus to Vienna. In 1552 Canisius sailed down the Danube from Ingolstadt to the Imperial city. There he found several other Jesuits who were endeavoring, with the Emperor's help, to prop up the decrepit faculty of theology in the university. They worked in various other cities, too, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Prague, Ingolstadt, and some took part in the Council of Trent. Canisius composed a *Catechism* for the young which in the course of time went into nearly four hundred editions.

Thanks to the Jesuits the Catholic Church succeeded in winning back most of the Austrian population to their side, and to Canisius most of the credit, if it be credit, is due. His proselyting was simple; you can gather his method from the collection of prayers that he compiled for his own use. In his Morning Prayer of Salutation to the Heart of Christ is this: "I praise, bless, glorify and salute the most sweet and bountiful Heart of Jesus Christ, my ever faithful Lover. . . . And now, O my Lover of Lovers, I offer Thee my heart to be as it were a rose in bloom attracting Thy eyes all day with its beauty and delighting Thy Divine Heart with its fragrance. I offer it to Thee, too, as a chalice from which Thou mayest drink Thy own sweetness, with all that Thou wilt this day deign to operate in my soul. More, I offer my heart to Thee as a feast for Thy banquet of most exquisite savour, which eating Thou mayest so take to Thyself that it will feel blissfully conscious of being within

Thee. And I pray that every thought, every word, every deed of my will this day, may be directed according to the good pleasure of Thy most beneficent Will."

Perhaps it is no wonder that the Jesuits with their humility, their zeal, their eagerness for self-sacrifice, prevailed with the people of Vienna. But, if I may without lack of reverence, I want to call your attention, at this point, to the fact that this prayer is pure baroque. Please remember this when we come to the expression of orthodox sentiment in the architecture and decoration of the churches, built largely by the influence of Jesuits.

CHAPTER IX

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

FATHER CANISIUS died in 1597. Tintoretto had died a few years before, Titian some twenty; Lope de Vega was writing a play a day, Cervantes was wondering how to find some subject that would catch the world's ear, Montaigne was wisely moralizing over what he saw, and in England Edmund Spenser, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Hooker, were building the palace of Elizabethan literature. But Austria cared for none of these things. She had no time for them. The question of what religious dogmas should be believed, what ecclesiastical or national practices followed, took and held the Austrian attention. Catholics, Lutherans, Moravians, Bohemian Brothers, Utraquists, expressed in conversation, sermon, book and pamphlet, their several gratifications at possessing the truth, and their disapproval of all forms of error; patriots of the different nationalities did the same. Everything indicated that smoke would break into a blaze. Today we would call the main issue between them in our modern words, Progressives against Reactionaries.

Emperors succeeded one another. Maximilian II (1564-1576) entertained some Protestant sympathies; Rudolph II (1576-1612) was a devout Catholic, whereas his brother Mathias (1612-1619), being a man of no great religious enthusiasm, inclined to tolerance. But an Emperor's policy in religious matters was very largely a question of state. The Imperial position of the House of Habsburg, its branch in Spain, its common interests with the Papacy, and all sorts of inheritances, ties, rights and claims, obliged its members to uphold the old order. On the death of

Mathias, his cousin Ferdinand II succeeded him. This Emperor was extreme in his religious feeling, and used what means lay in his power to bring all his subjects, who up till then had eluded the vigilant persuasions of the Jesuits, back into the ancient Church. When he ascended his thrones, the Thirty Years' War had already begun. Of that disastrous war I must now speak.

I should prefer to limit myself to saying that the ultimate effect of the war on the Viennese was to make them accept the Catholic religion with content as a respectable, ancestral, traditional religion, quite as likely to get you to heaven as any other, and perhaps more so, and graced with ceremonies, processions, music, candles, chants and vestments that rendered the concomitant praises of virtue and condemnation of vice tolerable, even entertaining. You could, also, find in it ample exercise for religious emotions, if you had them, and you were free from the bad taste, the gloom, the severity and the carping in which Protestants indulged. The Viennese fitted the Catholic religion to their ideas and habits; in their philosophy religion was made for man, not man for religion, and they found in Catholicism an accommodating companion in the bright summer days of life, and in the pinch of winter a tender compassionate, and forgiving Mother. If Vienna had become Protestant, she might have been like Frankfort, for instance.

I must say something of the Thirty Years' War for several reasons, but chiefly because of an amazing and interesting personality who helps one, because he was such an enigma, to guess at what often appears enigmatic and inconsistent in the Viennese character. The trouble broke out in Bohemia, "whose geographical form [I quote an historian of the last century] evidently marks her out for an independent and homogeneous State," but then, as now, inhabited by Czechs in a large majority and by Germans in a distinct minority. The Reformation had taken a strong hold in Bohemia, and guesses have been made that there were ten Protestants to one Catholic, but that is un-

likely. At any rate there were two angry religions. Ten years before, the Emperor Rudolph had tried to effect a reconciliation, and had granted the Protestants large liberties, by what is called the *Letter of Majesty*, but it is hard for lawgivers to be brief and definite, and there were cases where it was not easy to say just what the *Letter* meant. In 1618 the Catholic party, interpreting the *Letter* in their fashion, closed one Protestant church and destroyed another. At this the Protestant party held an assembly and declared that the *Letter of Majesty* had been violated, and demanded that the two churches be restored to them. The Emperor ordered the Protestant assembly to disband. The Protestant assembly refused to obey. A band of Protestant noblemen with their followers marched into the royal castle at Prague, upstairs into the government offices, and laid violent hands on the two Imperial Councillors whom they regarded as responsible for the government's action, Jaroslav of Martinic and William of Slavata, both Jesuits. The Protestants did not wish to shed blood, and they did not need to, for there was an ancient Bohemian custom called defenestration. One can easily imagine the temptation to a lordly Czech, on being angered by a German, to cry to his retinue, "Defenestrate that fellow!" and the impetuous rush to pitch a German churl out of the window. At any rate, there was the custom, and there was temptation, three flights up. As the Protestants dragged their victims to the window, one of the Jesuits begged leave to confess before dying, but his request was refused. As he was tossed out, he called on the Virgin, "O Mary! Mary!" One of the tossers cried, "Let's see if Mary will help him now!" "By God!" he added, "Mary has helped him!" as he saw the poor Jesuit, fifty feet below, get up and crawl away. The second Jesuit followed, and a third, their secretary. By luck, or Providence, they fell on a bed of mud or manure, and escaped before they could be caught. The fat was in the fire; Protestant Bohemia was in revolt against its Catholic King. Several German Protestant princes came, or

rather talked about coming, to the support of the rebels. Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, actually went. This Prince had married Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England, the lovely lady about whom Sir Henry Wotton wrote the familiar lines:

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Her husband, known to English history as ancestor of the House of Hanover, had few good qualities to commend him; but, confident in himself, and hopeful of what his father-in-law, King James I, might do for him, he accepted an election by the Protestant rebels to the throne of Bohemia, and went to Prague. The rebels, meantime, had not waited; led by Count Thurn, they crossed the Danube and infested Vienna. It looked as if they were about to capture the city, but just then by luck a troop of loyal cuirassiers galloped in. Report exaggerated their numbers, and, at their heels, word came that an Imperial general, aided by a subordinate officer, Albrecht von Wallenstein, had won a victory over the rebels in Bohemia, and Count Thurn withdrew. Again, the next year, Count Thurn was at the gates of Vienna, and again Wallenstein was serviceable in its relief. These were the only times in this war that Vienna was directly attacked, although she was threatened once again, but these alarms were enough to render her content to stay loyal to her Emperor and to cleave to the Catholic religion. Poor Vienna! The Protestant heretics on one side, and the pagan Turks on the other, had much to do with Vienna's steadfast orthodoxy.

Of the war itself, there is little good to say: it was a religious war, Protestants of the North against Catholics of the South; it was a war of rebellion against autocracy, an international war, an odious war, and deserves to be forgotten. However, I will indicate certain stages of it. The Elector Palatine settled himself as would-be King at Prague; the Emperor, with his ally the Duke of Bavaria (Count Tilly, an old soldier, commanding), marched up against him. The Catholic army met the Protestants at a place called White Hill a little west of Prague, and won a victory that is still resonant (November 8, 1620). Frederick fled. That ended the first chapter of the war. The second chapter relates the interference of Denmark, and her defeat. In this chapter Wallenstein comes in. He raised a great army as if by magic for the Emperor, and gained him many victories; he also made a princely fortune for himself by buying up on easy terms the confiscated lands of the Bohemian rebels. His rapid rise to immense power, his avarice, his sternness, his indifference to religious belief, excited the jealousy of the German princes, and the hatred and anger of many lesser persons. The opposition of the German princes was so great that the Emperor dismissed Wallenstein from his command (1629). Here ends the second chapter. In the third, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, came down like a thunderbolt, and swept forward victorious (1630). Tilly was defeated and killed. Of necessity Wallenstein was recalled; he, too, was defeated by Gustavus Adolphus, but the latter died in the hour of victory. The fourth chapter concerns Wallenstein's subsequent conduct, which is wrapped in mystery, and ends with his deposition and murder. The fifth chapter concerns Richelieu and France. *The Cambridge Modern History* goes on with the story: "From 1635 to 1648 the War continued its course through what may be called the Franco-Swedish stage, shifting to and from every part of Germany between the Alps and the Baltic, and everywhere leaving behind it desolation unutterable." In 1648 peace was finally made.

CHAPTER X

WALLENSTEIN

THE THIRTY YEAR'S WAR concerned the rest of Germany, as well as Bohemia and Hungary more than Vienna and its people. To be sure Vienna was besieged three times, by the Bohemian Protestants in 1619, by Hungarian rebels in 1620, and by the Swedes in 1645, but the city was not captured and did not suffer. And therefore I have passed lightly over this long war. Nevertheless, I must tarry a little over Wallenstein, for he was the most famous Austrian of his century, and such a personality, acting profoundly upon the atmosphere that encompassed the city, could not but leave traces of itself. A light-minded, pleasure-loving Epicurean society, seeing much good in the creed, "Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die," readily inclines to fatalism, and such an inclination Wallenstein bequeathed to them.

He was born of a noble family in northern Bohemia in the year 1583. He spent a turbulent adolescence at a seat of learning, and then at seventeen travelled abroad, through Germany, France and Italy. With him for a time there was a tutor, mathematician and astrologer, a friend of Kepler, the famous astronomer. Perhaps through this tutor's influence, perhaps in studies at Padua, Wallenstein acquired his firm faith in astrology. It was an altogether reasonable belief at that time, and most educated men who had an interest in intellectual matters believed in it. But far more than most men, Wallenstein acted on his belief. He had his horoscope cast, and Kepler interpreted it: "The nativity holds signs of the greatest importance, but also a great

misfortune cast by the moon in the Twelfth Hour. Of this gentleman, I may in truth write that he has a character alert, lively, eager and restless, curious of every kind of novelty, unsuited to the common manner and behavior of mankind but striving after new, untried or extraordinary ways; moreover he has much more in his head than he allows to be expressed or perceived. For Saturn in the ascendant brings contemplative, melancholy though luminous, thoughts, a bent towards alchemy, magic, and enchantment, community with spirits, scorn and indifference towards human ordinances and conventions and to all religions, making everything proposed by God or man to be suspected and despised, as though it were all deception. . . . Likewise he will be unmerciful, without brotherly or nuptial affection, caring for no one, devoted only to himself and his desires, severe upon those placed under him, avid, covetous, deceitful, inequitable in his dealings, usually silent, often violent, contentious also, not to be browbeaten. . . . But . . . Jupiter follows with the hope that in maturity most of these faults will fall away. For there may also be seen a great thirst for honor and a striving after temporal titles and power, whereby he will make for himself many great and injurious enemies, both secret and confessed. Yet for the most part he will triumph over them. . . . There is no doubt that if he will carefully watch the progress of world affairs, he will reach dignities, riches, and, when he has applied himself to courtly ways, a noble marriage. . . . It will be a widow, and not beautiful, but rich in lands, buildings, cattle and specie." (*Wallenstein* pp. 52, 53, by Francis Watson.)

In such predictions and revelations Wallenstein believed. Self-observation must have confirmed the statement that his character was alert, eager and restless, that such as he were indifferent towards human ordinances and conventions, and to religion, and in due course it became evident to all that he had made for himself many great enemies, and that for the most part he would triumph over them. He watched the course of worldly affairs

and reached dignities and great riches. All events seemed to confirm the predictions. And as to the marriage with an ugly widow, rich in lands, cattle and cash, he wrote on the margin of Kepler's manuscript, "In the year 1609 in May I made this marriage, with a widow, as she is described to the life."

This ugly widow made him rich; he hired soldiers and drilled them thoroughly; with their aid he gained victories and political advantages. His victories were rewarded with grants of land; greater riches led to greater achievements, and so on. In 1618, at the outbreak of the Bohemian rebellion, Wallenstein was at Olmütz, in Moravia, colonel of a regiment, with which the Protestant rebels had been tampering. Getting wind of this, Wallenstein directed his next in command to take nine of the ten companies to a place where they would be out of temptation, saying he would follow with the tenth. The nine companies, however, reappeared in Olmütz, and the commander attempted an explanation. Wallenstein drew his sword and ran him through the body. He stopped in the town long enough to possess himself of the city's strongbox, and then led all the loyal soldiers to Vienna. Such action shows that Wallenstein was not cramped by his mysticism.

After Denmark had joined the rebel Protestants, Wallenstein had his chance. He offered the Emperor to bring into the field twenty thousand men—some say fifty thousand—without expense to His Majesty; he would raise the army at his own cost and after that levy contributions upon duly constituted authorities and so avoid the hatred caused by indiscriminate pillage. The Emperor accepted the offer. Wallenstein was successful, he was created Duke of Friedland. The Danes were beaten and driven back. But Wallenstein, as his horoscope predicted, raised up many great enemies. The Catholics wished him to levy contributions only on Protestants, but Wallenstein, indifferent to religious dogmas, was statesmanlike enough to wish Protestants and Catholics to be treated alike. He made loyalty to the Empire

his one requisite. For a time his affairs continued to prosper; his ambitious dreams soared like eagles, he would dominate Germany, he would drive the Turks from Europe. At last Fortune turned, his army was repulsed at Stralsund, a seaport on the Baltic. Wallenstein's enemies roused themselves: the Electors because he proposed to make the Emperor their real master, the Catholics because he would not be a partisan chief, the mercantile cities because they did not wish to be ruled by a soldier, and a multitude of private persons who had complaints against his soldiers. The Electors and Princes of Germany met at Ratisbon (1630) and demanded Wallenstein's dismissal. The Emperor acceded to the request. Two of the Imperial suite were dispatched to Memmingen (in Bavaria) where the Duke lay, not to tell him he was discharged but to "persuade him to resign, at the same time assuring him of the Imperial favour." The messengers were scared to carry out their errand, but before they could say their say, the Duke interrupted them. He pointed to a paper written over with calculations, told them he knew their message: "My lords, you may perceive it yourselves from the stars, how the *spiritus* of the Elector of Bavaria prevails over that of the Emperor, and though it grieves me that his Majesty has shown me so little grace, yet will I obey." (*Wallenstein*, p. 303.) He then gave them presents and sent them back.

The Duke withdrew to private life and busied himself with the adornment of his palaces. He possessed one Viennese trait, as if he had been born there—he delighted in luxury. His bodyguard consisted of six hundred men, whose dress was embellished with gold thread, their bandoliers gay with embossed silver, and the points of their pikes coated with silver. His gentlemen-in-waiting, his chamberlains and pages, were liveried in scarlet and pale blue. But, in the meantime, while he dallied with architects, sculptors and artists of various sorts, a new Protestant champion had entered the field against the Emperor; Gustavus Adolphus marched on from victory to victory. Tilly was

defeated and slain; the road to Vienna lay open before the conquering Swede. There was nothing for the Emperor to do but recall Wallenstein. The same messenger who bade him resign was sent again. The story was told at the time in this way: "His old friend Questenberg could not (it seemes) prevail with him at the first; it was the month of December ere Wallenstein would accept it: and then (as he himself professed) at the persuasions of Prince Eggenberg. And herein (me thinkes) appears a strange mixture of spirit, in this Wallenstein, that being supposed as haughty and ambitious of command as any man in the world; yet was he so farre forth master of the greatness of his own desires, as that he could with as much moderation now refuse the Generallship, as he had before resigned it: he would not have authority but with freedome, and his own conditions. Others have censured this for Pride in him: though nothing (me thinkes) looks liker Honour." (*Wallenstein*, p. 335.)

So Wallenstein returned. At his call men of many nations, Austrians, Spaniards, Croats, Poles, Danes, Germans, and Hungarians, hurried to his standard. He met Gustavus Adolphus on the field of Lutzen, he was worsted but the King was killed (November 16, 1632). From then on matters proceeded in a most confused manner. Sweden, Denmark, Brandenburg, Saxony, Richelieu, Spain, Bohemian exiles, all play their rather shabby roles on the German stage. The Emperor was firmly set on a Catholic restoration, and this seems to have been the deepest cause of the split between him and Wallenstein. Wallenstein wanted a united Germany, freed from outside interference, he wanted religious toleration, and also he seems to have wanted the crown of Bohemia. His enemies, at least, told the Emperor so, and charged him with various disloyal purposes, how he had in mind the restoration of all confiscated Protestant property, expulsion of the Jesuits, compensation to Sweden, and so on. What is clear is that Wallenstein acted on his own plans in complete disregard of the Emperor's wishes. At last, on January 24,

1634, the Emperor signed a secret order deposing Wallenstein and relieving his officers from all duty towards him, and a further order to arrest him and bring him to Vienna alive or dead. Prayers were offered in the churches at Vienna for "a matter of the first importance." On February 18 notices were placarded on the city gates, charging Wallenstein with treason.

Wallenstein now made efforts to save himself. He made proposals both to the Swedes and the Saxons. Carried in a litter, for he was a sick man, he went to Eger, near the border of Bohemia and Saxony. The town was under the command of Scotch Calvinists, Colonel Gordon and Major Leslie, whom Wallenstein believed to be his friends. Kepler had foretold danger for the month of March, 1634, but March was four days away. That night the two Scots dined with Colonel Butler, an Irishman, who told them of Wallenstein's condemnation and of the reward offered to those that should execute it. The three put their heads together, collected some assassins, and invited Wallenstein's loyal friends to a banquet. The guests came, hung their swords on the wall, as custom bade, sat down, ate and drank, emptying their glasses to the health of Wallenstein and confusion to his enemies in Vienna. At a signal the assassins leapt upon their victims, only one man was able to seize a sword and sell his life at a good price. All were butchered. Wallenstein, who lodged in a house in the market place, was just going to bed, the hour was about eleven, and a cool drink to make him sleep had been placed beside him. For a time the assassins were afraid to do more than they had done; Gordon counselled flight. But an Irishman, named Devereux, picked up a partisan, rushed to Wallenstein's lodgings, pushed past the guard in the courtyard, smote a servant on the stairway, and burst into Wallenstein's bedroom. "Faithless, rebellious old villain!" he cried, and thrust the halbert quite through the Duke's defenseless body.

Dr. A. W. Ward says in *The Cambridge Modern History*: "No personality occupies a place in the history of the Thirty

Years' War at once so characteristic of that war and so unique in itself as that of Wallenstein. But his greatness—if such it was—lies not in his achievements either as a creator or as a leader of armies, though this 'general without victories' both crushed Mansfeld and foiled Gustavus. Nor does it lie in his consummate insight and capacity as a politician, who could use all circumstances and all conjunctures, and would not permit himself to be used by any of his fellow players in the game. It lies rather in the innermost purposes of his statesmanship, and above all in his supreme ambition to become the pacificator of the Empire, in the interest of that Empire as a whole, and to liberate it both from the encroachments of the foreigner and from the internal dominion of the reaction."

In these purposes the Imperial city of Vienna, if she had understood them, would have been in complete accord.

CHAPTER XI

SIEGE OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS

IN WALLENSTEIN'S career there is that note of wayward and unnecessary tragedy, which of late years has sounded again and again in Austrian history—the suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolph, the assassination of the Empress Elisabeth, the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss, and the final fall of Vienna. There is also the note of fatalism—"We cannot alter the course of Destiny, so let us not be troubled about it"—and there is the note of magnificence, of fastidiousness and of pride, both in the story of Wallenstein and in the story of Vienna. Vienna did not care for Wallenstein personally. She was too much under the thumb of the Emperor and of the Jesuits, but she did admire and share, unconsciously perhaps, his Imperial views of an Empire in fact, as well as in words, of a real Emperor, and she liked to think of herself as an Imperial city.

The results of the Thirty Years' War, which finally closed with the Peace of Westphalia (October, 1648) were, in the main, to make the Holy Roman Empire still more of a shadow, to divide the German peoples into the Protestants of the North and the Catholics of the South, to maintain Austria in the Catholic fold, bring Bohemia back into it, and to make Vienna the undisputed Capital of Catholic Germany. Vienna recognized and rejoiced in this, and became more essentially Catholic than ever. She rejoiced to be free of the Calvinistic God, cast in the stern and stiff image of John Calvin, and of the Lutheran God, a compromise God, and hailed with joy her own Catholic God, a

kindly deity, a good fellow, whimsical at times as in denying the cup to the laity, but all the more lovable for that, with a touch of Charles Lamb or M. Sylvestre Bonnard, not taking his own Ten Commandments too seriously, and altogether understanding, sympathetic, forgiving and human, with a sweet readiness to accept the counsels of the holy and beautiful Virgin, who reigned, always compassionate and tender, by his side. Vienna's Catholicism, emphasized by this division from the Protestants of the north, was further strengthened and vivified by pressure from Pagans to the east, who worshipped a horrible god, a Mohammedan God, Allah, all the more horrible because they knew nothing about him. That god now came up to claim Vienna for himself.

Ferdinand II had died during the war (1637), and had been succeeded by his son Ferdinand III, and he by his son, Leopold I. This Emperor dealt harshly with his Hungarian subjects, and they called upon the Turks for help, and the Turks came. The Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, with an army of two hundred thousand men, marched up against the city of Vienna. Let me stress my point. The persistence, perhaps I should say the bigotry, of these Habsburg Emperors and of the Jesuits, had brought all Vienna back to Catholicism, to a temperate allegiance, like children toward a kindly grandfather, by argument and suasion, and a little pressure; but now the Moslem soldiers, rendered more frightful by hundred-tongued rumors, their cruelty to men, their beastliness to women, sent the whole population to their Catholic altars, to the Madonna, to every saint in the Calendar. The attacks by Protestants, by Bohemians (1619), by Hungarians (1620), by Swedes (1644), had been alarming enough, but those enemies at least professed a common Christianity; whereas the Turks were heathen, henchmen of Mohammed and the Devil.

The Hungarian insurgents joined the Turks; and issued a manifesto calling on everybody to unite with them, under a

promise of the Sultan's protection, and security for religion, property and privileges. Probably nothing frightened the poor Viennese more than the idea of seeking the Sultan's protection; sooner knock on the doors of Tartarus. And the manifesto did not gain force by adding the provision that no quarter would be given to those that neglected to come in. The Emperor, in great perturbation, hurried about to get Christian allies, and he received promises of help from the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria and from John Sobieski, King of Poland. A rendezvous of the allies was set for Pressburg, on the Hungarian border. But only forty thousand men came, no Sobieski, no Elector. The Duke of Lorraine was given command, but with such an inferior force all he could do was to increase the garrisons of one or two cities farther down the Danube, and retire, with the rest of his infantry and his cavalry, towards Vienna. When he got there, the Emperor had fled, and his courtiers had followed him. The city was in great confusion, full of wailings and lamentations at the coming of destruction, and saying Masses for the government and the Emperor. Everybody that could, took all he was able to carry and scuttled away, the roads were laden with carriages and carts and trudging pedestrians. Those who couldn't leave crowded into the churches and prayed as persuasively as they knew how. The Duke of Lorraine had a good head on his shoulders, and the Governor of the city, Count Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg, was brave and competent. They set men to work on the old fortifications, nearly two miles and a half long, which are said to have been built in the thirteenth century with the money received for Richard Coeur-de-Lion's ransom, and stood (you remember) where the Ring-Strasse now stands. The suburbs, for the city had far outgrown its walls, were destroyed, so as not to provide protection for the enemy, and citizens and students received hasty military training. The Duke of Lorraine left eight thousand infantry in the city, and rode off with his cavalry to impede the approach of the enemy. Count von Star-



The Castle of Dürnstein

hemberg remained as commander within the city. The Turks arrived on July 14, 1683, and immediately destroyed what was left of the suburbs, and settled themselves down for a siege. The Duke of Lorraine did what he could, raiding the enemy's communications, or dashing off to oppose the insurgents in Hungary, but he had not enough men to attack the besieging army itself. Matters in the city, pray as men and women might at every altar in St. Stephan's-Kirche, grew very bad. The garrison was fast diminishing from wounds and from sickness. The Emperor and the Duke of Lorraine dispatched messengers upon one another's heels, urging the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria, and the King of Poland, to hurry their relieving army. The Emperor wrote with special urgency to John Sobieski: "My troops," he said, "are now assembling; the bridge over the Danube at Tulln is already constructed, to enable you to cross. Put yourself at their head. However inferior in numbers, your name alone is so terrible to the enemy, that it will ensure victory." Tulln lies on the Danube twenty-five miles upstream from Vienna. Sobieski yielded to this appeal, started ahead with three thousand cavalry, bidding his infantry follow, and without baggage rode hard to Tulln, but when he reached the rendezvous he found that the Emperor's statements had been highly colored by optimism. The bridge was not finished and there were no troops except those brought by the Duke of Lorraine. Sobieski was mad as a hatter: "It is not for myself but for the Emperor I am fighting!" he cried. The Duke of Lorraine pacified him, and he waited. His infantry came up on September 5, and the other German contingents arrived a day or two later. The army now amounted to sixty thousand men, and the two generals advanced towards Vienna.

It is at this point that another of that line of great outsiders who helped mould the city's history makes his appearance, and I must follow a detour to introduce him. The Italian-born Cardinal Mazarin, who ruled France during the minority of Louis

XIV, and was said to have married privily the young King's mother, Anne of Austria, invited his Italian nieces, Olympia and Maria Mancini, to Paris in order to better their fortunes. The girls were clever, witty, attractive, and first one and then the other caught and almost fixed the roving fancy of the young King. Olympia married a prince of the House of Savoy, and in their palace in Paris, in 1663, Prince Eugene was born. He was an ugly boy, frail, misshapen, and his mother, believing a military career beyond his reach, destined him for the Church. He was called the little abbé, and tonsured, but owing to other views at Rome the asked-for benefices were denied him. Then (for royalty, like common folks, is often fickle), the King's kindness for Eugene's mother Olympia passed, the old friendship faded away, and prospects of royal favor for the little abbé became worse than nothing. The boy, too, did not care for matters ecclesiastical, he preferred to read about the campaigns of Caesar and Alexander the Great, and to converse with his tutor on all the news that came from King Louis's battles in Flanders. Eugene quivered at the call of the trumpets, he learned to ride well, he fenced, he toughened his frail body with all sorts of exercises, slept on the ground wrapped in a soldier's cloak. He made application to the King asking for military employment, but the King turned a deaf ear, and then, being nineteen, and hearing of the siege of Vienna by the Turks, he rode thither, with empty pockets, in company with a spirited young cousin, the Prince de Conti. This young man was a Prince of the Blood and was obliged by a peremptory order from the King to return to Paris, but Eugene continued on. His older brother, who had had command of a regiment in the Imperial service had been recently killed in action, and Eugene hoped to succeed to his brother's command, but the Emperor preferred to give it to an experienced soldier. However Eugene received a nondescript sort of position with a cousin, the Margrave of Baden, and went with a German contingent to join the army of relief. He rode

along the Danube past Pöchlarn and Melk, past Dürnstein, and on to Tulln. It was now September 10; the various contingents of the army had arrived and the troops were ready to advance towards Vienna. In this region the land lies low, but beyond the plain, hills begin to rise, and the high land, cut by innumerable little rivers, renders a military march to Vienna difficult. Some of the heights stood a thousand feet and more above the river level.

CHAPTER XII

VICTORY

MEANWHILE the garrison in Vienna was in a desperate condition. The city had been horribly frightened by tales of Turkish atrocities—in captured towns streets had run with blood, prisoners had been flayed alive, their skins had been stuffed and sent to Constantinople, and the Tartars, men who fed on raw horse meat, riding like centaurs, armed with bows and arrows, robbing, plundering, ruining, were hardly human. In truth, there was no exaggeration in the official report, "The enemy is swift, mighty, and cruel." And, bad as the Tartars, worse than the Turks, were the wild Magyars, who inflicted every horror they could think of upon the lands and persons of their enemies. Moreover by this time for sixty days the cannonade had not stopped except in heavy rains, and more than fifty assaults had been made. All shingled roofs had been torn off the houses for fear of fire; and most of the buildings were damaged. The Hofburg (the Imperial Palace), had been repeatedly hit. The Church of the Minorites, then more than three hundred years old, had lost its steeple; and the Cathedral, St. Stephan's-Kirche, had been rudely handled. More than fifty shots had struck the tower and bombs had exploded in the interior. And, as people from all the countryside roundabout had taken refuge within the city walls, there was great crowding, the streets were never cleaned and the filth became indescribable. Scarcity prevailed; famine lurked round the corner.

Sobieski knew the need of haste and hurried his men. The Polish infantry were by no means spick and span; they were

armed with what weapons they had been able to get, muskets, half-pikes, clubs and swords, and marched in order, or not, with drums and pipes, or not, at the will of chance, looking more like gypsies than regular soldiers. With them tactics were difficult. Sobieski's first objective was the Kahlenberg, the chain of high hills that lie a little north of the city. An army under a divided command is an unwieldy body, and it was lucky for the Christians that the Turks had not been expecting a serious attempt to relieve the city; as it was, the Kahlenberg was occupied without resistance. The country became very difficult for masses of troops; mountain passes were narrow, slopes precipitous, roads almost impassable, and sometimes there were no paths at all through the thickets. On the morning of the eleventh, Prince Eugene reached the top of the Kahlenberg and obtained his first sight of Vienna; and by night, in spite of violent storms of rain, the whole army had arrived upon the heights. A French engineer serving with them wrote: "What a scene was revealed to our eyes from the crown of the hill! The great space was covered by tents—even the island of Leopoldstadt was hidden by them. [This island, now part of the city, lies to the northeast between an arm of the Danube that bounded the old city, and the Danube itself.] The frightful thunder out of the mouths of the enemies' guns, and the answering fire from the walls of the town, filled the air. Smoke and flames enveloped the city to such an extent that only the tops of the towers were visible in between."

On September 12 the Christian leaders heard Mass in a monastery, held a last council of war, and gave the order to advance. The city walls lay less than five miles as the crow flies in front of them, but the ground was rough, crossed by narrow valleys, ravines and vineyards. The people in the city were all on edge; the Turks had opened a violent cannonade against the bastions and everybody in the town was expecting mines to explode, and a general assault to follow. But the Turks, who seem to have

been very negligent in sending out pickets, learned early in the morning that the Christian army was coming down from the north. Kara Mustapha took part of his army to meet them, and drew them up in battle array at the foot of the hills. The beleaguered garrison could see from the city walls the Christian army swarming over the high land with long broad lines in close formation. Some cannon preceded the lines of infantry; and every now and again the cannoneers stopped to fire, reload, and wait for the infantry to catch up, and then started ahead again. The advance was slow because the assailants had to traverse bushes, hedges, vineyards, undergrowth, before they could reach the Turkish position. The battle began on the two wings about noon. Prince Eugene was with the right wing. The Turks were embarrassed by fear of a sortie by the garrison upon their rear, and the Christians were also in doubtful plight, because though their two wings were in place, their centre, the Polish troops under Sobieski, had not come. One hour passed, then another, the tension was great; and then, out of the woods the Polish cavalry, in coats of mail, brandishing their long spears, plumes waving, pennants fluttering, rode out into the open; they wanted to charge the enemy at once, and their officers had to beat them back with the flat of their swords, till the whole army, centre and wings, could co-ordinate its movements. The Turks seem hardly to have made any resistance at all; before evening they turned in headlong retreat, abandoning great masses of tents, baggage, ammunition, provisions, one hundred and eighty cannon, as well as all the spoils they had garnered on their invading march. Kara Mustapha, dirty and bare-headed, on a jaded horse, rode sixty miles and more.

Sobieski spent the night in the Grand Vizier's tent. This tent was splendid in oriental luxury, bathrooms with scented waters, chandeliers, sumptuous bed, caskets wrought with silver and gold, and all manner of costly objects. In a special cabinet in a side tent one of the Vizier's wives was found, and in another,

the body of a beautiful woman, beheaded, so that she should not fall into the hands of Christian dogs.

Sobieski wrote, in exultation, to his wife, "The Grand Vizier has left me his heir, and I have inherited a million ducats." His entry into Vienna caused a scene of the wildest enthusiasm, the people struggled to get near him, they pushed one another to touch his garments, his horse, to kiss his feet, shouting and hurrahing. Two days later when the Emperor Leopold entered the city, in spite of demonstrations of official respect, the scene was very different: he walked to the Cathedral on foot, with a lighted taper in his hand, and all the marks of sad humility and humiliation. It is said that he vented his spleen on one of his advisers, Count Sinzendorf, and heaped such violent reproaches upon him, that the poor man died of chagrin. And then, embarrassed at the idea of meeting the glorious Sobieski, he held back and inquired of the Master of Ceremonies, as to whether it was correct for an Emperor to meet an elected King, and if so how it should be done. The Duke of Lorraine suggested, "With open arms," but the Court of Vienna had more complex notions on matters of etiquette, and a meeting was had on horseback. It was a difficult situation for Leopold, as Sobieski seems to have been a man with a childlike pleasure in the histrionic, and perhaps affected too openly the role of a noble champion coming to the rescue of men less courageous than himself. But from the whole episode one takes away an impression that Vienna did not possess any bulldog tenacity, and rather looked to outside help than to herself in time of danger. The city even then relied on her feminine charm, and let the masculine qualities, pugnacity, endurance, audacity, persistence, never-say-die, fall into desuetude. But feminine charm, as Vienna now knows, though a thing to thank God for, does not protect a city from brutal enemies.

CHAPTER XIII

PRINCE EUGENE

PRINCE EUGENE's arrival in Vienna was the turning point of his fortunes. He received command of a regiment, then of an army, he became field marshall, and commander-in-chief. He encountered a Turkish army at a place called Zenta, on the river Theiss, in Hungary (1697), cut it to pieces and lifted the fear of Mohammed from the hearts of the Viennese. But the Turks were not the only enemies. To the west the House of Bourbon had challenged the House of Habsburg and the War of the Spanish Succession was on. The last of the Spanish Habsburgs had died childless in 1700, and King Louis XIV of France claimed the inheritance on behalf of his grandson Philip of Anjou, while the Emperor Leopold claimed it for his younger son Charles. England took the part of Austria, Bavaria took the part of France, and so it came about that Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough fought the French and Bavarians, close to the Danube near the village of Blenheim, and won a famous victory.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died:
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

When both sides had had their fill of fighting, peace was made by the Treaty of Rastatt (1714). The Bourbon Philip V, the grandson of Louis XIV, received the Kingdom of Spain,

and the Habsburg Charles VI the Spanish Netherlands, Naples, Milan and Sardinia. In the meantime during the war Leopold I had died, his son Joseph I had died, and his second son, Charles VI, had succeeded to the Imperial throne.

The great name of the Roman Empire of the Caesars had passed from Charlemagne to Otto the Great, and on, always diminishing in significance, from the House of Hohenstauffen to the House of Habsburg, always with less and less control over the multitudinous German states until even the title of Emperor rang hollow, but now, with Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, the Spanish Netherlands and a great part of Italy, Vienna could lift her head high in honor and feel that she indeed was the Imperial city of a real Empire. That position, however, was not perfectly secure till after another war with the Turks, in which Prince Eugene covered himself with glory, capturing the city of Belgrade and forcing the Turks to cede large strips of territory that had long been in their possession, and before the World War were parts of Rumania, Servia and Bosnia (1718).

Prince Eugene was now the most distinguished personage on the continent, he had become by adoption a Viennese himself, and he liked his new fellow citizens; he said, "They are of an extraordinarily easy going nature, and let everything run its own course." So they did, and pleasant it was, but courses so run come some day to an end. After the fear of danger was removed, the people gave themselves up to pleasure-seeking. When in 1683 the Turks had been driven away from the walls, the citizens rushed out to what was left of the vineyards where the Turks had pitched their tents, gathered and trod the grapes that were left, and every house (it is said), like a tavern, put out a sign that there was wine within. The Viennese, true to type, chose to live in the present, and leave the future to the care of Providence and of Prince Eugene. That was not the sort of life that this far-seeing, ambitious soldier of genius wished for himself, but he liked to see a kindly people at ease under his protection.

After his great victories, the people had rewarded him with wild cheers, and the Emperor, with broad tracts of land in Hungary, and generous sums of money. The Prince decided to live in Vienna, now his own city, and employed the great architect, Fischer von Erlach, to build a palace for him in Himmelpfortgasse within the city walls. And here, having brought the Savoyard Prince from Paris to Vienna, I must make a digression to bring the Baroque style of architecture there, too, for if Prince Eugene saved Vienna from becoming a provincial city in subjection to the Turks, the Baroque style made Vienna in physical aspect what she is.

CHAPTER XIV

FOLK SONGS

THE Turkish danger did, indeed, leave its mark on the Viennese character; it made the city more Christian, more Catholic, more fatalistic—"we shall be safe or we shan't be safe"—or more trusting in Providence (though I do not think they put it in that way), more inclined to shrug their shoulders, whistle or sing, stroll into the vineyards outside the walls, or into the taverns. Of taverns the city always had a goodly number—*The Red Cock* on the Landstrasse, *The Golden Capon* outside the walls, *The Golden Lamb* in Leopoldstadt, *The Three Hares* on the Kärntner-Strasse, *The Bell Man* on the Kohlmarkt, *The Yellow Eagle*, *The Little Red Roof* near the old meat market, and so on. It is said that the English richness in potatory words displays the national habits—tipple, tope, booze, bouse, guzzle, soak, lush, bib, swig, carouse—and Vienna must have had a respectable vocabulary to indicate drinking wine and the effects of drinking wine, but all on a more civilized level. Tavern-keepers liked to have strolling singers and musicians come to the door, or into the house, to entertain their guests, and attract passers-by. One of these itinerant musical ne'er-do-weels named Marx Augustin (1643-1705) was the son of a tavern-keeper, who was not successful. Probably the father had the inclination that dominated his son—to do nothing. At any rate, the son turned his back upon more laborious occupations and became a wandering minstrel, and went from tavern to tavern, playing the bagpipe and singing songs of his own composition, for the diversion of the guests, simple folk, who wished to lay aside their cares for a

while. The keeper of *The Little Red Roof* on Griechengasse, near where the Greek church now is, Herr Puffan, had the intelligence to appreciate that Marx Augustin was a man far better than most of his calling, and induced him by friendly words and hospitality gratis to come regularly there on Thursdays and Saturdays, to play and sing for his patrons. The kind of song sung was not intellectual, but it was decent and kindly, as for instance:

My wife bids me be careful
Not to drink beer or wine,
She says that I am drinking up
Her money as well as mine.
Her words blow like the idle wind
I do not let her impose,
Although my purse is empty
There's not a moth in my clothes.
She sings the praise of water,
As excellent for thirst,
And says I am a ne'er-do-weel
And going from bad to worst!
No wine does she approve of,
But I do not repine,
To woman belongs the fountain
A man enjoys the Vine.

Here's another that is ascribed to Augustin:

A drinker and a bagpiper
Go very well together,
When the company is merry
And doesn't mind the weather

For pious pipes will drive away
Hate, Envy, Melancholy,
And drams drunk to the good Lord God
Make pipers very jolly.

Another song is thought to have his mark:

*Alles ist mir einerlei!
Schmerz und Freude, Lust und Kummer—
Beides geht so bald vorbei
Als ein Schatten, Traum und Schlummer:*

All is monotony to me, pain and joy; pleasure and grief no pauses keep—all go by as quick as shadow, dream or sleep.

But—though I must warn you that the identity, and the very existence, of Marx Augustin has been doubted—what makes him memorable is the song

*O, Du lieber Augustin,
's Geld ist hin, 's Mensch (Mädchen) ist hin!
O, Du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!*

O, dear old Augustin
Your cash is gone, your girl is gone,
O, poor old Augustin
All is gone.

According to the story, the song came about in this way. In 1679, a few years before the siege of Vienna by the Turks, a terrible pestilence devastated Vienna, people were in despair, ill, or fearing illness and death for themselves, their families and their friends (quite different from the gay coterie in Florence when the Black Death came upon their city), they avoided Augustin and taverns. Hardly anyone went to *The Little Red Roof* and though Augustin went there and made a brave show of gaiety, everything was enwrapped in gloom. He earned nothing, and doubled his efforts to comfort himself with beer and brandy, which were liberally supplied by the host, partly for gratitude for what Augustin had done for him in the past, and partly—if it be true that gratitude is thankfulness for favors to

come—for what Herr Puffan hoped in the future. One day—said to have been September 10, though I fear that this accuracy may tend to throw doubt on the story—he went, very down-hearted, to *The Little Red Roof*. Not a soul appeared, for the last report said that by the Schottenthor a burgher had tossed alms to a beggar, who picked up a letter the other had dropped and handed it back to him, and very shortly both had died of the pest. And in the streets nothing was heard but, “He’s dead already, that man’s dying, and the third will soon die.” So even the jovial citizens who used to frequent the taverns stayed at home. All this was depressing enough, and Augustin sat down at a table, drank pale ale and composed that sad song, *O, Du lieber Augustin*. The last stanza reads,

O, Du lieber Augustin
Leg mir in’s Grab Dich hin,
O, Du mein herzliebes Wien,
Alles ist hin.

O, you poor old Augustin
Lay me in the grave away.
O, my darling Vienna,
All is gone.

It hardly seems that the gay tune which accompanies the words could belong to the season of pest. But this is the way the story ends. Augustin took a last dram of brandy at the kindly tavern, and went out into the dark to go home to a garret in a neighboring street. His legs were a little shaky, and in spite of his exact knowledge of the locality, he missed the Stubenthor that he should have taken, and crossing the Stephan’s-Platz, went through the Burgthor and wandered about half unconscious; his front foot stepped off into the air and he fell, but onto a soft spot. He perceived a horrid smell, but soon he forgot everything and fell fast asleep. When he awoke, before the full

daylight, he made out that he was in a vast grave, full of bodies, not yet covered over, in the pest cemetery. He shrieked for help, and soon gravediggers came, carrying more bodies, and lifted him out. However terrible the experience for the moment, Augustin made a good story out of it, and found it worth while to pass round the hat.

This life of the bourgeoisie at the taverns (which in great part gradually turned into cafés), a segregated masculine life, enjoyed by men in the time between shutting up shop, or office, and going home, or later in the evening, after supper, lasted down, in very much the same fashion, till the time of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, as we shall see later.

CHAPTER XV

THE BAROQUE

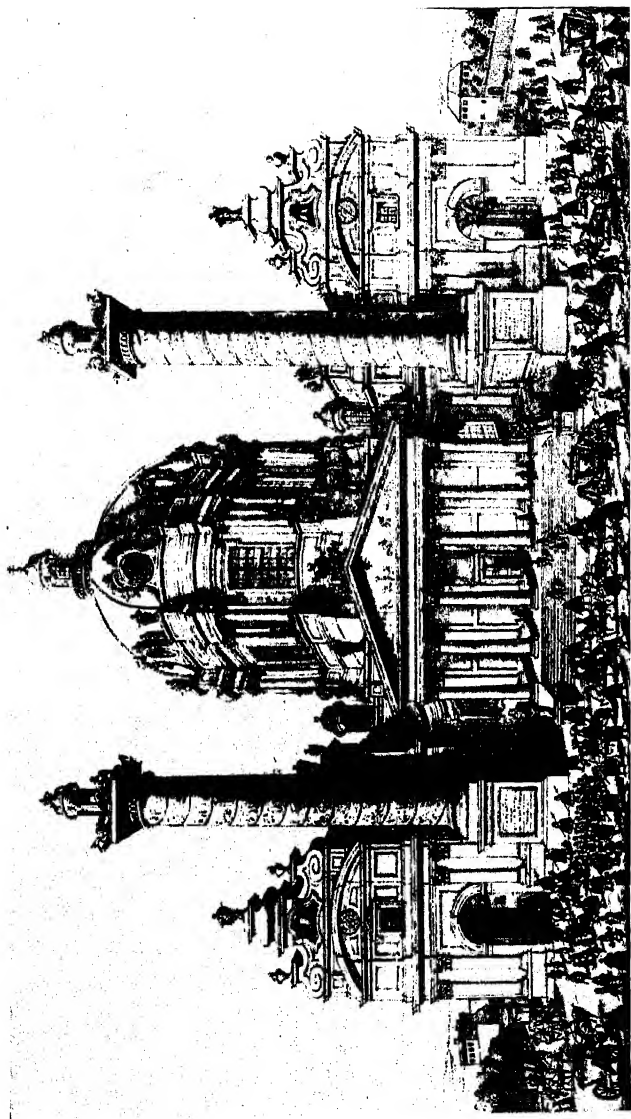
IN WESTERN EUROPE the great styles in architecture had succeeded one another, the Roman, the Romanesque, the Gothic, the Renaissance, and then came the Baroque. In the late Renaissance, architecture had become conventional, pedantic, insipid, and the next generation wanted something new. It is pleasant to mark this boyish burst of enthusiasm at getting rid of old rules; and yet the new style had rules and principles of its own, principles of design, together with a fine freedom to use what ornament individual taste might choose. It started in Italy, Michelangelo and Vignola led the way, and Rome became a Baroque city—the Piazza di San Pietro, the Piazza del Popolo, the churches, greater and less, San Pietro, Santa Maria Maggiore, S. Giovanni in Laterano, the Gesù, S. Luigi de' Francesi, Sant' Agnese, S. Maria della Pace, and so on. Rome was not only the seat of the Pope, but also of the Order of Jesus—Bernini, the greatest of Baroque architects, was a close friend of Padre Oliva, General of the Jesuits—and inevitably this Roman style, directly and indirectly, influenced the Emperor Leopold (1658-1705), and his court at Vienna. And so, great palaces and churches were built in the Baroque style, for rich men knew that their palaces were in no danger of being occupied by foreign soldiery, and churchmen believed that the time was ripe to display the triumph of the Counter Reformation. Vienna was eminently the city for a style that combined Imperial stateliness with an exuberance of individuality and new flown pride: she was the Queen of Catholic Germany, she was the head of the Empire, she was

frequented by subject races, gay in their native garbs, Bohemians, Slovaks, Croats, Galicians, Transylvanians, and now, after the Turkish wars, all sorts of foreigners came to enjoy the fruits of victory and peace. Italians, Poles, Spaniards, adventurers from far and near.

The Baroque style is, no doubt, a taste. And those who approach it, as American travellers usually do, by way of French Romanesque and French Gothic, find it hard to approach it with a sympathetic heart. The traveller has been taught to admire simplicity, to ask for the domination of design by function, to entertain a contempt of parts that do not subserve the whole and, also, Cistercian precepts that ornament shall be humble, unobtrusive and appropriate, and then he enters a Baroque church, and his whole being is deafened by a fanfare of architecture, painting and sculpture, that takes his breath away. His mistake is that he has come by the wrong road. If he first makes himself familiar with Rome, the Piazza Navona, with its fountains, and the Church of Saint Agnese, with the Spanish Steps and the Fontana di Trevi, or at Venice with Santa Maria della Salute, or with the cathedral of Santiago di Compostella in Spain, where, after you traverse the interior and listen to its low, solemn organ tones of mediaeval piety, and issue forth in front, the façade breaks upon you like a chorus from Verdi, the steeples sing *Ai nostri monti ritorneremo*, and you behold *Il Trovatore* in all its frozen splendor. At all events the visitor must go to Vienna with an open mind about Baroque architecture; Vienna is no place for purists or Puritans.

At the time that Prince Eugene had become a citizen of Vienna and was about to build a palace there, the leading Baroque architect was Johann Bernhardt Fischer von Erlach, a personage as famous in his way as Prince Eugene in his. This great architect was born at Gratz, Styria, in 1656. He studied in Italy, and then settled in Vienna. His first important commission was the *Trinity Column*, which stands in the Graben. Some Italian art-

ist had made a sketch, and Fischer von Erlach carried out the artist's idea. The Graben is a long, narrow square very near the centre of the city, and in the middle of it stands this column, which presents to you the Baroque style in a most concentrated form. The base, which is roughly of a trefoil shape and is about twenty-five feet high, is composed of two unequal stories, of which the lower is the taller, and there, flanked by bas-reliefs and divers ornaments, stands Faith, holding a cross; above her on the ledge of the second story, kneels a magnificently bewigged Emperor, while from the base a long series of angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, in bewildering attitudes, rise in celestial ecstasy to the Trinity and a great monstrance on the top of the column. Evidently this monument gratified the taste of the period, for Fischer von Erlach soon acquired a large practice. Perhaps his best-known work is the Karls-Kirche in Vienna, built as a thank-offering after the cessation of a plague; it was built outside the old ramparts, in the open fields of the Wiental. It took over twenty years in the building, and was dedicated by Emperor Charles VI to San Carlo Borromeo, the celebrated Milanese saint. It certainly departs in an unrestrained and debonair fashion from previously existing conventions. It has a great dome, crowned by a lantern, and on each side of the façade a Doric column, like that of Trajan's at Rome, almost as tall as the dome, all pictured over with spiral bas-reliefs, celebrating the deeds of San Carlo Borromeo, that mount from the base to the little belfry on top. Fischer also drew plans for the Schönbrunn Palace, the Imperial summer residence, but the building was left unfinished, and when Maria Theresa wished to live in it, she had new plans drawn. Together with another famous architect, Johann Lukas von Hildebrandt, he built the Schwarzenberg Palace, not far from the Karls-Kirche. He designed a garden for Prince Liechtenstein's Palace, recently built by an Italian architect, and constructed a doorway for it. In this palace is housed the glorious collection of pictures, founded by Prince



(Salomon Kleiner)

Die Karls-Kirche

Charles Eusebius Liechtenstein in the seventeenth century, and greatly increased in the eighteenth by Prince Wenzel Liechtenstein. These noblemen gathered together Van Dycks and Rubenses, and other Flemish paintings, as well as Italian, French and English. You will find in the collection lovely sculpture by Donatello and Rossellino, paintings by Francia, Botticelli, Antonello da Messina, Caravaggio, Guido Reni, Frans Hals, Van Dyck's portrait of Marie Louise de Tassis, which some think one of the finest portraits ever painted, and Rubens's portrait of his two sons, enchanting youths that might be tutelary guardians of Vienna, so aristocratic, elegant, insouciant, so full of grace, children of gentle leisure and laughter-loving gaiety. It is plain enough that the Princes of the Liechtenstein family were of true Viennese strain.

After this Fischer built the Schönborn Palace in the Renn-gasse. (It is annoying to have the name Schönborn so similar to Schönbrunn, but there is nothing to be done about it). This palace was within the walls. To get to it you walk from the Graben two or three hundred yards to the northwest to a square, the Freyung, on which his rival, and sometimes associate, architect Johann Lukas von Hildebrandt had built the *Kinsky* Palace, and then turn sharp right a few steps into the Renngasse. But what interests us most is the Winter Palace, which these two great architects Fischer and Hildebrandt built for Prince Eugene. It lies two or three hundred yards south of St. Stephan's-Kirche, on Himmelpfortgasse, a rather narrow street. It is a very long building, with three great doorways on the ground floor, seventeen great windows on the first story, and above every window an elaborate ornament, while the three windows above the three doorways have not only balconies, but also a decoration above the lintel of superabundant magnitude. The story above has modest square windows, and the building is crowned by a frieze, a cornice, a balustrade and eighteen gesticulating statues. Within, the Baroque style displayed all its splendors, a hall and stair-

case, statues, painted ceilings, a Blue Room, a Ball Room, a Golden Cabinet, decorations, adornments to heart's content.

The Prince also employed Hildebrandt to build his Summer Palace, called the Belvedere (1714-1723), just beyond the Karls-Kirche, which really consists of two palaces, the Upper Belvedere at one end, and the Lower Belvedere at the other. The Prince used to live in the Lower Belvedere in summer and to use the Upper Belvedere for his greater gaieties. To get to the Upper Belvedere you pass through a grand iron-grilled gate, one of those gates that indicates so clearly and definitely the separation of the noble class from inferior persons, then you skirt a large, a very large, basin of water, with broad walks of great dignity on either side, and you approach the palace, which stands magnificent in its five divisions, that of the portico in the centre, two elegant architectural masses on either side, and beyond them each, a wing and a corner pavilion crowned by a cupola. The central portico has three tall arches, and by these you enter the Garden Room, the ceiling of which, divided into fantastically decorated bays, is held up by four mighty giants, bending beneath their loads, and then from the ground floor you mount the great white staircase, and visit two long lines of rooms, gorgeous in *boiseries* walls and stuccoed ceilings, and in especial the vast Marble Hall, two stories high. From the windows of this hall you look out upon the garden, with its formal walks, its clipped trees, well-trimmed hedges, terraces, and falling waters, that stretches some five hundred metres to the Lower Belvedere, a queer-shaped building, somewhat resembling a capital D with the straight bar facing you. It was all very magnificent and showed how completely safe Vienna felt from Turkish attacks, when the General-in-Chief built such a palace in the suburbs.

Fischer von Erlach drew plans for great parts of the Hofburg, which however were not constructed till after his death. It is a vast aggregate of many buildings—State apartments, private apartments, offices, riding school and so on, for which you may

consult Baedeker—built by various Emperors at various times. I need not enumerate further. It was through Fischer von Erlach and his son, and Lukas von Hildebrandt (1666-1745) that Vienna became a Baroque city, and acquired a physical aspect that suited that taste for form and ornament and unexpectedness, and frolic and fancy, which for so long continued to mark the Viennese in manners and music, a happy blending of South German kindliness, with Hungarian fire, Bohemian idiosyncrasy, and Italian intellect and imagination.

CHAPTER XVI

CHARLES VI

VIENNA, after emerging from the dangers of Turks to the east and of Frenchmen to the west, with the laurels of victory round her brows, might have been expected to devote herself at once to her two favorite interests, Baroque architecture and opera; but though a great deal of building was done, and Metastasio came in 1729 and Gluck in 1736, the city had to wait a dozen years before it entered upon its halcyon days. Perhaps it was partly the fault of the Emperors, though they do not seem to have been less capable than most other men, or it may have been merely the contrariety of Fate. All through her long life Vienna does not seem to have had much luck.

Charles VI was not a bad fellow, he had the prominent chin and protruding lip of the Habsburgs, but he also had courage and persistence. He was but eighteen when, as a rival to Philip of Anjou, he was proclaimed King of Spain by the anti-French allies, and going to Spain bore himself there very gallantly. He stopped in England on his way, and left a very favorable impression of being "judicious and obliging," and at Barcelona his courage called forth applause from the British sailors and soldiers; but, as soon as danger was over, he fell back into the grooves of his traditional training and the teachings of his tutor, the Prince of Liechtenstein. For instance, he led a great religious procession to the Holy Virgin at Montserrat, and insisted in most inopportune times upon the nice details of etiquette. He was destitute of real talent; Frederick the Great was not too harsh, when he said of him, "By nature Charles was endowed with all the characteristics that make a good middle-class subject." He was cold and reserved, but he was cultivated, spoke several lan-

guages and was extremely proper. While in Spain he married the handsome and charming Princess Elisabeth-Christina of Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel (1708). They had never seen each other before they met then. She was sixteen, he twenty-three. He noted in his diary: "Queen very beautiful. Am entirely content." And he wrote to his parents, "I want at once to tell you how happy I am. I had already heard many praise the charms which have won for her the affection of the people, but now that I have seen her, all I had heard seemed like a shadow as compared with *l'éclat du soleil*. Words fail me in which to express her rare and precious qualities, as well as to express all the happiness I feel." This was a great burst of ecstasy for the phlegmatic King, who accepted the Spanish creed that it was not good form to possess emotions, much less to show them. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu saw the Queen at Vienna in 1716, she wrote, "I was perfectly charmed with the Empress. I cannot, however, tell you that her features are regular: her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of sweetness; her complexion is the finest I ever saw, her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms that touch the soul. When she smiles, it is with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair, but then her person! One must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her, the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe that there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here [she was wife to the English ambassador to Turkey] did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently, for everybody that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave." The King loved her in his phlegmatic way, but not enough to break with the Countess Althann, with whom he was

associated in one of the most prim and proper of left-handed relationships.

But the Emperor possessed one Habsburg trait to the full, he had a passionate devotion to the House of Habsburg, to the maintenance and increase of its glory, and his first desire and purpose was to make sure that his own offspring should succeed to the Habsburg inheritance. He had no sons, only daughters. The law of inheritance among the Habsburgs had never been definitely settled; there was a question whether males of a collateral branch should take precedence over females of direct descent. Leopold, to prevent disputes between his two sons, Joseph and Charles, bequeathed Austria, Hungary and Bohemia to Joseph, the elder, and Spain and its dependencies to Charles, the younger, with the provision that, if Joseph should die without sons, then the whole inheritance should go to Charles, but when Charles died, if he left no son, Joseph's daughters were to take precedence of Charles's daughters. Leopold, Joseph and Charles all signed this agreement. Joseph had died leaving no sons, but two daughters.

Charles, having lost Spain, but possessing Austria, violated the family pact. He issued a Pragmatic Sanction—the House of Habsburg had an itch for issuing Pragmatic Sanctions—reversing the order of succession: his daughters should first succeed him in the Austrian inheritance and Joseph's daughters follow them. Nevertheless, he continued afraid lest Joseph's daughters, in spite of the renunciation that he exacted of them when they married, might attempt to supplant his daughter, Maria Theresa, in the Austrian inheritance, and he made it his most pressing business to secure a guarantee from the great powers of Europe to support the right of Maria Theresa. After years of negotiations and at the cost of great sacrifices, he succeeded; England, Spain, Russia, Prussia, the Netherlands, Bavaria and Saxony, all promised the guarantee.

Quieted by these scraps of paper the Emperor was free to pause and look about him, on his charming city.

CHAPTER XVII

LADY MARY IN VIENNA, 1714-1716

SOME people look at objects, whatever they may be, with sympathy, and some without. Vienna at this period of her history, unfortunately, was looked back at by that very clever lady, Vernon Lee, in a moment of spleen. She said, speaking of Charles VI: "His Court, his capital, were full of prudish gallantry, of frivolous devotion, of ostentatious bad taste, of majestic brutality, of imbecile bigotry: a mixture of French elegance and levity with coarseness and heaviness, Spanish solemnity and vacuity, Hungarian pride, and love of display, oriental splendour and misery, and Italian love of art. Feudal courtiers kept musical chapels and drank fifty sorts of wine at dinner; Jesuits built plaster beribboned churches; ladies were publicly and solemnly asked to appoint their lovers, men who had struck priests who had insulted them where promenaded through the town in sackcloth, holding expiatory candles; heretics were slaughtered in Silesia; Turks were dreaded on the Danube; the Empress and her ladies amused themselves with archery meetings where jewelled Cupids were shot at; the people amused themselves with seeing robbers and murderers racked and broken on the wheel; there were grand circus games, where bears were baited, bulls torn to pieces by dogs, and horses ripped open; German comedies, where Hanswurst and Kasperl said and did all that is filthiest; and Italian operas, where heroic contraltos and idyllic sopranos sang virtue and clemency to exquisite music; of that strange medley of refinement, brutality, pomp, vice and bigotry which constituted a German Court of the early eighteenth cen-

tury, that of Vienna was a perfectly balanced specimen: less vicious than Saxony, less brutal than Prussia, but as dignified, splendid and bigoted as any." The Muse Clio would certainly filter this eloquent passage, and let but little get by. There was really great piety at Court. The French ambassador wrote home: "In Vienna during all Lent, I have led an astonishingly pious existence, which has not left me a quarter of an hour of liberty. I admit frankly that if I had known in advance what sort of life an ambassador must lead in Vienna, nothing on earth would have persuaded me to come here."

The King had a partiality for Spanish etiquette, and this partiality had grown upon him with the loss of his hoped-for Spanish crown; and, naturally, he conducted the ceremonial functions of State after the strictest Spanish manner. There is a sad document called *The Court and Honors Calendar*, that enumerates the Emperor's ceremonial duties, religious and civil, from morning to noon, from noon to night, from Sunday to Saturday; it regulates his behavior at devotional exercises, monastic repasts, gala receptions, and especially how he should behave on great celebrations, like that of a meeting of the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece (at which the members appeared in red velvet doublets, their cloaks and hats all gold embroidered), and, more tedious still, for lesser ceremonies, such as the consecration of candles, or birthdays, or handkissings and so forth. The Editor of the Calendar comments: "From this long list of solemnities it can be seen how their Imperial Majesties are almost daily engaged, and that they are obliged to spend much time at both spiritual and worldly ceremonies."

But let us look through the eyes of Lady Wortley Montagu, and see what she saw at Vienna in 1716 when she accompanied her husband on his way to Constantinople, after he had been appointed ambassador to the Sublime Porte. She travelled the last stage of her journey in a little houseboat, rowed by a dozen men, down the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, and enjoyed

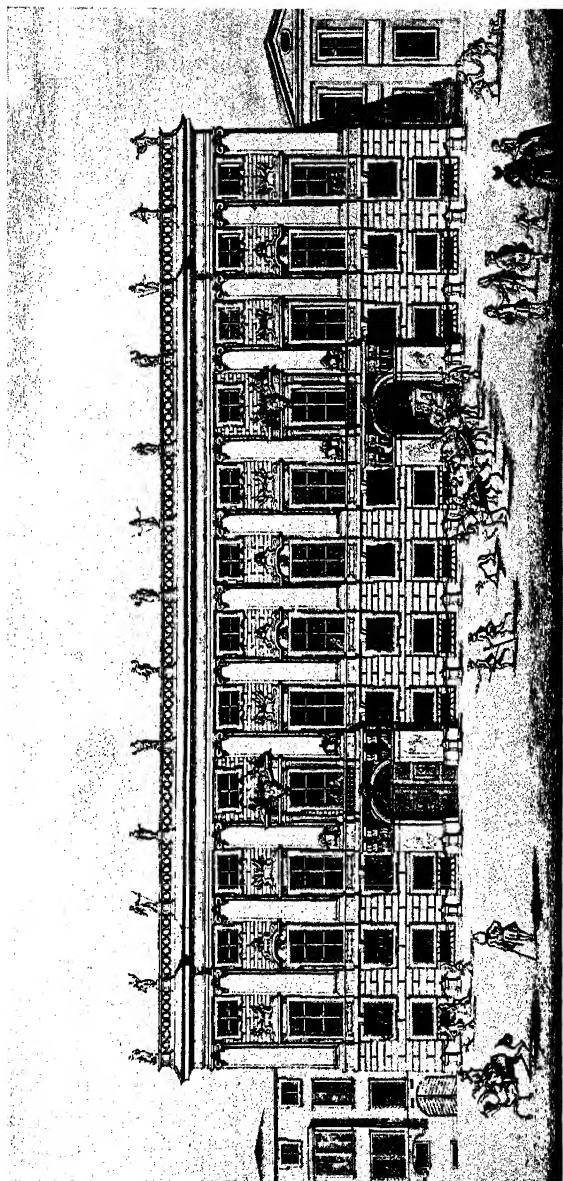
the voyage very much, "the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities and ruins of ancient castles." Vienna was smaller than she had expected. The streets were close and narrow, so that it was hard properly to admire the magnificent palaces built upon them, very tall and of fine white stone. Most of the houses were of five or six stories, and were shared by five or six families. No family had more than two floors, one for itself and one above for the servants. But the apartments were magnificent, composed commonly of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and furnished with furniture such as is seldom seen elsewhere even in Kings' palaces. "Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine Japan tables, bed, chairs, canopies and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures, and vast jars of Japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal." She found, when invited out to dinner that the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answered to that of their furniture. Sometimes there were fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china, and wines of a surprising variety and richness, as many as eighteen kinds. You may have noticed that Vernon Lee said fifty. The palace of Schönbrunn, then occupied by Count Schönbrunn the Vice Chancellor, was most gay and splendid, "and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots."

She wandered, as she says, so far from the discipline of the Church of England, as to go to the opera on a Sunday, in the garden of the Favorita [now the Theresianische Akademie about a quarter of a mile to the west from Prince Eugene's gar-

den of the Belvedere]. The opera seemed to her magnificent, but a comedy of *Amphitruon* was loaded with "indecent expressions, gross words that an English mob would not suffer from a mountebank." Of the ladies, she says that the natural ugliness with which God has endowed them is set off by their dress; their whalebone petticoats outdid the English mode by several yards circumference, and on their heads they built a fabric of gauze, a yard high, consisting of three or four stories and fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. To nature's gift was added a large supply of false hair, fastened by rows of bodkins, and prodigiously powdered. To carry this contraption upright needed both art and experience.

At Court the behavior of the Emperor was very grave and formal; his mother, the Dowager Empress, was very devout, given up to extraordinary acts of penance, and always dressed in deep mourning, all black crêpe. But the suit of solemn black did not mean absence of all mirth. Lady Mary waited upon the Dowager Empress at her palace outside the city, and found her seated, watching her ladies-in-waiting with fine light guns shoot at marks. The marks were three oval pictures, one of Cupid, the second of Fortune, the third of a sword. Only ladies competed, while all the men of quality in Vienna looked on, and the Empress gave the prizes. Lady Mary says: "I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the *Eneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is a favorite sport of the Emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feat of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort." This is the game to which Vernon Lee alludes ironically, and inaccurately.

Lady Mary was a rattle and a wit, so one must not accept her testimony as if she had taken an oath on the witness box, but she is entertaining. She says: "One of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a



(Kupferstich)

The Winter Palace of Prince Eugene

just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of X, and the young Count of X leading me downstairs, asked me how long I was to stay in Vienna. I made answer that my stay depended on the Emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, Madam (said he), whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a *little affair of the heart*. My heart (answered I gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, Madam (said he sighing), by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honor of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction. You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation. . . . Thus you see, that gallantry and good breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion."

The manners she describes are those of the Court, with its regard for outward stateliness and generous freedom to individual taste in ornament, as became a Baroque period. She tells another anecdote that I shall quote, though she asserts that her letters are dull and she imputes their lack of vivacity to "the phlegm" of the country. "Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions; and t'is not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that

importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guard to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies."

The bourgeoisie were less punctilious. The Spanish veneer did not reach down to what was afterwards known as "the second society"; and, it seems likely, it enjoyed itself the more, for the bourgeoisie has always been much more characteristically *Viennese* than the Court circle.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ADVENT OF MUSIC

LADY MARY, I think, presents a rather superficial view of Vienna, and she reported it, as people will in the best way to entertain her correspondents. For instance, she saw Prince Eugene very often, and her only comment on this "great man"—this is her expression—if I understand her, is to refer to him as frail on the subject of women. Others got another impression of him. That universal genius, Leibnitz, loved books so much that the Pope offered him the custodianship of the Vatican Library on the easy terms that he should join the church, and when he spent two years in Vienna (1714-1716), he delighted in Prince Eugene's library, as well as in his company. He said, "I am convinced that no man will advance the cause of science to a greater extent than Prince Eugene." In the Prince's palace on *Himmelpfortgasse*, of which I have spoken, you passed through three drawing rooms hung with pictures or tapestries, and went on into the library, which was filled with thousands of books handsomely bound in Morocco or Turkey leather, red, blue and yellow. It was of immense value. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, a distinguished Frenchman of letters, who visited the Prince, half in the capacity of librarian, half as friend, wrote: "Prince Eugene's library consists of many good and beautifully bound books. But the astonishing fact is that there is hardly a book which the Prince has not read, or, at least looked through, before sending it to be bound. It is hardly believable that a man who carries on his shoulders the burden of almost all the affairs of Europe—that the highest Commander in the Empire, and the Emperor's

first Minister,—should find as much time to read as though he had nothing else to do. He understands a little of everything, but shows no predilection for anything special. Since he reads entirely for recreation, he understands how to gain advantage from his reading just as he does from his official duties. His judgment is extraordinarily accurate, and his conduct of the most endearing simplicity." The Prince's conduct may have been simple, but his palaces were, excepting Versailles and Fontainebleau, the most luxurious in Europe, the walls hung with gold and silver brocade, the rooms decorated with tapestries, pictures, ornaments of gawdy magnificence, his gardens, his orangeries, his pavilions, all glittered and shone with prodigal splendor.

This great personality, not merely by his famous deeds and beautiful palaces, but also by his intellectual tastes, and that peculiar quality dear to the Viennese, the quality of combining magnificence with simplicity, left a deep mark on the city. This the city has recognized by naming the avenue, that leads from the Karls-Platz southerly to the Sudbahnhof, after him, the Prinz-Eugene-Strasse, and erecting a monument to him in the Helden-Platz between the Hofburg and the Maria-Theresien Platz.

But let me proceed to the advent of music, in which Vienna held the chief rank among cities for three generations, and it is only fair to say that music came to Vienna in great measure because of the cultivated taste of the Imperial family. The Emperor Leopold, educated by the Jesuits, was a very cultivated man, some said he was the most learned prince of his time, he was well acquainted with theology, jurisprudence, metaphysics, astrology and alchemy, he was a connoisseur in painting, and, in especial, he both composed and played music. His second wife, Claudia Felicitas, is said to have sung and performed delightfully. So, too, his son the Emperor Joseph was distinguished not only as a lover of the arts and sciences but also for his knowledge of music. Charles VI went further. Even Vernon Lee allows that he had a sincere passion for music, and cultivated

music intelligently. "He was a good performer, a tolerable composer, an excellent critic. . . . He would have liked to have composed his operas and to sing them in person, but the sense of Caesarian dignity restrained him. He did the next best: he made all his dependents learn music; he sent his little Archduchess, Maria Theresa, onto a miniature stage when she was still an infant, and made her sing duets with Signor Senesino . . .; he had operas performed by his chamberlains and ladies of honor; he accompanied Farinelli on the harpsichord, and well-nigh gave singing lessons to the greatest of living singers; he had long interviews with his chapel-masters, and presided at every sort of rehearsal." He undoubtedly deserves the credit of contributing largely to make Vienna the most musical city in the world; but I want now to dwell upon one item in that credit sheet which is that he brought Metastasio, the greatest of librettists, as Court Poet, to the theatre at Vienna.

Metastasio stands high among the eminent foreigners who came to Vienna from another land and helped give her the cosmopolitan quality so necessary to a capital city, bringing in an exotic element that blended happily with the native Viennese qualities, but never dominated them. Metastasio was born in Rome, with such a genius for improvisation, that even as a little boy he gathered crowds on the street, reeling off verses on any subject some chance onlooker chose to propose. A gentleman, famous as the local dictator of letters, Gian Vincenzo Gravina, happened to hear him, recognized his genius, and having persuaded the parents to give him up, adopted the eleven-year-old boy, educated him and bequeathed him his property. The young man was twenty when his kind patron died. He went to Naples, and by a strange chance, was again adopted, or virtually so, by a great Roman prima donna, La Romanina. She took Metastasio and all his family, father, mother, brother and sisters, into her home, and converted him into a writer of librettos for the opera. His fame spread, and in 1729 came the

invitation to Vienna. There he became intimate with Countess Althann, who had long been a favorite of the Emperor (some say that Metastasio was privately married to her). He composed a great many dramas which were set to music by the celebrated composers of the day, Pergolese, Hasse, Jommelli, and half a dozen more. These operas followed on one another's heels, *Adriano*, *Demetrio*, *Achille in Sciro*, *Temistocle*, with disquieting rapidity, poet, composer, musical copyist, bass, tenor, soprano, all collaborated in opera after opera. It may not have been true glory, but Metastasio's works were translated into German, French, English, Spanish, Greek, and distinguished strangers felt themselves honored to call upon the old poet in the Kohlmarkt (that broad street that runs from the Hofburg to the Graben). Either Metastasio became Viennese, or Vienna caught the spirit of Metastasio, for if you analyze the Viennese character you will surely find traces, and more than traces, of those qualities of merry melancholy, of gay lyrical pathos, that permeate his operas.

For many years the triumphs of Metastasio and of the Italian opera in Vienna continued; but before those triumphs had begun to diminish, the great Prince Eugene had died (1736), and in that same year another foreigner, a greater than Metastasio, came to Vienna to add his touch to the shaping of the Viennese character.

CHAPTER XIX

MARIA THERESA (YOUNG)

THE Pragmatic Sanction, for which Charles VI had made great efforts as well as great sacrifices, had been accepted, and under it Maria Theresa, the Emperor's oldest daughter, in due time ascended the throne. She was born on May 13, 1717. Early that morning, when it became known that the event was imminent, a crowd gathered together in the streets and squares round the Hofburg, anxiously waiting the news; soon the great bell of St. Stephan's-Kirche rang out the happy issue, and a messenger rode posthaste to the Emperor's hunting lodge ten miles away, to disappoint him with the fact that the baby was not a son. The ambassador from Venice accompanied the Papal Nuncio to congratulate his Majesty, and at the same time express the wish that the ensuing year might bring him more perfect consolation. In St. Stephan's-Kirche Count Sigismund von Kallo-nitsch led the singing of "*Herr Gott, Dich loben wir*" (Lord God we praise Thee); and within twelve hours, in the Ritter-saal of the Hofburg the baby was christened Maria Theresa Walpurga Amalia Christina, and received from one of her godmothers some holy relics of St. Theresa, for whom she had been named. She was brought up, according to the Spanish customs dear to her father, in the great piety that prevailed at Court. The little girl was not much of a student, and all her life, in whatever language she essays, her letters contained bad grammar and bad spelling; but she was very intelligent and possessed plenty of good sense. The Venetian ambassador remarked, "She always says and does the right thing." She was

not pretty, but she had a charming voice, was a good dancer and was admirable in private theatricals. A foreigner who saw her wrote, "I can truthfully say that never in my entire life have I seen anything more beautiful, more moving and more perfect than her Royal Highness when she sang and danced."

The first crisis in her life came when she was six years old. Her father took her to Prague, and there she met a handsome lad of fourteen, gay, agreeable, friendly, Prince Francis Stephen of Lorraine, son of the Duke of Lorraine. He was tall, had large dark-blue eyes, a straight nose, a small and well-shaped mouth, altogether a likely figure to catch a little girl's fancy. Charles VI even then had his eye upon the lad as a possible husband for his daughter, and the Duke of Lorraine was already urgent for an agreement between the parents. The lad had therefore been carefully coached as to his behavior for his presentation to the Emperor: "It is necessary that the young Prince should assume a respectful expression in the presence of the Emperor, he must restrain his vivacity and not speak unless the Emperor speaks to him first; he must avoid a familiar manner when talking to the Emperor. Above all he must never ask the Emperor any questions on any subject, and he must talk German as much as he possibly can. When he is with the Empress he may be a little more vivacious, but he must never forget the dignity expected of a Prince in his station. If he remembers this, the Empress and her ladies will mention his fine spirit to the Emperor, who will then feel a sincere wish to see his natural vivacity, which, if mingled with proper respect, will please the Emperor, and then every one at the Court will approve of the Prince."

Francis must have kept pretty close to these instructions, at any rate he had charm, and loved hunting as much as the Emperor did, and he made a most agreeable impression. Charles wrote to the Duke of Lorraine: "To justify your fatherly pride

and without flattery, I can truthfully say that this young gentleman is quite remarkable for one so young in years; he is clever in everything he does, his manners are good, and he is obedient. You can thank God for him, and it is obvious, dear Cousin, that he was brought up under your constant care and supervision. I can assure you that he is loved and admired by every one; and it is my greatest anxiety lest he is not waited on sufficiently here and my greatest care that he shall remain healthy. I have therefore taken the liberty of telling the doctor all about his special needs. Then I am worried lest he find life dull with us; I have also advised his regular studies to be continued, as this is very necessary for young people."

Francis, however, took his regular studies with a careless grace, he really cared for little except hunting and practical jokes, and, Frenchman as he really was, he made little progress with his German. Even when he was grown up somebody said of him, "His French letters seem to have been written by a German, while his German correspondence might have been written by a Frenchman with a slight knowledge of foreign languages." But whatever he did with grammar or spelling, matters to be sure that she did not lay great stress on, he was always charming in the eyes of Maria Theresa. And, although no definite decision had fallen from the Emperor's lips, Francis lived for six years in the Imperial household, while Maria Theresa was growing up to womanhood, and became dearer and dearer to her as the years passed, though, as was natural enough the young man was far from being equally interested in the little girl. The English ambassador wrote home, "She sighs and pines all night for her Duke of Lorraine; if she sleeps it is only to dream of him, if she wakes, it is but to talk of him to the lady-in-waiting." Francis was sent on a visit to the King of Prussia, and, strange as it may appear, the Crown Prince, known to us as Frederick the Great, who led such a devil of a life at home that he had tried to escape, and had seen his con-

federate marched off to execution in consequence, was charmed with him. He wrote to his sister (March 15, 1732): "The Duke of Lorraine left yesterday. He is the most delightful Prince I have met. He is very clever and his manner is splendid and free. We are very good friends, and when we are together people must think we are mad, for we laugh and jest all the time. The Duke shows so much spirit that one is never weary. He tells stories charmingly and wittily. He is extremely vivacious, but he is able to restrain his liveliness when necessary, so that staid individuals like him as much as do mad people like myself."

At last the Emperor made up his mind definitely, and on January 31, 1736, Francis, who had succeeded to his father as Duke of Lorraine, dressed in a magnificent suit of chestnut colored velvet, buttoned by diamonds, hemmed with gold, decorated with silver, was allowed to make a formal demand upon the Emperor and Empress for the hand of their daughter Maria Theresa. The Princess was immensely happy, the Prince's joy was less exuberant. Some letters that passed between them just before the marriage have been preserved. He wrote: "Most serene Archduchess, my Angel Bride, having received from his Majesty the Emperor gracious permission to write to you, I can no longer resist profiting from his gracious act. Dearest, it will not be difficult for you to believe that nothing could be harder for me than to approach you by letter instead of throwing myself at your feet. Let my dearest Bride be fully assured that in all the world there is no bridegroom more entirely devoted and respectful than my Angel Bride's most faithful servant, Francis."

To this she answered: "Your dear letter made me very happy. I am convinced that you would rather have assured me of your affection in person than by letter. You will know that I feel the same about you. It is good that this separation will not be long, and I hope that we shall be together more con-

stantly in the future. I assure you that all my life I shall remain your most faithful bride. [Here, to please him, she shifts from German to French.] I am infinitely grateful for the attention you show me in sending me news of yourself, for I was already as anxious as a pitiful little dog. Love me a little and excuse me for not writing more, but it is ten o'clock and the courier is waiting for my letter. Farewell, Maüisle [little mouse], I embrace you with all my heart, be careful of yourself. Farewell, *caro viso* [dear heart]. I am your *sponsa dilectissima* [very much loved Betrothed]."

They were married on February 12 in the Augustine Church next to the Hofburg. The Papal Nuncio caused a slight commotion, by alleging that, as he represented the Pope, he would remain seated while he celebrated the marriage, but the Emperor insisted upon his standing up. The bride and groom were said to be a very handsome couple. The Prussian ambassador wrote an enthusiastic description of the nineteen-year-old bride: "Her walk is graceful and majestic, her figure round and full, her hair is blond with a reddish tint, her deep blue eyes are very large and full of life and sweetness. Her nose is very straight. Her white teeth show charmingly when she laughs. Though her mouth is large, it is pretty. Her neck and chest are beautifully shaped, and her hands are delicious . . . her complexion is fresh and clear. Her manners are vivacious and pleasing; she is always gracious. She is a charming and most attractive woman."

But royal couples do not always sleep on beds of roses. Francis had, in the murky course of European politics, been obliged to surrender his Duchy of Lorraine and receive the Grand Duchy of Tuscany in exchange, and reluctantly the young couple had to spend six months there, awkward foreigners among their unenthusiastic Italian subjects. Meantime, Prince Eugene had died and there was no general to take his place, and yet the Emperor went to war with the Turks again;

he was worsted, and compelled to surrender Servia, with Belgrade, and Austrian Wallachia. The victories of Prince Eugene were undone. There was great indignation in Vienna, the mob rose, attacked the houses of Imperial ministers and generals, and was only stopped by the soldiers. Francis had had some part in these disasters, and that, added to the fact that his first two children were girls, rendered him extremely unpopular, both with the populace and the Emperor; and poor Maria Theresa already expecting a third child, was obliged to do her best in order to keep even the show of friendly relations between them.

The Emperor died on October 20, 1740, and Maria Theresa succeeded to the Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary and the Duchy of Austria. In the spring of that same year Frederick the Great had succeeded his father as King of Prussia, and on December 16, less than two months after Maria Theresa had ascended the throne, he snapped his fingers at his father's guarantee and invaded the Austrian province of Silesia. The Queen was then pregnant with a son, Joseph, who was born on March 13, 1741. Her troubles had begun with a vengeance; for the Elector of Bavaria, husband of the Emperor Joseph's elder daughter, also violating his guarantee, had laid claim to her inheritance; and, as if that were not enough for a young mother, within a month, food riots had broken out in Vienna, and again the soldiers had to be called upon to suppress them. There the young Queen was, at the age of twenty-three, deeply involved in motherhood, married to a foreigner (and therefore unpopular), who had no talents for business, and she a woman. The Venetian ambassador reported that "the murmur of ten million voices says that the Kingdom should not be ruled by a woman, and that public interest requires that a German Prince should be chosen." Maria Theresa had mounted the throne, but nobody could tell how long she would sit upon it.

The King of Prussia, as I say, without any color of justice, without declaring war, marched across the border into Silesia. He wrote later: "My troops ready, my well-filled treasury, my lively disposition—these were my reasons for making war on Maria Theresa." And at the time he wrote to Voltaire: "We march every morning from seven until four in the afternoon. Then I dine, then work; and then receive tiresome visitors; which means that I must look after insipid details. These consist of difficult people to be pacified; the too temperamental must be restrained; the lazy encouraged to act; the impatient must be calmed. I must make the rapacious more abstemious. I listen to the talkative, and talk to the silent. I must drink with the thirsty, and eat with the hungry. I must be a Jew with Jews, and a heathen with the heathen. These are my occupations. I would gladly exchange them for others if it were not for the ghost called Fame which appears to me so often. In truth it is a great folly, but a folly that a man cannot forget if he is obsessed by it."

The world, which Maria Theresa had been taught to believe good, turned out to be evil. King Frederick won a triumphant victory, and the Elector of Bavaria marched into Bohemia, and was crowned at Prague. The French sided with him. This war is called the War of the Austrian Succession. It is all a horrid confusion; for the most part, at this period, England was on the side of Maria Theresa, while Prussia, France, Bavaria, Spain and Sardinia, the very states whose guarantee Charles VI had bought at a great price, violated their pacts. At the beginning the violators had hoped that the Hungarians would take advantage of the situation to throw off the Habsburg rule, but they were disappointed; Maria Theresa was crowned Queen of Hungary in Pressburg, the capital, in the Cathedral of Saint Martin. The English ambassador wrote: "The Coronation on the twenty-fifth [of June, 1741] was magnificent

and well ordered. The Queen was all charm; the antiquated crown received new graces from her head, and the old tattered robe of St. Stephen became her as well as her own rich clothes, if diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones can be called clothes." She summoned the states of the Diet to the castle; and she entered the great hall in Hungarian dress, with the crown of St. Stephen on her head and the sacred scimitar at her side, walked slowly across to the tribune and addressed the deputies in Latin: "*Afflictus rerum nostrarum status nos movet*, the disastrous condition of our affairs has moved us to lay before our very dear and faithful Estates of Hungary the hostile invasion of our hereditary province of Austria, and the impending danger to this Kingdom so that we may consider the proper remedy. This concerns the Kingdom of Hungary, our own person, our children and our crown. Forsaken by all, we take refuge in the loyalty and swords of these renowned Estates and in the ancient valor of the Hungarians, earnestly exhorting you, the Estates of the Diet, in this very great danger to make plans as quickly as possible for the safety of our person, our children, the crown and the Kingdom, and put them into effect. And for our part, in all matters that shall serve the happiness of this Kingdom and the honor of its people, the Estates shall experience our benevolence and tender care."

A mighty emotion of loyalty to a Queen and of chivalry to a young mother found vent in a storm of shouts and cheers; the deputies drew their swords from the scabbard and shouted, "We will die for our Queen, Maria Theresa." The fervor spread, and from all parts of the oddly conjoined Empire, Croats, Pandours, Sclavonians, Warasdinians and Tolpaches, strange in dress and ferocious in combat, flocked to the Imperial standards. Vienna was put into a state of defense, and burghers and students feverishly learned the elementary duties of soldiers. It is not necessary to follow the course of these eight

years of war; there were victories by Frederick the Great, a victory of the English over the French at Dettingen, of the French over the English at Fontenoy, and so on, until at last the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was made in 1748. Austria lost Silesia, as well as Parma and Piacenza, but Maria Theresa remained Queen of Bohemia and Hungary, and Archduchess of Austria.

CHAPTER XX

THE GREAT QUEEN

AFTER the War of the Austrian Succession, scarce five years later, came the Seven Years' War in which Austria, Russia and France tried to crush Prussia. But England supported Frederick the Great. As far as wars go, it was one of the most melodramatic; England won an empire from France in America and in India, Prussia rose to be one of the dominant powers in Europe, the other participants, including Austria, buried their dead and bound their wounds.

During this period some few things other than fighting occurred. The Elector of Bavaria having for a short time made himself King of Bohemia, succeeded in getting himself elected Emperor, and so made a break in the long Habsburg line, but on his death Maria Theresa procured the Imperial crown for her husband, Francis I (1745). And another fact to be noted, that among Maria Theresa's sixteen children, Marie Antoinette, *l'Autrichienne*, was born in 1755.

The Queen always loved her husband very dearly, but she discovered that his abilities were definitely limited, and she tactfully withdrew him from positions of royal authority to which he had at first aspired. He, indeed, was far more of a true Viennese in character than she; he liked to enjoy himself, liked society, gaiety, good-fellowship, loved the pleasant things of life, had faith that Providence would make things turn out well for such a fine fellow as himself, and that it would be a misuse of time to employ too much of it in moiling and toiling, in planning and calculating, as the wicked Frederick of Prussia

was always doing. Maria Theresa, on the contrary, became an excellent woman of business, conscientious, thoughtful, diligent, tactful and firm. From the very beginning of her reign she arranged her life according to the advice of a sage preceptor. She got up at eight o'clock, dressed, breakfasted and attended Mass by nine; then she devoted half an hour to her children, and from half-past nine until twelve she attended to matters of State. An hour was allowed for dinner, then a little rest, a dutiful call upon the Dowager Empress, and then to business again from four o'clock to half-past eight. From then to midnight she gave herself up to amusement, dancing (while she was young), cards and other diversions and, though she was naturally gay, she did these things largely for her husband's sake, for he always liked to have a good time. She was in love and strove to please him; she even shut the windows in her bedroom, for he, true to French ideas, preferred them shut; but when she was alone in summer or winter she kept them wide open. Dutiful at home, dutiful as Queen, she was a remarkable woman. Crabbed old Carlyle says of her, "Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful, too, and radiant with good nature, though of a temper that will easily catch fire; there was, perhaps, no nobler woman then living." And Frederick the Great said, "Maria Theresa prepared in the secrecy of the cabinet those great projects which she afterwards carried into execution. She introduced order and economy, unknown to her predecessors, into her country's finances; and her revenues far exceeded those possessed by her father even when he was master of Naples, Parma, Silesia and Serbia. She had learned that it was necessary to introduce a better discipline into her army; she annually organized military camps in her provinces; she visited those camps herself, so that she might animate the troops by her presence and bounty. She established a military academy in Vienna and collected the most skillful professors of all the sciences that tend to elucidate the art of war. By these insti-

tutions the army acquired under her auspices such a degree of perfection as it had never attained under any of her predecessors. This woman accomplished designs worthy of a great man."

With the aid of Kaunitz, Haugwitz, and Count Rudolph Chotek, a Bohemian, she addressed herself to the task of improving the condition of her people, she established schools, removed feudal hardships, bettered the condition of the serfs, reformed ecclesiastical abuses and fostered commerce, but she fostered commerce in rather a step-motherly fashion, for Count Chotek, in his aim of economic unification and political centralization of the Empire, though he decreased the tolls between the provinces, erected a tariff wall round the Empire so high that little foreign trade was able to surmount it.

With all her virtues the Queen could be harsh; with the disloyal, and with Jews, who were distasteful to her, she could be stern, even cruel. She showed this side of her disposition in Bohemia, where a number of people had accepted the Bavarian usurper, but she never acted against her conscience, she felt she was cruel in order to be kind, and wrote to Count Kinsky, her Chancellor there: "You will say that I am cruel. This is true, but I know that all the cruelties which I have ordered to be committed, so that this country shall be preserved for me, will be compensated by me a hundredfold later. I shall make up for them, but now I have closed my heart to pity. . . . I am sorry for you all, for I am making you unhappy, and this is perhaps my greatest unhappiness, but at least I shall always be grateful to you for carrying out my cruel orders."

Maria Theresa was very much of a person, and also very much of a woman. She worked hard to secure the election of her husband as Emperor, but when it came time for his coronation (September 13, 1745), she refused to be crowned as his consort. He wanted her to be and wrote to urge her: "*Je vous le repete, ille me sauble que vous deverie ainsi vous faire cour-*

onne, care san cela fera ici un tres moves efet." One wonders whether Francis wrote in French because he had a greater literary command of that language than of German. He also wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs: "The Queen has informed me that she does not intend to be crowned at Frankfort. I leave you to judge what an effect this will produce. I fear, however, that rather than give way, she will not come at all, which would be extremely unfortunate. For her coronation would afford her opportunities of meeting many of the Princes of the Empire, and she would understand so well how to overcome their prejudices and win their good will. Speak to her on the subject, and persuade her that there is nothing in the ceremony incompatible with her monarchical dignity." The Minister replied: "I have done my best, but your Royal Highness knows that when her Majesty has once made up her mind there is nothing to be won by persuasion." Her motives for refusal can only be guessed at; perhaps, as an adoring wife she feared that, if she were crowned, too, she would eclipse him in the public eye; perhaps, wearing the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, she thought it beneath her dignity to be crowned as a mere consort. But it remained evident that, however much she loved her husband, she did as she pleased.

In judging her character there remains the partition of Poland. One expects Frederick the Great, a North German, and Catherine the Great, also a North German, to be indifferent to international morality, but Maria Theresa did what she thought the Lord God held right. There were excuses for partitioning Poland. It was a country sparsely inhabited and of no natural boundaries; in it there were Poles, Germans, Lithuanians and Russians, and a great many Jews; the Poles were Catholics, the Germans Protestants, the Russians belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church and the Jews had their separate rites. The civic organization, too, was awkwardly composite. Except in the few German towns there was no middle class, in the Polish and

Lithuanian towns industry and commerce, such as existed, was in the hands of the Jews, and Jews were not recognized as citizens. The rest of the population consisted of nobles, a numerous class, mostly very poor, and their serfs. The government of the kingdom, which was elective, may be judged by this: the King could not declare war, make peace, impose taxes or pass any law, without the consent of the Diet; and in the Diet, composed of representatives of the nobility, any single member could veto any proposed measure. Consequently, the kingdom was in a state of feudal anarchy, and you could hardly expect greedy neighbors not to take a benevolent interest in doing something about it. So in 1772, the three neighbors divided Poland; Frederick the Great took West Prussia, Russia took a strip on the east, and Maria Theresa took a strip bordering her dominions inhabited by about three million Poles and Russians, and so added two new races to the existing medley. Her part in the affair, however, was scarcely more than acquiescence in the robbery by the other two; if she were not to do so, Russia and Prussia would have helped themselves to the whole of Poland and she get nothing.

In domestic affairs Maria Theresa was more feminine. She was not intellectual; she by no means shared the general admiration of Voltaire and the wits of France. She wrote to Dr. van Swieten, "I dislike everything that goes by the name of irony; I consider it incompatible with Christian, neighborly love." And she adds, not without perspicacity: "Our language does not lend itself to this kind of light jesting." She not only frowned upon Voltaire and Rousseau, because of moral improprieties, but also upon all authors who criticized the Catholic religion or doubted monastic piety, all amorous books like *Manon Lescaut*, "any composition in which the pleasures of love are warmly depicted . . . any work where superstition is attacked or censured," and prohibited them under severe penalties. As a sovereign she was more reasonable: "I do not think

it wise," she wrote, "to make more concessions to the clergy; they enjoy too many privileges as it is, and they do not share their riches with the people. All of the convents tend to overstep their rights, and many of them try to gain possession of goods belonging to the State." But in matters of propriety the woman dominated the sovereign.

Her habits gradually changed as years went by. As a young woman, she had been passionately fond of dancing, and enjoyed masked balls, but in her early thirties she gave them up, and devoted herself more and more to business. She still sang and played the spinet, and also continued to take long walks and rides, but largely for her health's sake. She seemed bent on economizing time and when she went anywhere there was always a rush. She was growing plump, if not stout, and kept on having babies, and the cares of sovereignty weighed upon her. The loss of Silesia was a great sorrow; she felt it not merely a gross injury but also a bitter insult to the Habsburg family. Her relations to her husband gradually changed, too. She was in theory always a humble and obedient wife; that was her declared opinion of the conjugal relation. After Marie Antoinette was married to the Dauphin of France, she wrote her, "A wife is subject to her husband in everything, she should have no interests or occupations except to please and obey him. A happy marriage is the only real happiness on earth; I can judge that this is true. Everything depends on the woman; she must be willing to please, to be gentle and entertaining." But as she became more and more absorbed in business, her husband, though Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, found himself more and more ignored, and naturally he looked about for amusement.

The Queen herself was informal in her private apartments, but Court etiquette was ponderous; according to the tedious Spanish fashion, rank, precedence and titles, were of the greatest importance. The English ambassador, Sir Robert Murray

Keith, was much impressed by its general polysyllabic aspect. He wrote home: "If I could persuade His Majesty to lengthen my little stunted name of Keith by five or six syllables, I would not despair of obtaining the hand of the fair Feretina de Podet-casky Liechtenstein, niece of the Count Grazelkovicz de Gyarad, Conservator of the Crown of the Kingdom of Hungary." And Francis, though he approved of pompous functions, got very much bored. He liked cards and gambling and hunting, and more and more frequently he stayed away at his hunting lodge. At the Hofburg, where he shared the conjugal bed, the Queen used to get up at four o'clock in summer, at five in winter. This habit of hers he found irksome. Then there was talk about a dancer, a very pretty lady, Eve Marie Violet, and of jolly little supper parties; and again, about the time of the birth of Marie Antoinette, a charming young lady, with lovely grey eyes and glossy luxuriant brown hair, a dangerous bundle of attractions, aged seventeen and married to a man of fifty-six, came to Vienna. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes: "I saw the lovely Princesse Auersperg, the Emperor makes no secret of his passion for her." The Princess Auersperg was gay, loved gambling, liked attention, not only from the Emperor, but from many other admirers. Nevertheless he was devoted to her for twenty years till his death, and only the day before he died, ordered two hundred thousand florins to be paid to her. Maria Theresa was deeply hurt in her love and her pride, but she bore her jealousy with a brave front, and often invited the naughty Princess to dine with the Imperial family.

The only way in which she showed her injured feelings was by increased severity upon immorality. An English traveller, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall wrote, "She crushes every degree of libertinism beneath the weight of her displeasure. A woman of condition, if known to be frail, unless her frailty be confined to one lover, and managed with the utmost attention to privacy and decorum, is certain to receive an order to quit Vienna."

And again: "It is hardly possible to conceive how minute and circumstantial a detail her inquiries embrace, relative to the private conduct of her subjects of both sexes; their actions, amusements, and pleasures, even the most concealed, are constantly reported to her. She employs emissaries or spies, who omit nothing for her information. I could relate from my own personal knowledge some curious and entertaining instances of her inspection into the conduct of the ladies of her Court; but the subject is too delicate for particular details. An illiberal superstition, rather than a rational disapproval of gallantry . . . actuates her in this rigorous prescription. . . . The presence of the Empress, and the terror inspired by her vigilance, as well as her resentment, operate in repressing all excesses. Superstition, confessors, and penances add weight to temporal motives. But the principle of frailty nevertheless exists; even Vienna has its Messalinas, though certainly in smaller number and marked with fainter colours than elsewhere."

Maria Theresa had always been Puritanical; as early as 1753 she founded a *Keuscheits-Kommission*, a Chastity Commission, and made the famous statesman Prince von Kaunitz chairman. Agents of this society, as well as policemen, were instructed to investigate the lives of persons suspected of irregularity, even to enter private houses. Wraxall said: "Spies form a numerous, expensive and very obnoxious branch of the State police. No place is free from their intrusion or exempt from their inquiries. At the theatre, at the Ridottos, and at all public entertainments, there are some of them posted . . . to prevent the smallest appearance of immodesty or licentiousness. The commissaries report to the Empress every fact worthy of her notice, and many which are by no means of a nature to deserve her attention or interference." There is a letter from the Queen to the Commission: "I have heard that a certain Palm has persuaded a virtuous dancer of the *Deutsches Theater* to live with him. . . . Investigate this matter, and verify the facts." She heard evil stories

that a Count Schulenberg and a young Countess Esterhazy were too close friends, and wished to deport the gallant and lock the young lady in a convent, but they were too quick for her and escaped. She was very angry and thought of having Count Schulenberg beheaded in effigy, but Prince Kaunitz dissuaded her. You see, as I said, that she was far less truly Viennese than her husband.

If you walk southwesterly from the Graben, down the Kohlmarkt, where Metastasio spent his old age, and go round the spreadout buildings of the Hofburg into the Helden-Platz behind it, where the equestrian statue to Prince Eugene stands, then across the Burg Ring, one of the avenues that replace the old fortifications, you will come upon the Maria-Theresien-Platz, and in its centre a great monument erected to the Queen's memory. Around the pedestal are equestrian statues to her marshals, Laudon, Daun, Traun, and Khevenhüller, and between the soldiers, statues of Prince Kaunitz, her Chancellor, Prince Liechtenstein, General of Artillery, Count Haugwitz, who reformed the army, and Gerard van Swieten, from Leyden, her Court Physician and Prefect of the Imperial Library. In niches above are statues of Gluck, Haydn, young Mozart and other eminent contemporaries, and at the top, sixty feet in the air, sits the great Queen on her throne.

CHAPTER XXI

GLUCK

MARIA THERESA was not an intellectual woman, neither did she care very much for music, in spite of her father's efforts; nevertheless, when civilization advances sufficiently to forget the War of the Spanish Succession and The Seven Years' War, her reign will be remembered for these musicians, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart. When Gluck, a young man of twenty-two, went to Vienna, the city was still a musical colony of Italy. The opera, born in Florence, had gone by way of Venice and Rome to Naples, and from Naples, which was for a time a part of the Austrian Empire, to Vienna, and with it went Italian music and Metastasio. In the Italian opera, poet and composer divided the work, the poet taking the recitative and the composer the air. Prior to Metastasio, a Venetian, Apostolo Zeno, had gone to Vienna, as Court Poet, but he had been learned and dry, and had confined his subjects to *virtue*, the noble quality that the heroes of Corneille, for example, possess. Metastasio succeeded Apostolo Zeno. Metastasio "restricted the five acts to three, cut out ballets and choruses except at the end of the whole work, and rounded off each scene with an aria." His style of poetry has passed with Nineveh and Tyre, but it had a pleasant eighteenth-century quality of town gardens and gravelled walks; for instance—but it is impossible to render the Italian effect in English:

*Se povero il ruscello
Mormora lento e basso,
Un ramoscello, un sasso
Quasi arrestar lo fa*

When a little brook, run dry,
Murmurs soft and slow,
A stone or little broken branch
Almost arrests its flow.

The aria was all important, and the aria depended on the singer. At first a German from Hamburg, but wholly Italianate, Johann Adolph Hesse, set all Metastasio's libretti to music. In 1749 another foreigner, a Neapolitan, Niccolo Jommelli, went to Vienna and became a great friend of Metastasio. Orchestrally, it is said, Jommelli was an innovator. But I push on to the great musician Christopher Willibald Gluck. It seems that he was born on the border between Bohemia and Bavaria (the name Gluck is said to be almost certainly Czech), and that he lived his youth in Bohemia. In 1736, the year that Prince Eugene died, Gluck went to Vienna, where he was received into the household of Prince Lobkowitz. The Lobkowitz Palace lies not far to the east of the Hofburg, and a little street that opens off Lobkowitz-Platz is named Gluckgasse in his honor. He then spent eight years in Italy, visited London, became enthusiastic over Handel's music, and in 1748 was back again in Vienna, with a new opera, *Semiramide Riconosciuta*, which was very successful. In 1750 he married a Viennese girl, daughter of a retired merchant, or something of the sort, who had refused his consent during his life, but on his death left the daughter well provided for. Two years later Gluck was appointed Kapellmeister to the Prince of Sachsen-Hildburghausen, who possessed a private orchestra. Again, after two years more, he had a bit of luck. The Prince of Sachsen-Hildburghausen invited the Empress Maria Theresa to visit him at his country place, Schlosshof; the Prince commanded an opera for the occasion, Gluck was to compose the music, Metastasio was to rewrite the libretto of an old opera, *Le Cinesi*, in which Maria Theresa had herself played a part twenty years before. The opera was a great suc-



Haydn



Gluck

cess, and Maria Theresa was so delighted that she appointed Gluck to the post of Kapellmeister for the Opera at the Court Theatre. So, for years Gluck served her Majesty, adapting French comedies, which were the fashion, to be played at Schönbrunn, or at the Imperial villa at Laxenburg. He grew to be intimate with persons, characteristically Viennese, until he became pure Viennese himself, such as Conte Durazzo, the Intendant of the Court Theatre, a very cultivated man of liberal ideas, Gaspar Angiolini, a famous dancer, for whom he wrote ballet music, Quaglio, a scene-painter, and Calzabigi, who succeeded to Metastasio as the most fashionable librettist.

But Gluck's first triumphant success was *Orfeo*; he wrote the music, and Calzabigi the text. You know how between them they altered the old story. Eurydice dies, Zeus allows Orpheus to go down into Hades to bring her back, on the condition that he must not look at her till he shall have passed the Styx. Orpheus finds Eurydice in the Valley of the Blest, and with head averted leads her away. Eurydice cannot understand why he will not look at her, and begs him for one glance, for, if he does not love her, she had rather die. He turns and embraces her, and she dies. But the god Amor, touched by Orpheus's grief, restores her to life. By this ending you get a notion of the kindly disposition of the Viennese people. Let us have no more grief than we must! let Eurydice live!—and so the librettist Calzabigi let her live, or perhaps it was Gluck that bade him do so. The critics say that there are great innovations, both as to the music and as to the text, so that it is not quite clear whether the main credit for the reform, or change, is due to Gluck or Calzabigi. At any rate *Orfeo* was a great success. The Court and all Viennese society sang Gluck's praises. He made money from it, and was enabled to move from his mother-in-law's house to another at the corner of Kärntner-Strasse and Walfisch-Strasse. His reputation, whether as an innovator, reformer, or what not, was now set on a firm base. *Alceste* followed in 1767. In the dedication

Gluck stated his purpose very clearly: "I shall try to reduce music to its real function, that of seconding poetry by intensifying the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations without interrupting the action by needless ornaments. I have accordingly taken care not to interrupt the singer in the heat of the dialogue, to wait for a tedious *ritornel*, nor do I allow him to stop on a sonorous vowel, in the middle of a phrase, in order to show the nimbleness of a beautiful voice in a long cadenza." But the Viennese on the whole were not as yet educated to the proper pitch for this; they liked *ritornels* and long cadenzas. Seeking greater sympathy, Gluck went to Paris and wrote the score for Racine's *Iphigénie en Aulide*. There were difficulties, but the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette smoothed them away, and the opera was given (1774). Later Gluck returned to Vienna, and there died (1787) a few years after Metastasio (1782).

CHAPTER XXII

HAYDN

IN 1732 on another border of Austria, Joseph Haydn, a peasant's son, was born in the village of Rohrau near Hungary. When he was eight years old, Reutter, the Kapellmeister of St. Stephan's-Kirche, took him to Vienna as one of the choristers of the Cathedral, for he could sing somewhat. The choir from time to time was taken to the Palace of Schönbrunn to sing before the Empress. On the occasion of one of these visits carpenters were at work, and high scaffolding had been erected over the palace. Haydn clambered to the top and was performing monkey-shines; Maria Theresa happened to look out of her window, was alarmed, and told Reutter to take care that "that fair haired blockhead" got "*ein recenten schilling* (a good licking)." Unfortunately for Haydn, on another occasion she heard him sing, when his voice had reached the "breaking stage," and complained to the Kapellmeister that he "sang like a crow." Joseph was replaced in the choir by his younger brother Michael, who thereupon received from her a present of twenty-four ducats. Joseph was not wholly discouraged; to ease his feelings he cut off the pigtail of the chorister sitting in front of him, was caned and dismissed, aged seventeen. So, there he was, cast upon his own resources, alone in the city (1749).

Vienna was gradually changing. Prince Eugene had freed her of fear of the Turks, and she blossomed out. A traveller has left a description of the city at this time. "Vienna is an assemblage of palaces and very neat houses, inhabited by the most opulent families of one of the greatest monarchies in Europe—

the only noblemen to whom that title may still with justice be applied. The women here are attractive, a brilliant complexion adorns an elegant form; the natural but sometimes languishing and tiresome air of the ladies of the north of Germany is mingled with a little coquetry and address. . . . Pleasure has taken possession of every heart. . . . The nobility is proud and wealthy, the middle class is prosperous, the lower class, if not content, at least is silent." Indeed Vienna was essentially Epicurean; and Herr Leopold Mozart, the father of the great composer, though in a splenetic mood, was partly right when he declared that the Viennese public had no love for anything serious or sensible; he said, "they cannot even understand what seriousness means, and their theatres furnish abundant proof that nothing but utter trash, such as dances, burlesques, harlequinades, ghost tricks, and devils' antics will go down with them."

In this gay, carefree, and not very Good Samaritanish city, young Haydn found himself alone and penniless; but he chanced to come upon one Spangler, whom he had known, a chorister, who sang tenor in the Church of St. Michael, and this good fellow took him home to share his family garret. Haydn did what he could to support himself, he sang in choirs, played the spinet at balls, weddings, baptisms, and the violin in serenades, then often given by a small orchestra, in the streets of an evening. In this way he earned a little, and a kind shopkeeper lent him one hundred and fifty florins; with this money he hired a garret in the Kohlmarkt, the street that runs from the Hofburg to the Graben. It was badly lighted, its roof leaked, there was no stove, his jug of water froze in winter, but he had youth and an old wormeaten spinet, and he was composing. What more should a man want? And it so happened that in the third story of this house lived a poet, who had come from Italy to better his fortunes, one Metastasio. This poet had in his charge the education of a young Spanish lady, Señorita Mari-

anne von Martinez, who needed a music master, and Metastasio engaged Haydn to teach her the harpsichord. This lady turned out to possess great talents, she became a favorite of Maria Theresa, and rose so high as to play duets with Mozart himself. Metastasio, also, introduced Haydn to an Italian singing master, Niccolo Porpora, who was a famous figure in Vienna, and Porpora employed Haydn to be accompanist during his singing lessons. From one thing he advanced to another. In the course of his serenades on the streets, he chanced to make the acquaintance of a Viennese comedian, a theatrical manager, named Kurg, who produced opera bouffe. Kurg had written a libretto for a light opera, and now he asked Haydn to write the music (1752). That was one bit of luck; and was followed by others. Porpora introduced him to a more aristocratic society, and, as people became aware of his talents, he was asked to write string quartets. And then came the turning point in Haydn's fortunes.

In 1761 Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy made his acquaintance, and invited him to enter his household, on terms laid down in the following contract:

AGREEMENT

This day, Joseph Heyden [sic], native of Rohrau, in Austria, is accepted and appointed Vice-Kapellmeister in the service of his Serene Highness, Paul Anton, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, of Esterhazy and Galantha etc etc upon the conditions here following:

The said Joseph Heyden shall be considered and treated as a member of the household. Therefore his Serene Highness is graciously pleased to place confidence in his conducting himself as becomes an honorable official of a princely house. He must

be temperate, and not show himself overbearing towards his musicians, but mild and lenient, straightforward and self-controlled. It is especially to be observed that when the orchestra shall be summoned to perform before company, the Vice-Kapellmeister and all the musicians shall appear in uniform, and the said Joseph Heyden shall take care that he and all members of his orchestra follow the instructions given, and appear in white stockings, white linen, powdered, and either with a pig-tail or a tie wig.

Seeing that the other musicians are referred for directions to the said Vice-Kapellmeister, therefore he shall take the more care to conduct himself in an exemplary manner, abstaining from undue familiarity, and from vulgarity in eating, drinking and conversation, not dispensing with the respect due to him, but acting uprightly and influencing his subordinates to preserve such harmony as is becoming in them, remembering how displeasing the consequences of any discord or dispute would be to his Serene Highness.

The said Joseph Heyden shall appear in the Prince's ante-chamber daily, before and after mid-day, and inquire whether his Highness is pleased to order a performance of the orchestra.

Should any quarrel or cause of complaint arise, the Vice-Kapellmeister shall endeavor to arrange it, in order that his Serene Highness may not be incommoded with trifling disputes.

It is considered unnecessary to detail the services required of the said Joseph Heyden more particularly, since his Serene Highness is pleased to hope that he will of his own free will strictly observe not only these regulations, but all others that may be made from time to time by his Highness, and that he will play the orchestra on such a footing, and in such good

order, that he shall bring honor upon himself and deserve the further favor of the Prince, his Master, who thus confides in his zeal and discretion.

Given at Vienna, this 1st day of May 1761,

Ad mandatum Celsissimi Principis

JOHANN STIFFTELL, Secretary

The employment was a success and Haydn remained with the Esterhazy family for thirty years. His genius and his amiability were fully recognized. A contemporary said: "His amiable disposition speaks through every one of his works. His music has beauty, purity and a delicate and noble simplicity which commends it to every hearer. His cassations, quartets and trios may be compared to a pure, clear stream of water, the surface now rippled by a gentle breeze from the south, and anon breaking into agitated billows, but without ever leaving its proper channel and appointed course. His symphonies are full of force and delicate sympathy. In his cantatas he shows himself at once captivating and caressing, in his minuets he is delightful and full of humor" (1766). Thirty years later Haydn composed the Austrian National Hymn (1797). In the year after that he conducted his oratorio *The Creation*, in the Schwarzenberg Palace. He is now among the immortals.

He was once asked why his Masses were so *fröhlich* (gay), and not *feierlich* (solemn); he answered, "*Ja, wenn ich an den lieben Gott denke, dann bin ich doch lustig.* (Well, when I think of dear God, then I'm in capital spirits)."

CHAPTER XXIII

MOZART

At last, led up to circuitously by Walther von der Vogelweide, Duke Otto der Fröhliche, Gluck, Haydn and Metastasio, came the full embodiment of the Viennese spirit—gaiety, grace, elegance, delicacy, mirth, a sun shining in a cloudless sky—Mozart, Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, to give him his baptismal name (January, 1756). Goethe said, "What else is genius but the power that produces deeds, worthy to stand in the presence of God and Nature . . . ? To this class all Mozart's creations belong."

His father was Leopold Mozart, violin master to the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg. Only two of Leopold's children lived to grow up, Maria Anna, five years the elder, and Wolfgang. The girl was very clever, the boy a genius and a prodigy. At three he interested himself in her music lessons, at four he learned pieces from her music book. The father noted, "This minuet and trio were learned by Wolfgang . . . one day before his fifth year." Wolfgang had a passion, too, for arithmetic and chalked figures all over walls, floors, tables, chairs, on any chalkable surface. The father took these amazing children on a tour, and in 1762, when Wolfgang was six, showed him off in Vienna. Marvellous anecdotes are told of his playing on the organ, the violin, the harpsichord. He was taken to Court, for Maria Theresa had a share in the Habsburgs' love of music, or at least in the family belief that all its members ought to do music honor. For the interview Wolfgang wore a violet-colored suit trimmed with broad gold braid. After he had performed

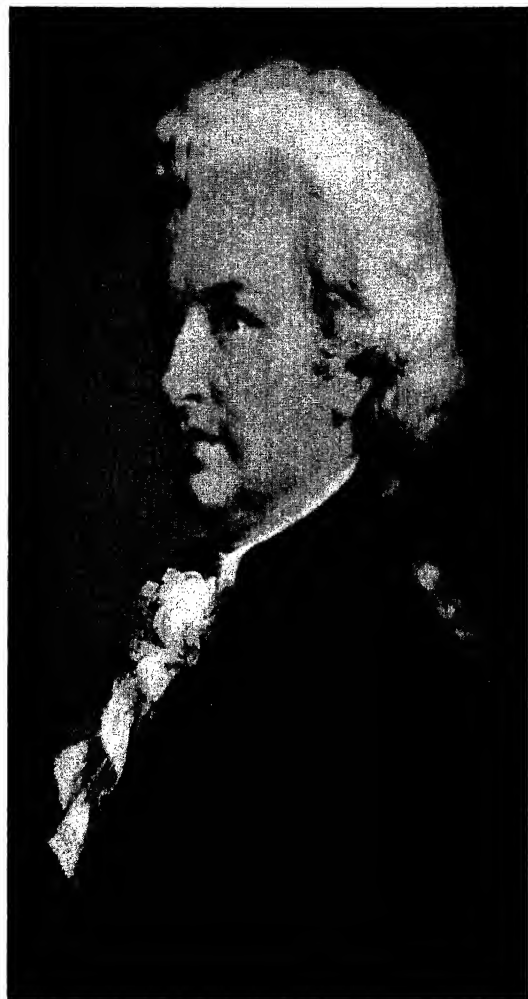
he sprang on Maria Theresa's lap, put his arms round her neck, and then got down to play with Marie Antoinette, who was less than three months older than himself. He slipped and fell on the polished floor, she picked him up, and he said: "You are good, I will marry you." Poor little girl, it is a pity that that could not have been arranged; her life would have been so much happier than with the lout, Louis XVI. She was Maria Theresa's fifteenth child, and shortly before her birth, Maria Theresa had wagered the Duke of Tarouka that the baby would be a girl. The Duke paid his wager and sent with it these lines by Metastasio:

*Ho perduto: l'augusta figlia
A pagar m'ha condannato,
Ma s'è vero ch'a voi somiglia
Tutto 'l mondo ha guadagnato.*

I've lost: the Princess new,
Has judged that I must pay my debt,
But if it's true that she's like you,
Then all the World has won the bet.

Mozart's end, too, as well as that of Marie Antoinette, was to be tragic—"I have come to an end," he said, when he felt the hand of death upon him, "before having had the enjoyment of my talent"; but at that time all was gay. At seven and a half he wrote his first sonata, but he also "would run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of horse." At the age of twelve he was back in Vienna, writing his first operas *La Finta Semplice* and *Bastien und Bastienne*. His father carried him about from city to city as a prodigy and a show; but in spite of work and fatigue Wolfgang kept his natural gaiety. In 1769 he wrote from Salzburg to a young lady: "I beg you will pardon the liberty I take in plaguing you with these few lines, but as you said yesterday that there was nothing you could not understand in Latin, and that I might write what I chose in that

language, I could not resist the bold impulse to write you a few Latin lines. . . . *Cuperem scire de qua causa, a quam plurimis adolescentibus otium usque adeo aestimetur, ut ipse se nec verbis, nec verberibus ab hoc sinant abduci.* [I should like to know the reason why doing-nothing is esteemed by most young fellows to such a point that they can't be dragged away from it by words or whippings.]” And on his first Italian journey, he writes: “My very dearest Mama, my heart is quite enraptured for pure joy, because I feel so merry on this journey, because it is so warm in our carriage, and because our coachman is a brave fellow who drives like the wind whenever the road permits it.” From Naples: “We put on our new clothes yesterday. We were beautiful as angels.” From Bologna: “We have the honor of associating with a certain Dominican, who is considered to be a holy man. I, indeed, do not altogether believe it, for at breakfast he often takes a cup of chocolate and directly afterwards a good glass of strong Spanish wine; and I have even had the honor of dining with this saint, who drank wine at table with a will and wound up with a whole glass full of strong wine, two good slices of melon, peaches, pears, five bowls of coffee, a whole plate full of cloves, and two full plates of milk with lemons.” And to his sister from Vienna, in 1770: “. . . apropos, everyone is now in *maschera*, and one great convenience is, that if you fasten your mask on your hat you have the privilege of not taking off your hat when any one speaks to you; and you never address them by name, but always as ‘*Servitore umilissimo, Signora Maschera.*’ *Cospetto di Bacco!* That is fun! The most strange of all is that we go to bed at half-past seven! *Se lei indovinasse questo, io direi certamente che lei sia la madre di tutti gli indovini.* [If you can guess this, I will say that you are certainly the mother of all guessers.] Kiss Mamma’s hand for me, and to yourself I send a thousand kisses, and assure you that I shall always be your affectionate brother. *Portez-vous bien, et aimez-moi toujours.*”



Mozart

(C. Jäger)

He went to Vienna in 1781, and now he was to realize the fulness of his gifts. But Vienna had changed since he told Marie Antoinette that he would marry her. The great Queen had died in 1780, and her son Joseph II had succeeded to her thrones. Her daughters had been married off. Caroline, at fifteen, married the ugly King of Naples; poor girl! She wrote: "One suffers real martyrdom, which is all the greater because one must pretend outwardly to be happy. I know whereof I speak and I pity Antoinette, who still has this to face. I would rather die than endure again what I have had to suffer. If religion had not said to me 'Think about God,' I would have killed myself rather than live as I did for eight days. It was like hell and I have often wished to die. When my sister has to face this situation, I shall shed many tears." Her elder sister Amelia, who married the Duke of Parma had not had much better luck. But Maria Theresa cared more for the glory of the House of Habsburg than for the happiness of its daughters, and Marie Antoinette also married at fifteen.

Mozart had married and settled in Vienna, he had drunk deep of the influence of Haydn, and was producing his great creations in his own marvellous way. He was a very little man, thin and pale, with a mass of fine fair hair, and he played most beautifully on the harpsichord. He spent the morning giving music lessons, and in the evenings gave concerts in princes' palaces. He wrote many piano concertos, sonatas, fantasias and so on. *The Marriage of Figaro* came in 1786. It had a moderate success in Vienna, but the next year in Prague the people were wild about it. He wrote, "I saw with great pleasure how all people hopped about delightedly to the music of my *Figaro* . . . ; nothing is talked about except *Figaro*; nothing played, piped, sung or whistled except *Figaro*; no opera is alluded to except *Figaro*, always *Figaro*." Michael Kelly, an Irishman (for musical people from all over were drawn to Vienna), sang Basilio. He asked Mozart's advice as to whether he should study counter-

point and become a composer himself. Mozart tried to discourage him, but Kelly went back to England, attempted to compose, but was not successful and became a wine merchant. Richard Brinsley Sheridan suggested for a sign: "Michael Kelly, Composer of Wines and Importer of Music."

Don Giovanni (1787) was produced in Prague with tremendous success, but in Vienna the public did not like it very much. However, in compensation Mozart succeeded Gluck, who had just died, as Chamber Musician and Court Composer to the Emperor. Sacheverell Sitwell says that in composing *Figaro* "Mozart's ambition must have been to provide the greatest possible momentary pleasure to the senses." That is essentially the Viennese note, and Mozart accomplished it by the ease, speed, transparency and unexpected beauties of his music. Sacheverell Sitwell also says he was "perhaps the most gifted human being that ever was born." "He takes us," another critic remarks, "out of the rude realities that surround us, into a beautiful world that knows no care, but lies forever bathed in the sunshine of cloudless happiness—a world in which every loveliness of which fancy has dreamed has taken life and form."

More than any man else, Mozart embodies the ideal dream of Vienna.

CHAPTER XXIV

JOSEPH II

THE great old lady died in 1780, after a reign of forty years. The last fifteen, after she had lost her husband, were sad; several of her children died, some were unhappily married, hardly any one of them was truly fond of this dominating mother, who married them off according to her political convenience, all but one daughter that had the courage to stand up for her rights and marry the man she loved. The poor Queen mourned and mourned for her husband and the happy days of youth. Francis had died on the eighteenth of the month, and on the eighteenth day of every month she went from the Hofburg round the corner to the *Neuer Markt* (where water gaily played in Donner's fountain, around a seated figure of Providence, and *putti* and river gods), to the Kapuziner-Kloster, and down underneath the church to the Imperial Vaults, into a domed chamber, with the vision of Ezekiel painted on the roof, and wept and wept and prayed beside a sumptuous sarcophagus, where her husband's ashes lay. Even in winter she was there before dawn, and when she had grown too stout and unwieldy to walk down, she was lowered in a chair. In the palace with her lived two spinster daughters, embittered and spiteful, nominal heads of religious foundations, Elisabeth and Marianne, "almost destitute of society, obliged to attend their mother wherever she moved, and compelled to assist at ceremonies or exercises of devotion, as if they were nuns rather than Princesses . . . ; never were any persons less objects of envy." Of Elisabeth her brother Joseph remarked, she "made a pointed

arrow out of every harmless piece of wood." And when Maria Theresa died, the people of Vienna did not mourn; it is said that as the funeral procession took its solemn way through the streets, unkind remarks were heard from the crowd.

The reason was that Maria Theresa in none of her qualities except in her queenliness was native to the soil. When young, youth had asserted itself, she was in love, and she was gay, but later her Puritanism ran counter to the Viennese notions of personal liberty and enjoyment. The Viennese ladies were not intellectual, they were elegant, graceful, pleasing (at least so they appeared to a travelling Englishman), but they rarely possessed cultivated minds. They read, at most, pious books about saints and knew nothing of French literature, which at that time constituted the test of cultivation. They knew no poetry, no history, no belles lettres, but to those who made no intellectual demands upon them, they were attractive, and they were displeased when Maria Theresa abridged their practice of using rouge to help out niggard nature. And the town did not sympathize at all with the *Keuscheits-Kommission*; it believed that there are private matters best left, so long as publicity is avoided, to each individual's judgment, taste, prejudices, customs, or religious beliefs. And the Viennese, though Catholic and delighting in ceremonies, millinery, candles, incense, ecclesiastical processions, were not abnormally devout. They kept alive that happy pagan element in Catholicism that makes it so human and sympathetic a religion.

Joseph II was a product of the Age of Enlightenment. Frederick the Great said of him that he was the best Emperor Germany had known for a long time, and James Bryce added that "few men have more narrowly missed greatness than Joseph II." He was tall and blond, with strong features, and had been from adolescence full of benevolent feelings towards his fellow men, full of high purposes to redress wrongs and set up an ideal state. This caused friction with his mother; she was

benevolent, but she was masterful and she had experience, and he, borne on by the waves of fashionable enlightened views that emanated from the great French philosophers, felt some contempt for experience, and great confidence in principles. He was what is called good, very sure of himself, and something of a prig. He chafed at his mother's control, and was not able to express himself freely till she died. It is rather pathetic, he was so sure of his reforms, and in such a hurry to make people good and happy; he had the genuine dogmatic spirit of the reformer. Life began very bright for him, and ended in darkness. He married a granddaughter of Louis XV, lovely, charming, intelligent; at twenty-three he was elected King of the Romans, which insured him the succession to his father as Emperor. Young Goethe beheld the coronation at Frankfort, Gluck was there and a gala performance of *Orfeo* was given. In 1765 Joseph succeeded his father as Emperor, and was made co-regent with his mother of her dominions, and, during his mother's period of violent grief, he made the most of his authority. He took control of the army, he plunged into financial reforms, he cut down expenditure, he sold his father's hunting lodges, and in order to set an example of saving, he made his brothers and sisters and all the members of the Imperial family, who had been used to dine by themselves at their several tables, dine together at one big table; he opened to the public the Prater Park, which up to then had been reserved for the nobility. But when his mother seized the helm again, he had to wait for his reforms until her death.

His task required courage, perseverance and good sense; courage and perseverance he had, but his good sense is questionable. His aims were almost always benevolent, but he was in too great a hurry. Reforms, that tear down and sweep away old things, often hurt prejudices, affections, ingrained habits, time-honored opinions. He surveyed with a philanthropic eye his miscellaneous collection of subjects—Germans, Hungarians,

Bohemians, Italians, Poles, Russians and Belgians—all with different languages, customs, laws, some with different religions, and upon these discordant elements he wished to impose a uniform system of laws, with German as the official language. He wished to consolidate the various territories into one unified body, to abolish the old haphazard privileges of towns and local assemblies, and create a modern, uniform system of administration. He divided the Austrian Monarchy into thirteen governments, each divided neatly into districts, and set a separate magistrate over each district. The judicial tribunals, though there was still one set for the nobles and another for the lower classes, were arranged according to a rational system, from the court of original jurisdiction, through two appellate courts, to the supreme tribunal in Vienna. Finances, the army, all were rearranged according to a rational plan. Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Bohemians should all be treated alike.

He reformed many matters affecting the Church, he abolished hundreds of monasteries and many nunneries, asserting that "their principles were in flat contradiction to human nature." He appointed bishops without consulting the Pope, he forbade the execution of Papal bulls unless with his sanction, he forbade pilgrimages, and stripped churches of their images and ornaments. In short he was a typical embodiment of eighteenth-century rationalism. He (according to Archdeacon Coxe) "degraded marriage almost to a state of concubinage, by declaring it a civil contract, facilitating divorces, and rendering bastards capable of inheriting." He allowed the various Protestant orders to worship according to their several tastes. He freed the serfs, he liberated the Jews, he taxed nobles and clergy, he forbade (in order to encourage economical habits) the use of gold or silver for candlesticks, and the use of coffins, and ordered the same funeral rites for rich and poor. He issued a politico-moral catechism for use of schoolchildren:

Thou shalt not send any money into foreign countries for Masses.

Thou shalt not appear in processions with costly flags, nor dressed with sashes, or high feathers in thy hat nor with music.

Thou shalt forbear from all occasions of dispute relative to matters of faith; and thou shalt, according to the true principles of Christianity, treat affectionately and kindly those who are not of thy communion.

Thou shalt not transport out of the land, hares' skins or hares' fur.

Thou shalt not keep any useless dogs.

Thou shalt not plant tobacco without permission of thy lord.

You see that he was essentially a priggish pedagogue. He wished to be the father of his children, and they were to do as he, in his enlightenment, thought best. But the children were not greatly pleased. The Viennese had a wayward wish to do as *they* pleased; the nobles did not like to be taxed, the devout did like to make religious pilgrimages to Our Lady of the Rose, to pray for the cure of a broken arm, or render thanks for the life of a son; they did not like to have Jews at their elbows in schools and in the universities, or competing with them in their trades—they much preferred to throw stones at them; they liked to keep mongrels; they did not like a high tax on alcoholic beverages; they liked to bury their dead as their fathers had buried theirs; in short, they liked their old habits and ways. And, in Bohemia and Hungary, people preferred their Czech and Magyar tongues to German, and were fearful lest they be prohibited altogether from use of their mother tongues. The consequence was that the well-meaning Emperor did not receive from any of his groups of subjects the sweet meed of gratitude.

But before the Emperor died the spirit of reform, in no dilet-

tante or priggish form, had burst forth in France, and his sister, Marie Antoinette, had shared to the full the brunt of it. The poor lady had been, at the age of eleven, betrothed to the Dauphin of France, a sluggish-witted youth, a year older than herself. At fifteen she had left Austria in charge of the French ambassador, carrying with her her mother's verbal admonitions concerning the duties of a wife, and the more permanent *Réglement à lire* for her proper behavior as Dauphiness and Queen.

Marie-Thérèse to Marie Antoinette on the
day of her departure April 21, 1770

"On waking, as soon as you have got up, you will say your morning prayers on your knees, and read a little in some religious book, if only for half a quarter of an hour, before thinking of anything else or speaking to anybody. Everything in the day depends on a good beginning and on the purpose with which one begins it. For purpose can make unimportant acts highly meritorious. You will be very particular on this point; its execution depends wholly on you and your happiness in this life and the other may depend on it. It is the same with evening prayers and an examination of conscience; but, I repeat, morning prayer and religious reading are the most important. You will always let me know what book you read from. You will withdraw into yourself and meditate during the day as often as you can, especially at Mass. I hope you will attend Mass, with edification, every day, and twice on Sundays and feast days, provided that it is the custom at the French Court. However much I wish you to be occupied with prayer and religious reading, I do not wish you to think of introducing anything, or doing anything, that is not the custom in France. You must not undertake anything individual, or say what the Austrian custom is, or ask that it be imitated; on the contrary it is necessary to do exactly what the Court is accustomed to do. Go, if you can, in the

afternoon and especially on Sundays, to vespers and *le salut*. I don't know whether it is the custom in France to ring the Angelus; but at that time, fall into meditation, if not in public, at least in your heart. Do the same every evening, and when going by a church or a cross, without, however, any exterior act, except according to French custom. That will not prevent your heart from concentration and saying prayers to yourself; the presence of God is the only thing that counts on such occasions. Your incomparable Father could do this to perfection. All eyes will be fixed upon you; do not give any pretext for unfavorable comment. In France there is great opportunity for giving edification in church . . . ; stay on your knees as long as you can, for that will be the best behaviour by which to set a good example. . . . Never read any book, of any kind, without first asking permission of your confessor; this is a very necessary rule in France, for books keep coming out full of learning and interest, and yet often, under a respectable veil, there is much that is very bad for religion and for morals. . . . Never forget the anniversary of your dear Father's death, or mine when that shall come; in the meantime you may take my birthday instead. With respect to the Jesuits that is still a matter on which you must express no opinion, either for or against."

So, armed with maternal wisdom, the poor lady, with *cet air de douceur qui enchante*, set out towards her perilous future, leaving her mother happy in the professed belief that her daughter had *tant de grâces, tant de douceur et de docilité* that happiness would surely attend her. Poor little lady! She had had a dull life as a child in the Hofburg and hoped to be gay and happy at Versailles; but the gaiety and the happiness sank behind the horizon. When Joseph died in 1790, the Bastille had been demolished, the palace at Versailles raided and the King and Queen taken prisoners to Paris.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE new Emperor, Leopold II, Joseph's brother, was full of concern for his sister and for the rude attack upon the majesty of Kings. He wrote to King George III: "I am persuaded that your majesty is not unacquainted with the unheard-of outrage committed by the arrest of the King of France, the Queen my sister, and the Royal Family, with the same surprise and indignation as myself, and that your sentiments accord with mine on an event, which, threatening more atrocious consequences, and fixing the seal of illegality on the preceding excesses, concerns the honour and safety of all governments. Resolved to fulfill what I owe to these considerations, and to my duty as chief of the German Empire and sovereign of the Austrian dominions, I propose to your Majesty in the same manner as I have proposed to the Kings of Spain, Prussia and Naples, as well as to the Empress of Russia, to unite with them in a concert of measures for obtaining the liberty of the King and his family, and setting bounds to the dangerous excesses of the French Revolution."

But England professed neutrality, and the others went ahead without her. "The Emperor and the King of Prussia . . . declare that the present situation of the King of France concerns the interest of every Sovereign in Europe. That interest, they hope, will be acknowledged by the powers whose assistance is required, and consequently those powers will not refuse to unite with their Majesties in employing the most efficacious means to place the King of France in a situation to establish in perfect liberty the foundations of a Monarchical government, equally agreeable to the rights of Sovereigns and the welfare of the

French nation. Then, and in that case, the Emperor and the King of Prussia are determined to act promptly, and by mutual concert, with the forces and vigour necessary to obtain the desired end. In the mean time they will give orders for their troops to be ready for actual service."

But Leopold did not wish to fight, and seized upon excuses to assume that, as Louis XVI had accepted the Constitution proposed to him, everything was peaceful, and so he granted an audience to the French ambassador and allowed the tri-color flag in his ports. To calm people at home, he revoked most of the reforms enacted by his brother Joseph, and then he suddenly died (February 27, 1792), and was succeeded by his son, Francis II. The confabulations between European monarchs had done nothing for the quiet of Paris. The mob broke into the Tuileries, seized Louis XVI and *l'Autrichienne* and locked them up in the Temple, and then the *Assemblée Législative*, getting wind of the Austrian plans to come to the Queen's help, forced the poor King to declare war upon his wife's country. At first the Viennese did not take this war very seriously; Cimarosa, coming up from Naples, produced *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *The Secret Marriage*, that delightful opera, in which sweet-sounding instruments play silver notes that seem to come down over the golden bar of Heaven from angels chaffing one another. The father of the heroine and the suitor, who to remove an obstruction has generously offered to be satisfied with half the *dot*, sang joyfully together, "*Speriam' felicità.*" Little did the Viennese suspect, as they went about whistling Cimarosa's tunes, what this war would bring to Austria and to the gay city of Vienna; little did they imagine that, within five years, their Italian principalities lost, a little French general, camped scarce two days' march from Vienna, would dictate a peace to them at his good pleasure. They continued to believe that a violin is nobler than a musket, and that a great musician is greater than a general who has taken many cities.

CHAPTER XXVI

BEETHOVEN

BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn. The Elector of Cologne, his sovereign, was brother to the Emperor Joseph II, and perhaps that fact facilitated Beethoven's going to Vienna. At any rate, in 1787, at the age of seventeen he had his first important experience. A friend, Count Ferdinand Waldstein, a descendant of the great Wallenstein (the name had been spelled in both ways), persuaded the Elector to send Beethoven to Vienna to study under Mozart. Beethoven went. At first the lad played what the master took to be a show piece, and was listened to without much interest. Then, young Ludwig, annoyed and stimulated by such indifference, improvised so marvellously that Mozart, having listened with the greatest attention, went out into the next room to friends there, and exclaimed, "Look after him, he will someday make a great name in the world." But Beethoven could not stay long in Vienna; his mother was dying of consumption, and his father had become addicted to the bottle, and he was obliged to support the family. Five years later he went back to Vienna to study counterpoint under Haydn, and there he lived all his life. Waldstein's letters procured him a reception in the palace of Prince Lichnowsky, and, in spite of contrarities due mainly to his pride, Beethoven must have found the most musical of cities sympathetic from the beginning. Every family that could afford it possessed a harpsichord, and many had a weekly quartet. The great nobles maintained a complete orchestra, and a number of them played in it themselves. The Emperor at the end of his business day

took part, with his chamberlains and an aide-de-camp, in a violin concert. The Archduke Charles, the most celebrated Austrian general of the time, carried a spinet in his luggage, and listened to Haydn's music the night before a battle. A musician from Bremen, some years later, said, "The wide-spread popularity of music, and especially of skilful pianoforte playing, is incredible. In every house there is a good instrument. At Gaymillers, the Banker, we found five, by different makers. The young ladies play particularly well. Hummel (a very distinguished player) told me that in Vienna there were a hundred ladies who played better than he did."

Beethoven stayed with the Lichnowskys for two years, and soon had a large acquaintance in aristocratic society. His music met with success, his song "Adelaide," 1796, ran to more than fifty editions. But before this happened, in his need of independence, he had left the Lichnowsky Palace and taken a furnished room. He went about on a successful tour giving lessons and concerts. "Courage!" he wrote in his note book. "In spite of all the failings of my body, my soul will triumph." A lady, Frau von Bernhard, has left a remembrance of him at about this time: "When he visited us he generally put his head in at the door before entering, to see if there were any one present whom he did not like. He was short and insignificant looking; his face was red and covered with pock marks, his hair quite dark. His dress was very common, in marked contrast to the elegant attire customary in those days, especially in our circles. He spoke with a strong provincial accent; his manner of expression was slightly vulgar; his general bearing showed no signs of culture, and his behaviour was unmannerly. He was very proud, and I have known him refuse to play, even when Countess Thun, the mother of Princess Lichnowsky, fell on her knees before him, as he lay on the sofa, to beg him to. . . . I remember very well how Haydn and Salieri (another famous musician) used to sit on the sofa (at Prince Lichnowsky's) at

one side of the little music room, both most carefully attired in the old mode, with wigs, shoes and silk stockings, while Beethoven came negligently dressed in the freer fashion of the Upper Rhine."

Another anecdote is this. On his first arrival in Vienna there were a number of distinguished pianists there. One of them, Gelinek, a great favorite on account of his elegant and brilliant playing, was invited to come and play at an evening party, as he was told, in order to outshine a new pianist, who had recently arrived. "We will make mincemeat of him," he said. But the next day, when asked about the performance, he exclaimed: "Oh, I shall never forget yesterday! The devil is in that young man; I never heard such playing! He improvised on a theme I gave him in such a manner as I never even heard Mozart do. Then he played some of his own compositions, which are wonderful and magnificent beyond everything; he brings tones and effects out of the piano that we have never dreamed of. . . . He is a short, ugly, dark, cross-looking young man, whom Prince Lichnowsky brought here from Germany some years ago to learn composition from Haydn, Albrechtsberger and Salieri; his name is Beethoven."

In 1799 an important event occurred in Beethoven's life. He made the acquaintance of her Excellency the Countess Brunswick, and her young daughters Maria Theresa and Josephine. These ladies had just come from Hungary and lodged at *The Golden Griffin*; they wanted to study music and were told of Beethoven, but warned that he was odd and crochetty. They climbed to the third floor of *The Silver Bird*, where Beethoven was living. Theresa played; the girls were young and pretty, and Beethoven promised to come every day to *The Golden Griffin* to teach them. He did, and, instead of an hour, sometimes stayed from noon to four or five o'clock, much concerned to bend Theresa's fingers, for she had been taught to keep them flat. The friendship lasted all his life. Josephine married and

gathered a group of musical virtuosi about her, over whom Beethoven ruled, it is said, like a good-natured king. These girls had a cousin, Julietta Guicciardi, aged sixteen, slim, dark, with pale complexion and blue eyes, and passionately fond of singing. All the girls were in accord to take Beethoven into the family circle. He went and fell in love:

July 6, [1801]

My Angel, my everything, my Self, . . . why this deep sadness when necessity speaks! Can our love live on anything else but sacrifices and renunciations? Can you alter the fact that you are not wholly mine, I not wholly yours? Ah! God! look at lovely nature, and bend your heart to what must be—love demands everything and rightly: *it is so for me with you, for you with me*. Only you forget so early that I must live for myself and for you. . . . Now, quick let us return from the outside world to ourselves. We shall see each other soon. I cannot communicate to you to-day the reflections on my life that I have turned over in my mind these last few days. If our hearts were always close together, I should not think this way. My breast is full of things to say to you. Ah! there are moments when I feel that speech is nothing; be happy, remain faithful to me, my Sole Treasure, my All in All, as I to you. The gods must arrange the rest, what must and shall be for us.

Your faithful

LUDWIG

It is not known for sure who the lady was, but the *Sonata quasi una fantasia*, op. 27, No. 2—*la sonate de la tonnelle*—the *Moonlight Sonata* (March, 1802), was dedicated *Alla Damigella Contessa Julietta Guicciardi*.

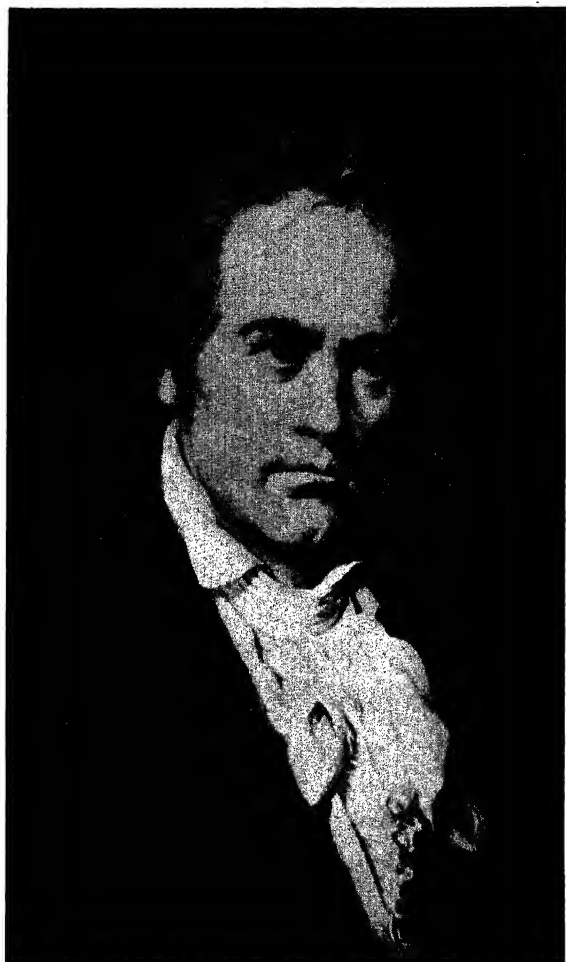
From 1804 to 1812, he resided intermittently in the house of a merchant, Pasqualati, close to the ramparts of the town. He lived a laborious life, got up early, made his own coffee, and

then went to work. He lunched, according to Viennese custom, between two and three o'clock; after that he went for a walk in the town, at dusk he played the violin or, perhaps, the cello or piano. Of his ways in general a great number of people have left recollections.

A musician, Charles Czerny, tells how about the year 1801, when he was ten years old, his father took him to see Beethoven, who was then lodging in a street called *Tiefer Graben*. They climbed five or six pairs of stairs, and were announced by a dirty-looking servant. They came upon a party of six or eight men in a very desolate room, with bare walls, a few chests, hardly a chair, except that by the piano. Clothes and papers were scattered all about. Beethoven was dressed in a jacket and trousers of long, dark goat's hair that reminded the boy of Robinson Crusoe. He had a shock of black hair standing straight upright, his beard was of several days' growth, and there was cotton wool, dipped in a yellow liquid, in both ears, but he did not appear at all deaf. His fingers were very broad, and almost the same length; they looked as if they had been chopped off short. Beethoven was very friendly; he listened to the boy play a sonata, and accepted him as a pupil.

Another friend reported (1800-1805) that an admirable disorder reigned in Beethoven's room; books and music were scattered in all the corners, in one place the remains of a cold snack, in another a wine bottle, on the desk a hasty sketch of a new quartet, near it the fragments of breakfast, on the piano some pages containing the beginning of a symphony, or proof awaiting correction. Letters were strewn everywhere. Yet Beethoven used to extol his own love of order, and when a search for something was fruitless he would say, "Nothing will stay where I put it; all my things are mislaid. Everything is done to vex me!"

In 1808 he was living in a large house, one of those that housed many families, no. 1074 Kruger-Strasse (not far from the



Beethoven

(C. Jäger)

present Opera house), on the first floor. Countess Erdödy, a Hungarian lady, with three children, occupied the front of the house. Beethoven was on affectionate terms with the Countess, whom he used to call his father confessor. Her health was very delicate, but she loved music, and played his compositions excellently well. She would invite friends to meet him, limp to the piano and persuade him to play. "He improvised," one of the guests says, "for about an hour with such masterly power and skill, pouring out his whole soul, sounding the innermost depths, and soaring to the loftiest heights of the divine art, that I was repeatedly moved to tears; words could not express the fervour of my delight, and I hung on his neck like a happy delighted child." At that time no city in the world could boast that it housed such a trio as Beethoven, Haydn and Schubert.

Then came the year 1809, bringing Napoleon and war. In April came the news of a disastrous campaign on the Danube, and a wail went up, for it was not four years since the French had occupied the city. An eyewitness said: "It is impossible to describe how this news has blasted every hope. The dreadful consequences can't be computed. Want, sorrow, subjugation will fill our days." Public prayers were said, all pleasures stopped. The city of *Fröhlichkeit* was given over to grief for there was no doubt that Vienna would be attacked.

On May 4 came an order from Emperor Francis to put the city in a state of defense. Requests and petitions were sent up from all sides not to expose the city to the dangers of a siege. But the general in charge, the Archduke Maximilian, could only reply, "It is the Emperor's orders." The Archduke Reiner tried in vain to make the Emperor understand the consequences of defending the city. "Exposed to a siege, it will be entirely destroyed, all the institutions of so many centuries, the costly buildings, the libraries, the collections, the university, for these edifices mostly are situated by the walls, will be ruined, and the labors of so many great Monarchs brought to naught in a few

days." Protests were of no avail. In the choir school where Franz Schubert was a pupil, the boys tried to enlist, but the Archduke sent them back. Franz Grillparzer, then a law student in the university, recorded in his diary: "On the decisive day at daybreak the law students were led out on to the fortifications, and informed of the approaching bombardment. A certain wavering in our ranks was clearly perceptible, and it was not decreased when the first cannon balls, whizzing close over our heads, smashed into the roof of the Duke Albert's palace behind us. But after the French—from bungling, we believed, for we supposed our persons their only target—directed their batteries higher, and the bullets fell far from us, our steadiness visibly improved."

Buildings caught fire and the flickering light made statues and posts in the moat below look like advancing soldiers, and, as the students supposed that every siege was accompanied by assaults, they thought the French were charging and fired volleys at them, with the result that Austrian soldiers below were in imminent danger. In all this, Grillparzer says, "I shared, except in the fear." Haydn had heard the cannonading; and so had Beethoven, who is said to have gone into the cellar and put his head between cushions.

The city capitulated, and the French stayed six or seven months; they fought the battle of Wagram and collected booty. Napoleon left in October, and life began to resume its normal course. Beethoven's deafness, which had begun years before, had much increased but he was otherwise little changed. It was then that Bettina Brentano, the child of Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*, saw him. She wrote to Goethe: "I only made Beethoven's acquaintance during the last few days of my sojourn in Vienna, and I almost missed seeing him at all, for no one would introduce me, not even those who call themselves his best friends. They were afraid of the melancholy which has so overwhelmed him that he takes no interest in anything, and

is inclined to be rude to strangers. One of his *fantasias*, splendidly performed, had touched me to the heart; and from that moment I felt such a yearning to see him that I was resolved to leave no effort untried. Nobody knew where he lived, for he often hides himself entirely. His dwelling is very remarkable; in the first room we entered were two or three pianos without legs, chests containing his clothes, a chair with three legs; in the second room was his bed, which alike in summer and winter, consists of a straw mattress and a thin coverlet, a wash basin on a deal table, and his night clothes lying on the floor. We waited here a full half hour, for he was shaving. At last he appeared. Great as are his heart and mind, he is in person small, with a brown complexioned face, covered with pock marks, what would be called ugly; but he has an angelic brow, arched by such noble lines of harmony that one marvels at it as at a glorious work of art; he has black and very long hair, which he tosses back; he looks scarcely thirty, but he does not know his age himself, and thinks he is thirty-five. [He was thirty-nine.]

“I had heard a great deal how careful one must be not to offend him; but I had formed quite another estimate of his noble nature, nor was I mistaken. In a quarter of an hour he had grown so friendly that he would not leave me, and even went home with us, and, to the astonishment of his friends, remained the whole day.”

CHAPTER XXVII

PRINCE METTERNICH

I now introduce another great figure, as celebrated in his way as Beethoven. Before war broke out between revolutionary France and Austria, there had been in attendance at the University of Strassburg, in company with two young Frenchmen, thereafter to be heard of, Narbonne and Benjamin Constant, another student by name, Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar Metternich. This student was son to Count Francis George Metternich, an eighteenth-century gentleman (described as "stately, corpulent and prim"), and a friend of the eminent statesman Prince Kaunitz. It was very pleasant at the University of Strassburg, and Clemens Metternich took his scholastic career in a true light-hearted Austrian fashion—he was, it is said, "one of those enviable natures which move surely and easily in the highest intellectual regions without climbing the steps." He enjoyed riding and driving, and making love; but the influences of revolutionary France seemed to the stately, corpulent and prim father too contrary to the aristocratic customs of Vienna, and in 1790 he took his son, then aged just seventeen, away from danger though he had not finished his courses. Young Metternich was charming, tall, graceful, with a good carriage, blue eyes, slightly aquiline nose, full lips, auburn hair, an agreeable voice, and a delightful gift of conversation. Prince Kaunitz said he was "a perfect cavalier." He was, in truth, the ideal type of a Viennese aristocrat.

Clemens accompanied his father to the Emperor's coronation at Frankfort, where he acted as Master of Ceremonies to the

Catholic Imperial Counts of the Westphalian Bench; and from there went to Mainz, where he met many French emigrés and confirmed his natural dislike of disquieting French ideas—liberty, equality and fraternity, and such—quite incompatible with good taste and the traditional order that he loved. Again, on the death of Leopold and the coronation of the Emperor Francis II, he went back to Frankfort, and for the second time performed the function of Master of Ceremonies to the Catholic Imperial Counts of the Westphalian Bench, an office that might possibly disappear if French revolutionary ideas prevailed. And after the coronation he opened the ball, given by Prince Anton Esterhazy, with Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, the future Queen of Prussia. His talents were recognized, and he was made Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor at the Hague; but the office was rendered nominal, as the French soon overran Holland. He then went to London, where he attended the trial of Warren Hastings and met Pitt; came home, married a granddaughter of old Prince Kaunitz (1795), made Vienna his residence in winter, and became the static figure that he remained through life.

At a Congress at Rastatt, he with other German aristocrats met a French delegation, and wrote to his wife: "I declare that in all my life I never saw such ill-conditioned animals. . . . All these fellows have coarse muddy boots, great blue pantaloons, a vest of blue or of all colours, peasants' handkerchiefs, either silk or cotton, round the neck, the hair long, black and dirty, and the hideous head crowned by an enormous hat with a great red feather. I believe one would die of fright if one met the best-dressed of them in a wood." Kotzebue, the German playwright was there, and noticed that both young Metternich and his father preferred the society of pretty women to business (December, 1797).

In the meantime Vienna had changed its mind as to the fighting qualities of the French patriots. At first Austria had

been too much concerned with the final partition of Poland, fearful lest Prussia and Russia take portions that should go to her, but when General Bonaparte crossed the Alps and marched into Lombardy, she paid attention. An Austrian army, twice as numerous as the French, descended in three divisions from the Tyrol. Dividing the army into three divisions proved to be a mistake, for like the last Horatius dealing with the three Curiatii, General Bonaparte beat each separately. The Viennese heard with astonishment, and then with fear, of defeats at Arcola and Rivoli, of the fall of Mantua, then that General Bonaparte had crossed the mountains and was on the way to Vienna! By the Treaty of Campo Formio (October, 1797) Austria ceded the Austrian Netherlands to France, renounced its possessions in northern Italy, and took, as a recompense, Venice and what territories Venice still had.

A year or two later hostilities began again, but Bonaparte's victory at Marengo and Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden again forced Austria to accept French terms (1801). For that generation, as for others, peace was but an illusion. War broke out anew in August 1805. In October Napoleon captured Ulm with sixty thousand Austrians; on the thirty-first he entered Vienna. Then followed Austerlitz; the German states were rearranged according to Napoleon's pleasure, and the Holy Roman Empire came to its end (August 6, 1806). Emperor Francis II of the Holy Roman Empire had scarcely had time to anticipate this consummation by changing his title to Francis I, Hereditary Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

Once more the French entered Vienna, as I have said; on May 10, 1809, Napoleon's army had reached Schönbrunn; bombs fell close to Haydn's house, Grillparzer was on the ramparts, Schubert in the choir school, Beethoven in a cellar. The next morning the guns were moved up into Haydn's little garden, and from there fired hundreds of shots into Vienna. The old man's two servants were terribly frightened; but

Haydn roused himself, got up from his easy chair, and said to them, "Why this terror? Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is." It was proudly said, but the excitement was too much for the old man's strength, and he was carried to bed, and before the expiration of the third week he was dead.

Napoleon entered Vienna. The Battle of Wagram compelled Austria to agree to his wishes. He divorced the barren Josephine and married Marie Louise, the Emperor Francis's daughter. But we need not follow Napoleon's career—Spain, Russia, Leipsig, Elba, Waterloo, St. Helena. After the disappearance of that luminary, vainglorious and yet glorious, the likeliest to Lucifer of all the sons of men, Prince Metternich as Chancellor of Austria stepped to the front of the European stage; and from 1815 to 1848 Vienna was the most important political city in Europe.

It was there that the Congress that decided the fate of European political geography met. Metternich represented Austria, and Talleyrand represented France. The names of these two men are inseparably connected with it, but it would not be fair to associate the two together as if they were alike. Talleyrand was very clever, he walked on a rolling ball, and always managed to walk erect—upright one would scarcely say. Metternich was very clever, too, and though Napoleon said, "*C'est un homme très aimable et qui parle très bien en compagnie, mais qui ment toujours; on peut mentir une fois, deux fois, trois fois, mais on ne peut pas mentir toujours,*" and that may well have been true, for in those days the most successful diplomat was he that could best mislead other diplomats, but Metternich was far more than that. Charming, elegant, very agreeable in conversation, a *grand seigneur*, familiar with all European royalties and celebrities, steeped in tradition, convinced that aristocracy justified itself and that aristocrats were on the whole fashioned according to a pattern highly pleasing to God, he did all he could, and he was able to do a great deal,

to keep the old order from changing. He certainly wished to stand firm upon the pedestal of privilege, and privilege generates a kind of patriotism of privilege; men love it with a romantic affection, not because of comfort, luxury, ostentation, but because it embodies for them all that their mothers had told them of their ancestors, all their recollections of childhood, the stableboy, horses, dogs, gardens, tenants, the palace, homage and obeisance, all the forms and customs that gave their life its peculiar value.

Metternich hated everything that sought to break down the golden dome of privilege. Had not these French reformers murdered the sister of his sovereign, the descendant of twenty Emperors? The emigrés had told him terrible tales of bestial cruelty, wanton murder and destruction—of the overthrow of law, order, religion—and what had the revolution accomplished but make an easy road for a military autocrat to ride from battlefield to battlefield, killing hundreds of thousands of men, and breaking the hearts of millions of women? He abhorred freedom of the press; scurrilous pens will write anything. He wanted the nobles to feel the responsibility of their feudal rights and to enjoy them again; he wanted the Church to have back the property, given to it by pious souls through the Christian centuries, and stolen from it. The Church possessed religious truth, why allow poor misguided people to err and stray from the true path? To Metternich, revolution was organized crime; and, God willing, he would do his best to keep it down. He also strove mightily to preserve the dignity of the House of Habsburg and the aggrandizement of the Austrian Empire.

The Congress of Vienna worked intermittently but resolutely. The Czar of Russia, Alexander, also conceived a happy idea! Russia, Prussia and Austria, "delegates of Providence to govern three branches of the same family," were to conduct their foreign and domestic affairs on Christian principles and

render one another mutual assistance for the protection of religious peace and justice.

"The grand phrases of 'reconstruction of social order,' 'regeneration of the political system of Europe,' 'a lasting peace founded on a just division of strength,' etc., etc., were uttered to tranquillize the people, and to give an air of dignity and grandeur to this solemn assembly; but the real purpose of the Congress was to divide amongst the conquerors the spoils taken from the vanquished." (Memoir by Frederick von Gentz, February 12, 1815.)

All this co-operation between diplomats and Emperors, it was hoped, would put Europe back into its position before the horrid year, 1789; only it was impossible to put Humpty Dumpty back on the wall in the same state as before his fall. Austria did extremely well; in Italy she received Lombardy and Venetia; Parma, Modena and Tuscany were subjected to members of the Habsburg family. In the Kingdom of Naples and in Piedmont, the old régime was restored; and in the Papal States, the return was so thorough that the revolutionary intrusions of vaccination and street lamps were abolished. But it is hard to get rid of ideas, except by means of other ideas that will exterminate them; and the ideas that had flown over Europe from revolutionary France, cropped up again and again, in 1820, 1830, 1848 and so on until the amazing vicissitudes of our own time.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE STAGE

KINGS and diplomats, with Metternich as their watchman and their guardian, were busy at world politics; but Vienna did not really care much for world politics or for progress. The upper classes were conservative. Some malcontents wished for self-government, liberty of the press, freedom of worship, and murmured under their breath sentimental phrases about fraternity and equality, but the true Viennese liked simpler satisfactions, pleasantry, burlesque, banter, light irony, satire and all the smiling aspects of the human comedy. In especial the theatre flourished, and if one could look into a magic mirror that reflected the real Vienna of that generation, one would find that Metternich played a far less important part in their lives than the Burg Theatre. This theatre was the home of *Gemüthlichkeit*, and it is said to have been the best popular stage Germany ever possessed.

The history of Austria is singularly detached from literature. Imagine England without the Elizabethan poets, France without the era of Louis XIV, Spain without Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, Italy without Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Greece without Homer, without Attic poetry and prose; but Austria, except for a few periods, and those of a temperate character, is barren of literature. There was a Mediaeval period, that of the Nibelungen epic and Walther von der Vogelweide's lyrics; again a humanistic burst, a moderate burst, under Maximilian I, and not much else until, in the early nineteenth century, the stage. This dramatic period, if one cares about chron-

ology—some people are chronologically minded and one likes to humor them—comes after the musical period of Viennese history, when Gluck, Haydn, Mozart crowned her with glory. Of course it did not start like that impulsive bird the phoenix; for generations there had been a fondness for puppet shows, and plays of a sort, and at the time when Metastasio came to Vienna, there was a great love of Italian opera, but there is nothing very definite to point to, until the founding of the Burg Theatre about 1776. Maria Theresa had shown a platonic interest in the stage and a moral concern that her son, Ferdinand, who betrayed some inclination, should not go too far in that inclination. She wrote him, "Do not occupy yourself with persons of the theatre. You must not even pronounce their names outside the theatre. I do not say this for nothing; at fifty years one has experience. I am too fond of you to see you getting into that bagatelle and foolishness, and becoming conversant with the intrigues of the theatre. If they act well, be generous to them; for the rest, their names, and, even more, what is told of them, should be ignored." But Maria Theresa went her own gait, and was very different indeed from the happy, pleasure-loving Viennese. Her son Joseph was occupied with political and economical enlightenment, and then for twenty years French wars interfered with normal life.

In 1823 a comedian, aged a little more than thirty, Ferdinand Raimund, was asked to finish a play that its authors had for some reason been prevented from carrying on beyond the first act. The title *Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel*, *The Barometre-maker on the Enchanted Island*, gives you at once a clue to the Viennese state of mind, a desire to get away from the memory of the Napoleonic Wars, to forget Metternich and the Holy Alliance, to turn their backs on the young hotheads who were eager for fraternity tempered by assassination, and for a short space at least have a good time. The dramatis personae of this play included fairies, nymphs, sailors, dwarfs,

amazons. The play was so great a success that Raimund took to writing plays for himself and his fellows to act. There is still a Raimund Theatre; it stands on your way from the centre of the city, towards the Schloss Schönbrunn. One of the best of these plays is *Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt, oder Der Bauer als Millionär*, *The Girl from Fairyland* or *The Peasant as Millionaire*. The bourgeoisie had a hankering for *Gemüthlichkeit*, for pipes and beer, for pathos and heart-easing mirth, for taking life easy, for looking on the least dark aspect of annoyances, for liking, or lumping with a grin. In the play the list of dramatis personae is long.

Lacrimosa, a powerful fairy
 Zenobius, her Majordomo
 Antimonia, the fairy of adversity
 Borax, her little son
 Bustorius, a sorcerer
 Fortunatus Würzel, once a peasant, now a
 millionaire
 Lotta, daughter of Lacrimosa, adopted by
 Würzel
 A poor Fisherman in love with Lotta
 Contentment, a fairy
 Youth
 Old Age
 A Triton
 Two Furies
 A parrot, a satyr and various allegorical
 personages

This was just the sort of thing to divert the wearied minds from thoughts of buying and selling, of paying the rent, of policemen and spies, of Metternich and foreign devils—for in those days there were always foreign devils across the borders. The good man and his wife sat themselves comfortably for a carefree evening. The scene opens in a fairy palace, where a

concert is given in which Borax takes part. At the close of the concert there is great applause, congratulations, praises.

BORAX: But, Mama, nobody is praising me.

ANTIMONIA: Be quiet.

BUSTORIUS: The young gentleman does not play badly.

ANTIMONIA (*who is wiping the perspiration from the boy's brow*): Not badly! I beg your pardon, but that is insulting. You must say excellent, *magnifique*. He is the best violinist in all fairyland. Let me tell you that, sir.

ZENOBIUS: By rights other people ought to say that first, and afterwards you may repeat it. (*Aside*) The vanity of this woman is unendurable.

ANTIMONIA: No. I'll tell you what. He's my only child, and who can judge him as impartially as I, his mother? Although nobody would suspect, from my youthful beauty, that I am his mother.

BUSTORIUS: I should have taken you for his grandmother.

You see the play is very simple, but the scenery was charming, the actors good, and the spectators came with kindness and a readiness to be amused. Raimund's art follows the eighteenth-century simplicity of Goldoni, but adds magic and music. To go on with the plot. The concert over, Lacrimosa asks the assembly to listen to her sad story. She had fallen in love with the leader of a band of rope-dancers, a human man, had married him and was immensely happy; unfortunately he fell from a rope between two church steeples and was killed, leaving her with a baby girl. She had built a magnificent fairy palace for the girl and had vowed that she should marry the Queen Fairy's son. Alas! such a vow was *lèse-majesté*. The palace cracked and crashed. The Queen Fairy appeared, terrible in her anger, and said: "You shall be punished for your presumption. You married a *mortal* and wish your child to marry *my* son! Indeed!

But your daughter shall be married to the son of the poorest peasant, and you shall be locked in a prison, from which you will only be released if your daughter, before she is eighteen, does marry a poor peasant, her first love."

The wretched fairy took her baby to earth, delivered her to a peasant, Fortunatus Würzel, and begged him to marry her at seventeen to some poor young man, who loved her. The peasant took the baby and promised to do as he was asked; and for fourteen years all went well. The girl fell in love with a young fisherman, and they were betrothed. Then, unhappily, the Prince of Spleen made love to Lacrimosa and asked her to marry him; Lacrimosa refused with scorn. The Prince of Spleen vowed vengeance. He put a treasure in the peasant's way; the peasant snapped up the bait, found himself immensely rich, abandoned his simple hut, built a splendid mansion, led a life of riotous luxury, and swore he would marry his daughter to a very rich man. Lacrimosa ended her story by saying that within two weeks the girl would be eighteen and unmarried, and, if no help were forthcoming, she would never see her daughter again. All present leaped to their feet, shouting: "Down with the Prince of Spleen! Down with the Peasant!"

The scene is then transferred to the mansion of the millionaire peasant. The poor young fisherman comes to further his suit, Herr Würzel drives him away, the girl swears she will marry nobody else, and the angry father turns her out of his house with nothing but her peasant smock. At this, punishment begins to descend upon the upstart peasant. Into his house troop a delightful company of boys and girls, gaily dressed, all dancing and laughing, and at their head, a beautiful young man, in green jacket, white tights, pink bows at his knees, and a pink waistcoat, a rose-bedecked collar, with a three-cornered hat garlanded with roses, wonderful to behold. This is Jugend, Youth, who comes up to Würzel as a familiar friend, and says in his jovial way, that they have had lots of jolly times to-

gether, but now he is come to say good-by. The peasant protests that he does not want to part, but Jugend sings:

Buddy, Buddy, Buddy dear,
You must not be angry here!
However bright doth shine the sun,
At the day's end he is gone.
Buddy, Buddy, Buddy dear
You must not be angry here.

WÜRZEL

Buddy, Buddy, Buddy dear,
Thou must not be childish here!
Ten thousand dollars I'll give thee,
If thou wilt always stay with me.

YOUTH

No No No No No No No,
My dear Buddy, I must go!
Now tell me what you're going to do.
Gold buys most things—that's the truth—
But gold cannot purchase youth.
Therefore, Buddy, dear as thou art,
Thou and I must straightway part.

The peasant continues to protest, but Jugend insists, while the troop of boys and girls dances round them. Youth goes, and so they part. And then Old Age comes, knocks at the door; Würzel orders the door kept shut, but Old Age flies in at the window.

OLD AGE: Please excuse me for making so free in order to pay you my poor respects. I don't know whether you will be glad to see me or not. I am Old Age at your service in my poor way. I am billeted in your house.

WÜRZEL: In my house! Does the gentleman take my house for a hospital?

OLD AGE: It will become one, if I bide a while. Don't be cross because I come so unexpectedly. As a regular thing, people begin by writing me letters. . . . But we shall get on well; I am a good-humored chap. You will find me at many a table, many a party; I often dance the Schottische, till I can't stand, and then I sit down.

WÜRZEL: Yes, that's the thing to do.

OLD AGE: When we shall have known one another a little while, my relations will come to wait on you; my jolly cousin, the Ruined Stomach, will be the first to do you homage, and my Cousin Gout, who has assured me that she can hardly wait to press you to her sentimental bosom. She is an amusing companion. I saw you once driving very nicely with her to the baths at Pöstyen. She's a faithful lady.

WÜRZEL: I know. One can't get rid of her. Everybody says: You've got her; but I don't want her.

OLD AGE: But why are you behaving so to me, dear Mr. Würzel? Why are you so cold to me? Wouldn't you like to put on your dressing gown? What the Dickens! Is this the way for a gentleman to behave? You are an old gentleman now, and I must take jolly good care of you; if you die, I go hungry. I'll fetch the dressing gown.

So, willy-nilly, Old Age takes charge of him. And then although he has been warned that, if he curses his wealth, it will vanish, nevertheless he curses it, and lo! a flash of lightning and his palace disappears, and his old ruined hut reappears in its place. But at last the Fairy Contentment comes to the rescue. By her help the Fisherman escapes sundry dangers and marries the daughter just in time, and all return to their former state of happiness, peace and content.

That was the sort of recreation Vienna wanted after the

Napoleonic Wars. Raimund was a great success. His theatre was crowded; his plays with fairies, allegories, laughter and pathos became a civic institution, his songs were sung, his tunes were whistled. He was a *Volksdichter*, a people's poet, and most people in Vienna were far more interested in what his next play would be than in Prince Metternich's machinations.

If one were to write a song to describe the Viennese character in verses like Gilbert and Sullivan's, "If you want a receipt for a popular mystery," you would certainly have to include Raimund, as well as Mozart, Otto der Fröhliche and Walther von der Vogelweide.

In those same years Metternich's political adjustments had a shockingly bad equilibrium. The poor Prince was continually outraged. All sorts of unreasonable and disagreeable things happened. Greece rose against Turkey, the states of South America revolted from Spain, there was a revolution in Portugal, another in Naples. Even the new Czar of Russia, Nicholas I, was tainted with an inclination towards liberal principles.

In 1830 came still worse uproar. In France Charles X was driven from the throne, there was revolution in Brussels, insurrection in Dresden, in Hamburg, insurrections in Italy, followed by the Reform Bill in England and a negro insurrection in Jamaica. In fact the poor old world, like a sick woman, shifted her position this way and that, in an endeavor to be more comfortable. Prince Metternich, however, was not shaken in his principles, and I think that a majority of the bourgeoisie of Vienna agreed with him that it would be much better for the general happiness if things stayed where he had tried to put them.

CHAPTER XXIX

GRILLPARZER

LITERATURE, I acknowledge, has not been Austria's best talent. The soul of Vienna lies in her music, but her achievements in literature must not be passed by. Raimund expresses the comic muse, but the tragic muse was even more properly represented. Prussia has always been antithetical to Austria, Berlin to Vienna, rather as Sparta was to Athens, the strong, sturdy, bold, ruthless character of the North Germans always felt contempt for the careless, pleasure-loving, softer Germans of the South. In Austria, apparently, only house-painting develops typical Prussian characteristics. And in the list of persons famous in German literature the North Germans have been very reluctant to include any Austrians. Grillparzer once said: "Foreign literary men have a prejudice against anything that comes from Austria; in Germany there exists a veritable conspiracy against Austrian writers." Nevertheless in January, 1891, all Germany celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franz Grillparzer, and from Bukowina to the Baltic Provinces fifty-five theatres performed his plays. Perhaps, to an ignorant and insensitive outsider, *Sappho* and *Medea* have a touch of kinship with Canova's classic statues, but the outsider would be wrong.

This dramatic genius was the son of a cultivated Viennese lawyer and his wife, a lady passionately fond of music; Haydn and Mozart had frequented her father's house. From his mother Franz Grillparzer inherited a musical talent and also a marked tendency to melancholy. As a very little boy he learned to play on the piano in a primitive fashion, and used to play a march,

said to have been played at the execution of Louis XVI, to his audience, the cook, and when he came to a particular octave, which expressed the drop of the guillotine, his audience always wept. Franz was an omniverous reader. His father had a dramatic library, and there the boy picked up many ideas, which he developed into romantic plays, to be acted by himself and his three brothers. The boy had a lisp, and set himself to cure it, like Demosthenes, by holding a pebble in his mouth, while reciting.

In 1805, after the French had won the battle of Austerlitz, and occupied Vienna, the indignant lad, aged fourteen, wrote verses entitled *Schlecht und Recht* (Wrong and Right) which were circulated anonymously through the town. By chance his father heard them read aloud in a beer hall to general approval. He tells another boyhood story of himself and of one Altmutter, a fellow student at college, a chemist, who at this time cherished an ambition to overthrow Lavoisier's theories. "Altmutter and I were among the very laziest students, and really cared only for discussions. We loved to stroll among the beautiful surroundings of Vienna, indulging in the most extravagant plans for the future. We stood one day upon the heights of the Kahlenberg; and found there the pedestal of some lost statue. We mounted the altarlike block with a feeling of almost godlike importance, and, embracing each other, looked out upon the vast panorama spread before us. Unnoticed by us, an elderly gentleman, evidently a North German, had climbed the height, and standing near us, regarded us with astonishment. 'Yes,' said Altmutter to him, 'do not wonder. This fellow here (pointing to Franz) will raise a temple, and I shall pull one down.' The gentleman probably thought he had two lunatics before him." And Franz, in fulfillment of his friend's prophecy that he would erect a temple, began a drama.

He was primarily intellectual, but had an emotional side. In his Memoirs, which he writes in the third person, he tells this

story: Several years afterwards he fell in love with the young woman who sang the role of Cherubin in Mozart's opera, *Figaro*. Embellished by the music, she seemed the loveliest creature imaginable. He wrote her a poem of adoration, a passionate poem almost insane in its fervor, but he never thought of approaching her, for he was very poor and shabbily dressed, whereas she was decked out in the finest Viennese millinery, paid for by other admirers, for she had many besides Franz. He, therefore, never breathed a word of his feelings to anyone. Long afterwards he met one of her rich lovers, and the two talked of poetry, and the other remarked that it was odd how poets, whose first poems showed great talent, were never heard of afterwards. For instance, he said, he remembered once when he was a close friend of the girl singing *Cherubin*, that she had shown him a passionate poem expressing the poet's love for her in beautiful verse. The girl was almost frantic on reading it, and did all she could to find out who the poet was, and said that she would cast off all her rich lovers for his sake, but she never learned who he was. The old lover had kept a copy of the poem, and showed it to Franz, who recognized the verses as his own.

Grillparzer was of a singular genius; he had been able to improvise on the piano for hours, but when he betook himself to poetry he lost his power in music. It was the same with all the accomplishments that he (after the fashion of young Viennese gentlemen) cultivated—dancing, riding, fencing, drawing, swimming; as he passed from one to the other, his skill became lost for all but the present hobby. His acquirements in music, however, enabled him to set Goethe's *Es war ein König in Thule* and other poems to music.

Then before he was nineteen sorrow came upon him; his father died, and the French, a second time (as I have recounted), marched into Vienna. His father left them penniless, and the sons were obliged to support themselves and their mother. Franz

divided his time between tutoring a young nobleman and studying in the Imperial Library, where he held a small unpaid position, and had the run of the books. He acquired a knowledge of French, English and Italian, and then took to Spanish, and translated a part of Calderon's play *La Vida es Sueño*. It happened that this same play had been translated by Joseph Schreyvogel, manager of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, and was put on the stage. The very next day Grillparzer's translation was published, and highly praised; Schreyvogel sought him out, and the two became fast friends. Schreyvogel asked him if he had ever written a play; and that led to Grillparzer's play of *Die Ahnfrau* (*The Ancestress*).

The plot turns on the resemblance of a young girl to the spectre of her ancestress, and the difficulty her lover had to tell which was which. The play was to be in verse. Grillparzer found it hard to begin. Schreyvogel told him how once Goethe had spoken to him about his literary work, and how he had answered that he could not begin, and Goethe had said: "Roll up your sleeves and go ahead." This encouraged Grillparzer, but he got no further than ten lines in trochaic metre, the verse in which Calderon wrote. I will quote his own words, because the passage shows, though one would not suspect it from his plays, what an improvisator he really was. "When I came home and had eaten my supper, I wrote down these eight or ten lines, without any particular purpose in view and went to bed. A peculiar commotion occurred in my mind. I suffered a sort of fever. I fell asleep only to wake up again. And during this time I did not once think of *Die Ahnfrau*. In the morning I got up feeling that I was going to be ill. I breakfasted with my mother and went back to my room. Suddenly my eye caught the paper with the verses written down the day before, which I had completely forgotten. I sat down and wrote on and on, thoughts and verses coming of their own accord, as fast as my pen could travel. The same thing happened the next day, and

in three or four days the first act was ready. . . . The second and third acts were written in the same way. . . ." Then followed an interruption of two or three days, owing to his thoughts, it seemed, being frozen by cold weather. Then he set to work and finished it in the same manner. A celebrated actress, Mme. Schroeder, chose the play as a performance for her benefit. The first night the theatre was but half full, and again the second night, but on the third day the theatre was crowded; the play became a complete success, and the playwright's reputation was then and there established (January-February, 1817).

His next play was *Sappho*. He was walking in the Prater along the Danube, and met an acquaintance who told him that Kapellmeister Weigel was anxious to find a good libretto, and added his own belief that Grillparzer's poetry and Weigel's music would make a happy combination, and suggested *Sappho* as a subject. Grillparzer was taken with the idea, and the next day went to the Imperial Library and looked over what there was of the fragments of *Sappho's* poems. In three weeks he had composed *Sappho*. The plot is simple. *Sappho* has won the crown of poetry at the Olympic games. Phaon, much younger, worships her, but in his admiration there is rather more admiration of her as a goddess, than love of her as a woman. He returns to Lesbos with her, and there falls really in love with *Sappho's* slave girl, Melitta. *Sappho* discovers their love and orders Melitta sent home to her native island; but Phaon runs away with the girl. The lovers are caught and brought back. *Sappho* sees there is but one solution, and throws herself off the cliff into the sea.

The play was first performed on April 21, 1818, and was successfully produced in many German theatres. Lord Byron wrote in his diary (January 12, 1821) "Read the Italian translation of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name to be sure for posterity, but they *must* learn to pronounce it. With all the allow-

ance for translation—the tragedy of *Sappho* is superb and sublime! And who is he? I know not, but ages will.”

After *Sappho* Grillparzer was recognized by the government. He received the office of dramatic writer to the Burg Theatre, and Prince Metternich became interested and promised, as great men do, to smooth his path. Thus encouraged, he began work on a trilogy about the Golden Fleece, but then his mother died (January 24, 1819), and his grief was too great to let him finish, rapid as his work was. He went to Italy. Prince Metternich was there, for discontent was raising its head from Lombardy to Naples; memories of liberty kept men discussing how to recover it, and Metternich had gone to see what he could do to prevent that catastrophe. He heard that Grillparzer was in Rome, while he was there, and did him the honor of inviting him to dinner. The prince was very amiable, for he could be very charming, with his courtly and gracious Viennese manner, and after dinner while coffee was served, recited, with only occasional promptings by his daughter, the entire Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, that had recently come out.

This admiration of Byron on the Prince's part, rather bewildered Grillparzer, and perhaps misled him to impute to the Prince a greater share of approbation of liberal ideas than the world credited him with; at all events, influenced by that or perhaps by thoughts of Brutus and Cassius that came over him as he brooded in the Roman Forum, he wrote a poem entitled *The Ruins of Campo Vaccino*, in which he expressed a preference for the classic age to the Papal age. The censor was shocked, Prince Metternich was shocked, and likewise the Emperor; the Court at Munich sent a protest regretting the laxity of the Viennese censor in permitting the publication of such anti-Christian sentiments. Grillparzer was called upon by the Chief of Police to explain his conduct; and, a little later when he applied for a position in the Emperor's private library,

it was refused. The Emperor remarked that Grillparzer might have done well enough for the job, if it had not been for this affair about the Pope. This anecdote, perhaps, indicates one of the reasons why Austrian literature had not flourished.

Here is another. Grillparzer finished the trilogy on the Golden Fleece and then took a subject from Austrian history, concerning the fall of King Ottokar, overthrown by Rudolph of Habsburg, *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*. It had to be submitted to the censor, and there it lay somewhere in the censor's office unheard of for two years. Grillparzer went about seeking to find where it could be, visiting among other persons Baron Gentz, Metternich's right-hand man. The Baron, lying on a snow-white couch, wrapped in a silk dressing gown, and surrounded by dishes of sweetmeats, said he had seen it, and had passed it on.

Grillparzer was for giving up, but it happened that the tutor of the Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon's son) waited upon the Empress, probably to report on the progress of his pupil, and she asked him to suggest some interesting books to read. He suggested several, but she had read them, and then she said: Might there not be some interesting play in manuscript at the office of the Imperial Theatre? The tutor went and found only a few slight comedies, but heard that a play called *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*, which might be interesting, had been there, but had disappeared two years ago in the office of the Censor. The tutor went to the Censor's office, and, when it was learned that he came from the Empress, the play was straightway found. The Empress read it and could see no objection to its being acted, and told the Emperor so, and the Emperor directed the Censor to release it. It appeared that some official had read it, and thought that, though he saw nothing dangerous in it—"After all one can't be sure"—it might be as well to hold it up. The Metternichian system certainly had its petty inconveniences. Poets, like lesser men, generalize from personal discomforts, and

this incident confirmed Grillparzer's dislike of Metternich, the bureaucracy, the priesthood, and all their appurtenances.

The play contains one passage that reveals an Austrian's love of Austria:

Where will you find its equal upon earth?
Look round you, and where'er you turn your eye,
It smiles, as bridegroom smiles upon his bride.
Its verdant meadows, fields of golden grain
With flax and saffron decked in varied hues
Stretch wide their fragrant flowers and healing herbs;
Its valleys and broad plains spread out,
Like a rich garland, far as eye can see,
Tied by the Danube's silver band.

There was also another occasion when the Viennese police and their methods angered Grillparzer. A collection of young bohemians, artists, actors, musicians, journalists, poets, had for years been in the habit of meeting for the sake of jollity—beer, tobacco, music, theatricals, high jinks generally—first at *The Flying Horse* (*Zum Fliegenden Rössl*) a beer house near the Kärntnerthor, next at another similar place, *The Flowering Plant* (*Zum Blumen Stöckchen*), and then again upstairs in a little restaurant in the Schlossergässchen in the Margareten district to the south of the Inner City. This place, which opened off a dark lane, they named Ludlam's Cave. A narrow winding stair led to a large room with but one window, furnished with a long table and chairs. Grillparzer was one of the members; there were a hundred in all. The police scented treason, descended on the club, confiscated its funds, and, to quote the language of an indignant Englishman "wiped out in a night the most brilliant intellectual society Vienna has ever known." The officers of the club were arrested and taken to court. For twenty-four hours Grillparzer ate his meals under police supervision, and ever after the police kept an eye on him, and yet

here was a man who, as he says himself, was highly patriotic. "My devotion to Austria was part of my very being."

And on another occasion, also, he brought down upon himself the displeasure of the authorities, although he was extremely loyal to the Imperial family, by some verses on the Crown Prince, which the authorities deemed uncomplimentary, though in a democratic country nobody would have thought twice about them. To publish these quite unnecessary verses was a little obtuse on his part; but every now and again in Austrian history one is struck by an act of obtuseness, which seems to have been caused by a certain lazy reluctance to take the trouble to apply imagination to the details of some particular question, for the Viennese, among their delightful qualities, wit, charm, grace, liveliness of mind, have had a distinct predilection for laziness.

But, perhaps, it is not just to cite Grillparzer as a typical Viennese. Certainly he had some very personal traits; one is revealed by an entry in his diary in 1819. "Note that she [a young lady by name Charlotte von Paumgarten] was in bad humor the entire evening, disdainful and almost rude. When I was about to leave, however, she put the lamp down on the floor, exclaimed, 'I must embrace you,' threw her arms around my neck and pressed me to her heart with all the ardor of passionate desire." Then come words that show how thoroughly objective he could be—(He said of himself on a more serious occasion, "*Da ward ich hart*,")—"Study this character carefully. A poet will not easily find a more interesting one." And these were the reflections of a poet of twenty-eight, hugged and kissed by a young woman. This objectivity seems more in accord with the Prussian character than with what Grillparzer himself calls "the ingenuous, gay and highly sensitive, if rather untutored, nature of the Austrians." It was certainly not an ordinary man who would be willing to record the incident, and his own comment upon it.

CHAPTER XXX

VIENNA (1815-1848)

IN the period between the downfall of Napoleon and the downfall of Metternich, Vienna lived her life rather contentedly. The city itself, the old city, the inner city, girdled by its ancient wall (where the Ring-Strasse now is), consisted of a circular space, from the Donau Kanal round beyond the Hofburg. These fortifications, called the *Bastei*, sixty to seventy feet high, made an excellent promenade; it was varied by bastions, one or two public gardens, and adorned with trees. Outside the wall, where the moat had been, there were drives and walks of great beauty. Beyond this was the Glacis, in breadth a third of a mile, once part of the fortifications, but at this time a sort of park, "devoted to the health and pleasure of the population," intersected with well-kept walks and drives, and in various places planted with trees. Beyond the Glacis was another circle of habitations that surrounded the Inner City, and was about five times as big; these suburbs were protected by ramparts, known as the Lilienwall.

The English traveller, Mrs. Trollope, familiar to us as author of the *Domestic Manners of Americans*, who was there in 1836, dilates upon the charm of the views from the drives and promenades in the city, and upon the cleanliness of the city, the "perfect freedom from filth, or external annoyance of any kind." She says there was neither sight nor scent to be met that could either offend the senses, or shock the feelings in any way. That is not what she said of America. She also commends the population: "I certainly never saw the elements of what in most other

cities would have constituted a mob, so decently clothed, so generally clean and *well-to-do* in appearance, and, in the midst of great gaiety and good-humour, so perfectly quiet and orderly." She attended the Burg Theatre, and saw "some of the very finest acting I ever witnessed. . . . I almost fancied myself carried back to the golden days of Siddons and of Kemble. The conduct of the scene is absolutely perfect; no negligence, no inattention, no blundering; and as to the playing of the principal performers, it was so excellent as absolutely to support the illusion of the scene, such as I have felt it in the excitable days of my youth." She hardly seems the same person who travelled in America. Everything pleases her. The gardens of Schönbrunn, in spite of clipped trees and formal arcades, "is a noble, I could almost say, a majestic spectacle."

But the most enlightening passage in her book is a conversation she held with a native, who had travelled in England, and had been struck by the English notion that Austria was a land of tyranny, the Emperor a tyrant and his people slaves. This gentleman remarked to her that he did not think it would be safe in England for anyone to say that Austria, of all the countries in the world, was that in which the government is the mildest, the people the most affectionately cared for, and injustice of every kind the least known. He condemned the unchecked licentiousness of the British press that was permitted to pour into the hearts and souls of the British people every sentiment most subversive of the duties of a citizen, all doctrines most destructive of religion and morality, every species of moral poison that would corrupt all that a virtuous ruler would desire to cherish. At this Mrs. Trollope asked him if there was not much discontent with the censorship in Vienna. The stranger replied that there were persons who desired a free press, but they were among the most harmless, though not the wisest, people in the world. "Our young poets," he said, "and metaphysicians dream of new systems, and persuade themselves that,

had they license to publish all they write, they would raise their fellow creatures several degrees higher towards the angelic nature. But it is hardly fair to call these fanciful boys *Liberals*. There are many among them, who, in spite of a little youthful enthusiasm, are as lofty-minded and pure-hearted Absolutists as any among us. You smile?" he added. "Perhaps it is the first time you ever heard Absolutism joined with an epithet that is not abusive."

And he went on to say, "We are doubtless apt to speak and to feel respecting the system to which we have for ages owed our well-being, with more reverence and affection than can reasonably be expected from others. But the real difference between a Liberal and an Absolutist may be fairly stated, without any nationality, thus:—The *Liberal*, as the term correctly enough signifies, desires unrestrained power to please himself in religion, morals, politics and literature, without reference to the wisdom or the will, either of God or man. Whatever restrains him is just so much tyrannical interference with his material and individual rights. The *Absolutist*, on the other hand, expects and demands from those at the head of the social compact, of which he makes a part, that they should sustain that social compact—stand firm at their posts—keep constant watch over the safety and happiness of the people—protect them from violence and tumult of every kind—and prevent the evil-minded from making the simple-minded their victims, by pouring upon them corruption in the form of instruction. This is what the Absolutist demands in return for the dignity of place and station accorded to those who rule. The subjects of an Absolutism like that of Austria are much more *exigeants* than those of your constitutional Monarchies, for we all look to our Emperor for a guarantee against mischief and danger of all sorts. . . . All that the subjects of a constitutional monarch ask, is permission to utter periodical expressions of contempt for him and his office. This privilege is, in the opinion of your countrymen, the very

essence of freedom; and to obtain it they are willing to sacrifice good sense, good taste and good order. . . . Let me advise you to use all the opportunities you can find or make, for discovering the real feelings of the people of this country towards their Emperors and towards their government. Listen for them in every class, and from every rank, and you will find the sentiment of attachment to the power that preserves them in their happy state of national prosperity and domestic quiet, is as genuine . . . and as natural, too, as that which happy children feel for their parents."

After having heard this defense of Prince Metternich's system, Mrs. Trollope was naturally very eager to see the Prince. She happened to be at an evening party, and conversation fell into a discussion as to what was best worth seeing in Vienna. Libraries, collections, palaces and gardens were all enumerated, and then someone put in, "Be sure not to leave the city before you see Prince Metternich." And see him, she did. She dined at his palace. "I had expected to see not only a distinguished man, but one who bore the impress of being so on his brow, and neither the seeing nor hearing Prince Metternich can ever have disappointed anyone; his whole person, countenance, and demeanor are indicative of high station, commanding intellect and very finished elegance. . . . The Prince is of middle height, rather thin than otherwise, with handsome and regular features; his hair quite grey, and the prevailing expression of his countenance that of mild benevolence; but in his light blue eyes there is a character of deep and earnest thoughtfulness that is exceedingly remarkable. His person and manners are eminently dignified and graceful; and there is moreover an air of calm philosophical tranquillity in his aspect."

To Mrs. Trollope's remarks, I will add some of the impressions of another witness, a very attractive and charming lady, the wife of the Chaplain to the British Embassy, Martha Wilmot Bradford, who lived much of the time between 1819 and 1829 at

Vienna, and gives in her letters home many scraps of information about life there (I respect her spelling):

“What can I tell you of Vienna that you do not already know! Shall I tell you that it reminds me of Moscow in many respects? We have the same double windows and the same method of warming apartments with stoves—the same antedeluvian practise of dining at two o’clock, and paying all visits of ceremony between the hours of five and seven, and either then returning home, or passing the remainder of the evening at some party or ball. The last large party we were at was at a Russian Princess named Menchikoff . . . the entertainment . . . was magnificent—a concert first and then a supper—a supper which lasted over two hours, and where every delicacy of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, of air, earth, water, and fire, were collected, and *right well* did they eat and drink of everything!! If you have a mind to surprise your London friends, with a *new thing* at your next supper, you have only to order strong beef soup to be handed round in Coffee Cups *without spoons*. This was the first thing we all *sipped* at the two grandest suppers we have been at. . . . Tis comical to see the *big wigs* in the private societies here, particularly at a certain Countess Gevaska’s, a Polish Lady, one of the most charming creatures I ever met with, who assembles everybody and has a talent for society quite peculiar. Perhaps it may give you an idea of what I mean, if I tell you that one evening her company dress’d themselves as the Court of Louis XIV, represented in those beautiful prints in Grammont’s *Memoirs*, and kept up the spirit of the thing so as to make a delightful evening of it. Another time she had small plays. Upon one occasion fancy twenty people going into another room, and when the door was opened you saw the entire party dress’d up as *infants*, amongst the number his Royal Highness the Duke of Wirtemberg with his large face, and a Duke of Bourbon. Three of the number were nearly covered

over, one in a black shawl, one in a white, and one in a red—and they were busily employed in feeding their absurd *babes* and *sucklings* with Panada! Now what was this to signify?

Mer	Mer	Mer
La mere noir	La mere blanc	La Mere Rouge!

... I have not heard much music as yet, and what I have heard does not strike me as anything extraordinary, but the Carnival is the time for all sorts of amusements here to flourish more particularly. It begins in January. . . .

"The Police of Vienna equals that of Paris. As a proof of its minute attention to strangers, think of the Prime Minister, Prince Meternik, amusing a few select friends the other evening with *every thing* that passed in the interview of a family of English travellers, more remarkable for their wealth than for their refinement, and who little imagined that all their proceedings were reported to such a man and discussed in such a circle! He was off his guard probably at the time *he let the cat out of the bag for a little fun*, but I suppose we never cough, sneeze, nor turn a child into the nursery to *blow its nose*, without the events being reported to *Government*! The letters by post are read of course, but this one is to go by a Courier, so I write without caution. . . .

"In Vienna we lead now a very quiet sober domestic life, tho' a very comfortable one; we have hired a carriage by the month, which we found indispensable both for the children's sakes and my own, and we go out every day. When the weather permits I take the children, with Mlle and Nurse alternately, to the *Prater* of a morning. There we get out and walk about the *lovely* grounds which belong to that singular place, which is at once an exquisite retirement and the resort of all that is smart and fashionable in Vienna, for the grounds are so extensive that Deer run wild in one part and there are walks without end in

different directions under the shade of trees, and in another part hundreds or I believe *thousands* of carriages assemble as they do in Hyde Park, fill'd with *beauty* and rank, smart equipages and the most elegant style of dress. The Evening, that is from five to seven o'clock, when all good Germans have eaten and *drunken* to their hearts' content, and their stomachs surprise, is the fashionable time for repairing to this strife of vanity and display; from the Emperor down to the jew pedler and the bearded Turk everybody assembles there and tis the most amusing sight that a stranger can possibly witness—tis a compleat *turn* out of the town. . . . The turn out on the Prater of a Sunday Evening is magnificent—4, 6, 8 horses to shell-like little carriages, footmen with streaming feathers. The Emperor and all his Court, young Napoleon (Wm saw *a child* in the Imperial carriage) in fact from the Emperor to the Scavenger all turn out finer than butterflies. Not a *drab* of a Hussy that has not better broderie about her tail than *my best* and parterres of artificial flowers round her head."

One might go on quoting indefinitely; obviously there was much to justify Mrs. Trollope's conclusion that "the strong national *besoin* of amusement furnished one of the principal keys to the mystery of the superior tranquillity and contentment of the people of Austria over that of every other." This amusement, of which Austrians felt the *besoin*, different classes sought in different ways. The great nobles gave magnificent entertainments. The Princess Metternich, the Prince's third wife whom Mrs. Trollope admired very much, has left a description of a great entertainment the Prince gave in 1833. It was in the country, the palace duly decorated; a Turkish tent had been pitched, with tea tables placed on either side of it. Within the tent a stage had been erected, and comic interludes were played. In the palace there was music; in the grounds there were two military bands. The gardens were lighted by

Bengal fire and the avenues lined with colored lanterns; in one part gypsies danced, in another shepherds and shepherdesses. To greet the guests a troop of warriors, Amazons, nymphs and sylphs, came forward in procession, and in the midst of it, Amor was driven, seated in a chariot, and recited verses. The whole ended with fireworks and a military dance performed by children.

In lower social circles naturally there was greater simplicity. In the restaurant *Beim Stern auf der Brandstätte*, Raimund the playwright, Edward von Bauernfeld, a lyric poet, and other young intellectuals, used to meet and make merry. Grillparzer would preside at the table, dressed in a short green coat, with his soft flexible voice and his polite, possibly a trifle overpolite, manner. Or a few friends would gather in some house adorned with young ladies, such as the Fröhlich family, where four sisters, all gifted, all charming in person and manner, by means of conversation and music made the evening hours dance away. Grillparzer wooed Katharina, the youngest and prettiest, in his undecided, undemonstrative manner, and Franz Schubert composed a serenade for Josephine, and all was well-mannered and delightful.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE EAGLET

IN THIS city of Vienna, however, there was one restless spirit, weak, turbulent, attractive, a strange being—the cynosure of many thoughts in Vienna, Rome and Paris—in whose fair young body two strains of alien blood struggled for mastery.

After Waterloo, the King of Rome, Napoleon II, was taken to Vienna. Friedrich von Gentz wrote: “Little Napoleon is an object of alarm and terror for most of the European Cabinets because many chimerical hopes for millions of men in France float over his head. One had to be present at the political discussions of last summer to realize to what a degree this poor child troubles and frightens the most intelligent ministers.”

At the Congress of Vienna, the great powers decided that the Empress Marie Louise should go to Parma as Duchess, and that l’Aiglon should stay with his grandfather, the Emperor Francis, as Duke of Reichstadt. The boy was installed in the palace of Schönbrunn under the charge of Count Dietrichstein, a cultivated gentleman, a little timid and pedantic, perhaps, of musical tastes, who tried to bring his pupil up as he thought he should be. Of this preceptor some speak well. Others speak ill of him, as narrow, bigoted, and animated by one desire, to make a typical Austrian archduke out of the young Eagle. There is one point at least to Dietrichstein’s credit: in spite of opposition, he allowed his pupil to study the story of his father’s glorious deeds. The boy, as I say, was parti-colored, half Habsburg, half Bonaparte. As a little child he gave a clue to his character—he would and he would not, like the cat in the adage. He said: “I

shall be a soldier all my life; but I shall make a whole regiment march in front of me, so that I shall be protected from bullets, for I want to live forever."

The unfortunate young man! Palaces are dreadful places; even a hasty tourist feels shrivelled and diminished after tramping through palatial halls, chambers, corridors; and to spend a life there must bear some analogy to living in a greenhouse, with not a single pane of glass broken. Schönbrunn was probably no worse than others. To get to it you cross a bridge over the little stream the Wien, guarded by two stone lions; you pass two sphinxes—the little Duke might well have questioned them as to his future, and it was well that they did not speak—then the main entrance, flanked by two obelisks in red marble, surmounted by gilt eagles with wings spread wide. Next you enter a court, and there lies the palace. Behind it is a great park, modelled on Versailles, with formal walks, vistas, hedges, ponds, sculptures, grottoes; in some corner the boy had his little garden. At the southern end of the park, on a little hill, stood the long colonnade, the Glorietta, that Mrs. Trollope admired. In this Imperial palace, then, that part of the boy derived from Marie Louise was cultivated and developed.

At this time (1814-1825) Vienna was a-tiptoe with excitement. All the political notabilities of Europe were there—famous warriors, renowned diplomats, princes, kings, emperors, spies, Metternich, Gentz, the Czar Alexander, Stein, Nesselrode, Hardenberg, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Castlereagh, Talleyrand—all bent on having a good time after the dangers of war, and, at the same time very serious in their purpose to keep Europe safe for the privileged classes. There were fêtes of all sorts, balls, the opera, the theatre, driving or sauntering in the Prater, *tableaux vivants* (a popular amusement then), *ridotti*, dinners. To quote the Prince de Ligne's famous mot: *Le Congrès danse mais ne marche pas*. He meant that pleasure was not too much diluted with business.



The Duke of Reichstadt as a boy

And, on everybody present, men and women, all the time, the Prefect Hager, chief of the Austrian police, kept a watchful eye, and listened to all that was said. Marie Louise, as long as she stayed in Vienna, locked her papers in a desk of which she always kept the key. But people expected police supervision—you may see what the English thought of it, if you will look at the drawing in Dickey Doyle's *The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson*, in which Brown depicts the *Eye of the Government* as being upon those innocent travellers. On the surface, despite the contention beneath, all was gay and joyful.

But it was not joyful for the little Duc de Reichstadt, then and for long years thereafter. The Count of Dietrichstein, his tutor, wished to make the little Prince into a genuine German down to the least details, and by his insistence drove the child—and the adolescent—further and further into himself. When he came to Vienna he was gentle, affectionate, amiable, gay, expansive, generous, giving away his toys, weeping because poor children had only black bread to eat, or when he saw a bird devouring an angleworm. Gradually, bit by bit, gaiety, laughter, singing stopped; the boy sank into himself and pulled the curtains. He learned to avoid gazing eye into eye, he rather looked down or turned his head, and made the acquaintance of fear and hate and dissimulation. In this way l'Aiglon grew up.

There is much testimony to his attractive looks. For instance listen to Herman Rollet, a poet: "It is impossible to imagine anything more attractive than the exterior, the bearing, and the manners of young Napoleon. His noble countenance, with its serious, melancholy expression, showed a mixture of his father's and his mother's features. His brow was not modelled like Napoleon's. The frontal bone and the parietal bone were rounded, a characteristic of the Habsburgs. Per contra his chin and upper jaw were very like his father's. His light-blue eyes,

his fair hair, his nose rather long and very delicate, with a noticeable curve although it faded away, were inherited from his mother. His face was full of intelligence. His carriage had a natural nobility, his manners were most amiable, though he would look about him with a quiet air that seemed severe. His glance was pensive and kindly. The sound of his voice was agreeable, always more or less animated, though usually not loud in conversation."

Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich's right-hand man, the Austrian statesman, who at the Vienna Congress received six hundred pounds from Castlereagh and twenty-two thousand florins from Louis XVIII without prejudice to his conscientious course of action, tells of his meeting the Prince: "I can't describe to you how much I was pleased by his air, his voice, his manners. Dietrichstein was delighted with the impression he made on me. The wish to see this young man occupy a place which would give him an opportunity to develop his brilliant capacities is beginning to win numerous proselytes;—women are crazy about him. But the realization of that wish must not be thought of, now less than ever."

And here is other testimony: "On Thursday there was a *Kammerball*, which only lasted from seven to ten. Her Majesty, the Queen of Bavaria, had asked to see the Prince. He has enchanted everybody by his vivacity, his charm and his conversation. He has been dancing to perfection especially in a French quadrille with Princess Marie of Bavaria. His deportment, his carriage, all his movements are admirable. His politeness is extreme. In short he has aroused enthusiasm in the Courts of Bavaria and Saxony. . . . After the ball I had the honor to dine with him at the Queen's, who then talked with me a long time, and almost all the time about the Prince, who had charmed her. To sum up, the universal opinion is that he can become a very accomplished Prince. His wit flashes, his conversation is full of finesse, and his behaviour towards everybody, displaying the

appropriate little differences, give him an ease of manner that is rare at his age."

With this power to please in general company, it is not strange that the Prince took pains with his toilet. "He affected whatever was new, always dressed according to the latest fashion, and took a particular pleasure in cravats, colored handkerchiefs, and canes of odd shapes. He liked to look at his handsome hands with their nails cut chinese fashion." This interest in dress, which he inherited from the Habsburgs, was rather to please himself than others. Gentz said (you may have noticed) that women were crazy about him, but Gentz made that remark, conscious of his own tastes and habits, because he supposed that so charming a young man, the son of Napoleon and grandson of the Emperor of Austria, would naturally have great success if he chose to exert his attractions. But no further inference must be drawn from Gentz's statement. The Prince was no Lothario, far from it, and paid singularly little attention to women. His one apparent inclination was for the Countess Nandine Karolyi, but nothing came of it, not even a serious flirtation.

The Prince's one real friend, Count von Prokesch-Osten did wish that the Prince, because of his exceeding loneliness and the harm (as the Count thought) done to his nature from the constant espionage upon him with no woman to turn to, might form a liaison with a clever, intelligent, high-minded woman. You remember that Vienna was not Puritanical. But Prokesch did not think well enough of the Countess Nandine. "She was," he said, "an agreeable woman, but light, frivolous, superficial, the product of salons; instead of hardening the Prince's character, and feeding his mind, she would have covered it with the rust of mediocrity. These considerations [he says], and the fact that Nandine was very well known in Parisian society, and that, therefore, the choice of such a mistress would not have been well received by public opinion, decided me to oppose the Prince's inclination towards her very seriously." He did oppose

it, and quite successfully, although the Prince afterwards admitted to Esterhazy that he always felt the conviction that Nandine was the only woman that would have suited him.

The Emperor, his grandfather, also had his eye on the Prince's conduct. "It is very possible," he wrote to the Prince's tutor—jailer one might almost say—"that certain of his father's leanings and passions, of which a number were blameworthy, have been transmitted to the son. They must always be opposed by argument and appropriate example." The Emperor did not wish to isolate his grandson, "but it was necessary to exercise a rigorous supervision of the persons admitted to any intimacy with him"; and perhaps it would be better for the Prince to live in a small city like Brünn rather than in Vienna where "so many dangers threatened him." Relations with the other sex had, he admitted, their advantages but with that sex still more prudence was necessary.

Prokesch, however, continued to keep this feminine problem on his mind, for he felt that the Prince's loneliness was preying on him. "But," he says, "at first I did not know of any suitable woman. Chance then seemed to interpose. Mlle Peche, an actress, had caught the Prince's eye. He had only seen her from his box, but she attracted him and he said so. I was glad of it. I didn't know her at all, but as an artist she seemed to act with spirit. She was young, had a good figure, and her reputation was untouched. The Prince might well find in her what I wanted for him, a woman of heart and intelligence who would hold him by her noble feelings, and whom he would have regarded, not as a kept woman, but with real affection. A liaison of this kind would have been the best of distractions for him. I think it would have saved his life, by deflecting his thoughts from the future and the past, and giving new vigor to his soul. But she was not what I thought her. Before I was able to see her, the Prince in company with Gustave Neipperg had gone to see her.

He told me that she received him as if she were expecting his visit. This presumption displeased him, and he did not see her again. This was at the end of December, 1831. At that time he was still a pure man, as his conversation clearly showed me. In January he was attacked by the illness of which he died. He went to the grave without ever having touched a woman."

Poor fellow, there was no woman in his life, and he was kept away from all men whom he might make his friends—"A prisoner? No," said Count Dietrichstein to an inquiry, "but the Prince is in a position highly individual"—because the Emperors and Kings of Europe were afraid of what might happen if the son of Napoleon were to escape to France, unfurl the tricolor and whistle off the Imperial Eagle "and let her down the wind to prey at fortune." One day, while the Prince was out driving with Archduke Louis, a man on the sidewalk bowed, and tossed a letter into the carriage. The Prince's head happened to be turned away and he did not see it, and never learned of it, for the Archduke privily picked it up. It contained a tricolor cockade and these words: "Sire, thirty millions of subjects await your return. Come back to France. I bring to your Majesty the morning star."

Metternich and the Emperors and Kings did not lack all justification; there was some danger. The boy had touches of his father. He delighted in military history, in Caesar's *Commentaries*, in *les Fastes de France*, but most of all in books about his father. He loved martial exercises, and would ride, at high speed, being an excellent horseman, far beyond his strength. When he was fifteen he wrote to a friend this letter:

"My dear Comrade,

"I hurry to communicate to you the nicest event of my life, an event as unexpected as delightful, an event that may lead to much, an event that has suddenly made of me the happiest of

men. Yesterday before dinner, the Emperor called my mother into his den; after a short talk she came out, with a happy look, and talked a long time with General Neipperg and Count Dietrichstein, and during dinner with the Emperor, all the while looking at me with a smile. After dinner the Emperor played his game, as usual, and not till all the company was going did he call me: 'You have been wanting something for a long while,' he said. 'I, Sire?' I answered very much embarrassed, and suspected some joke on my Mother's part. 'Yes,' he said, 'and in token of my satisfaction and of the services that I expect of you, I appoint you Captain in my Regiment of Chasseurs. Be a brave man, that is all I wish.' With that he left me. Drunk with joy and hardly able to stammer an answer, I withdrew. In the great drawing room, the Empress was waiting for me, as well as the archduchesses and the gentlemen. All congratulated me. Then I went to see my mother, to whom I really owe my appointment. She had been preparing the way for several days, and had finally asked the Emperor yesterday. He was little disposed to grant it, told her to consult Count Dietrichstein, who agreed and added his voice to that of my mother, and that accomplished it."

It was an honorary captaincy and really led to nothing, but it gave the boy great pleasure to wear the uniform and take a place in the parades. And, indeed, he studied military matters with a will. Dietrichstein said, "His knowledge about all that concerns soldiering is truly astonishing. He does not study them superficially, he wishes to learn them thoroughly, and it is certain that at the age of sixteen or seventeen he will know much more than many of his superior officers." And the Prince did not confine himself to book learning. He wanted to do far more than his strength permitted. He performed all his military duties with the greatest care. One day (this was in 1831) he

passed his battalion in review and, as he rode his horse along the lines, his martial attitude, and the extreme gravity of his boyish face, made such an impression upon the troops, though they were accustomed to stand motionless in complete silence, that they burst out with loud and prolonged cheers.

But the chief satisfaction in the poor fellow's life was his friendship for Antoine von Prokesch-Osten. This officer who was thirty-five years old when the two met, was born at Gratz, his father being a country gentleman. He joined the army in 1813, with patriotic enthusiasm, in order to take his part to free his country from French tyranny. But he was not in sympathy with the restoration of the Bourbons, and he not only admired Napoleon and wrote a book to say so, but also regarded his dethronement as a mistake. Naturally he had a kindliness towards Napoleon's son long years before he saw him. He was a classical student, delighting in Greek art and literature, and had gone to Greece in 1824, the year Byron died at Missolonghi, took some part in the struggle against the Turks, and visited Constantinople, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt and Nubia. He was away for six years, and, as a traveller in those regions was rare, on his return home he was made much of.

It happened that the Imperial family were at Gratz at the time, and he had the honor to be invited to dinner. He sat opposite the Emperor, with the Duc de Reichstadt beside him. He says that this handsome, noble-looking, quiet young man, with eyes blue and deep, masculine brow, thick, fair hair, and in his bearing obviously master of himself, made a deep impression on him. Their meeting was for him a moment akin to love at first sight. At dinner he could not converse with the Duke for he was obliged to talk about Greece and tell of his experiences at length. He stated that what Greece needed was a king from some European dynasty, and as soon as the Prince's back was turned, suggested that he would be the right man. When he

left, the Prince shook hands with him as if they had been old friends, and said, "You have long been well known to me."

The next day he was taken to see the Prince, who ran up to him in a most friendly way and said: "I have known you a long time and been fond of you. You defended my father's honor, at a time when everyone calumniated him. I have read your memoir on the battle of Waterloo; and, the better to assimilate every line, I have translated it twice, into French and into Italian." Prokesch stayed a long time. They talked of Greece and of the idea that the Prince should become King of Greece; at this the Duke was much excited. They talked of Napoleon; the Prince spoke with the greatest animation, and showed deep feeling and the warmest admiration for his father. When he spoke of taking him for his model and becoming himself a great soldier, he was all aflame. Prokesch was convinced that there was not an Austrian officer at Gratz, high or low, who had a surer military eye, or greater fitness to be a commander-in-chief.

And then the Bonaparte element in the Prince's composition retired, and the Marie Louise in him burst forth in a fit of helplessness. He said to Prokesch: "Stay with me! Sacrifice your future for my sake; stay with me! We are made to understand each other. . . . If I am called to be for Austria another Prince Eugene, the question before me is this: How can I possibly prepare myself for this role?" They parted like two men who are convinced that nothing could separate them. Prokesch was carried away by admiration of the Eaglet. He said to Count Dietrichstein: "When a young man bears so great a name, and knows from boyhood that he is called to a high destiny, and besides, is so richly gifted as is the Prince, and lives in a time like ours, it shows that Providence has designed him for great things. Ordinary men accomplish ordinary things, but exceptional men, among whom I reckon your Excellency's illustrious pupil, have duties towards society and history, from which they have no right to withdraw."

But, poor young man, Prince Metternich was not of a mind to let another Napoleon spread his eagle wings. There was mention of a throne in France, in Italy, in Greece, in Poland, but these ambitions shone like falling stars through the young man's vision, and disappeared in dust and nothingness. Soon after his meeting with Prokesch he fell ill of a pulmonary trouble, and died in July, 1832, two years after the birth of Francis Joseph.

CHAPTER XXXII

FRANZ SCHUBERT

WE NOW move into another class of society. Schubert's father was an elementary schoolmaster, his mother had been a cook. They were simple, God-fearing, excellent people with little imagination. Of their fourteen children only five lived to grow up. Franz was born in 1797. His story is one of great poverty, of sweetness, pathos, sorrow, suffering and glorious renown.

He was born in a small house, one of a row, with a courtyard at the back, a winding wooden staircase, a little insignificant roof, with five small dormer windows, on Nussdorfer-Strasse, an extremely unfashionable street in the northwest of Vienna. Though the father was poor, he hearkened to those that said Franz was a very unusual boy, and sent him to the Imperial Convict, which singular name designated a music school, and trained choristers for the Court Chapel.

He was a stumpy little boy, not more at highest than five feet one, wearing steel spectacles and clad in a smock of light-blue whitish cloth, so conspicuous that he was at once dubbed *The Miller's son* by the other boys. But the Court Kapellmeister heard the boy sing, and he was promptly made a chorister of the Imperial Chapel, and his light-blue smock exchanged for a uniform, which consisted of a low three-cornered hat, white neck-cloth, dark-brown coat with a little gold epaulette on the left shoulder, bright buttons, a long waistcoat, knee breeches with buckles and shoes with buckles, all very grand, and startling in comparison. It was almost poor Franz's sole piece of luck in life. There were alleviations, for he made some dear friends, but the Imperial Convict sounds dreary to a high degree.

It happened that the next year Napoleon came up, planted his cannon in Papa Haydn's garden and fired into the city. One of Franz's friends records: "On May 12th the bombardment began in the evening. It was a magnificent sight to see the fiery cannon balls fly through the night sky, a sky lit up by many fires in the city. In front of our eyes a *Haubitze* [explosive bomb] fell in the University Square and exploded in one of the beautiful fountains. Suddenly a great report was heard from a bomb which fell in the Convict building; it passed through various storeys and exploded in the room of the prefect Walch. Fortunately the prefects were not in their respective rooms on the various floors, otherwise all three would have been killed, which some young rogues seemed to regret, as it would have relieved them of their tormentors." It would not have been much out of the usual doings of war, if both Haydn and Schubert had been killed.

But Schubert, no matter how mean and sordid his outward life, now began to turn the key that unlocked the door to the Heaven of his music. In 1810 he composed the first work of his that is preserved, a duet for the piano, and then continued with passionate enthusiasm. It is said that, while he composed "he was wildly happy." A friend describes his habit, at the time he was fourteen or fifteen: "It was interesting to see him compose. Very rarely did he use the pianoforte. He often said that would interrupt the train of his thoughts. Quietly and little troubled by the talking and noise of his fellow-students . . . he sat at his little table, a sheet of note paper in front of him, and closely stooped over that and the textbook (he was very short-sighted), chewing his pen, sometimes playing (as if trying a passage) with his fingers on the table, and writing easily and fluently without many corrections." Once started, he went ahead fast, overtures, string quartets, sonatas, cantatas, and innumerable songs.

In 1812 his mother died. Franz, from his preference for music to school teaching, was not in his father's good graces, and

being very poor, seems to have preferred to apply for help to his brother Ferdinand, who was three years older, rather than his father.

"Franz to Ferdinand Schubert

"Nov. 24, 1812

"Let me bring out at once what is on my mind, so that I may come to the point and not just meander coyly round it. For a long time now I have thought over my position and have found it on the whole passably good, though there is still room for improvement here and there. You know from experience how sometimes one wants to eat a roll and a few apples, and all the more when after a modest dinner one can only look forward to a wretched supper 8½ hours later. This continually persistent wish troubles me more and more, and I must, *nolens volens*, hit upon a way of getting rid of it. The few groschen that my father allows me are all spent—the devil knows how—in the first few days. What am I to do then for the rest of the time? They who put their trust in Thee shall not be confounded (*Matthew*, chap. 3, verse 4). I thought so, too—How would it be if you were to let me have a few Kreuzers each month? You would not really feel it, while I should consider myself so lucky, and be quite satisfied in my claustral retreat. As I said before, I rely on the words of the apostle Matthew where he says: He that hath two coats let him give one to the poor. In the meantime I hope that you will lend an ear to the voice which calls incessantly upon you of your

"loving, poor, hopeful, once again

"poor, and not to be forgotten

"brother, Franz."

After leaving the Imperial Choristers' College, the poor fellow had to become an assistant teacher at his father's school, now in the Säulengasse. At this period he made the acquaintance of the

Grob family, a mother, a son, and a daughter Theresa, a plain girl with a beautiful soprano voice, and they blessed him, for they were all musical, by appreciating that he was a genius. Some years later a friend asked him if he had ever been in love, for he gave the appearance of disliking women. He answered: "Oh, yes, I loved one with all my heart, and she loved me in return. She was somewhat younger than I, and she sang the soprano solos, in a Mass I composed, magnificently and with deep feeling. She was not beautiful, and her face was marked with small-pox, but she was good—good, to the heart. For three years I hoped to marry her, but I could find no situation, which caused both of us great sorrow. She then married another man, because her mother wished it. I still love her, and since then no one can please me so well."

But Schubert had one great satisfaction in life, he had a gift, or a receptivity, for friendship, and the circle of his friends became a sort of club. There was Mayrhofer, a poet; there was Spaun, who had a passion for music and became a busy man of affairs; there was Professor Watteroth, a historian and a well-known citizen, who took a house in the Erdberg district, to the east of the Inner City close to the Donau Kanal, and made room for the other three in the same house. There was a brilliant fellow named Schober, who, however, led Schubert into bad ways; there was Josef Gahy, who was a master of the piano; Kupelweiser, the recognized head of Viennese art; a young painter named Moritz von Schwind; later there came Vogel, who sang his songs, and Bauernfeld, a poet, and also Grillparzer.

There is an entry in his diary in the early days when he had broken away from school teaching and had gone to live at Professor Watteroth's house in the Erdberg district, that reveals his happiness:

"13 June, 1816

"All my life I shall remember this fine, clear, lovely day. I still hear softly, as from a distance, the magic strains of Mozart's

music. With what unbelievable power, and yet again how gently, did Schlesinger's masterly playing impress it deep, deep into one's heart! So do these lovely impressions, which neither time nor circumstance can efface, remain in the mind and influence for good our whole existence. In the dark places of this life they point to that clear-shining and distant future in which our whole hope lies. O Mozart, immortal Mozart, how many, how infinitely many inspiring suggestions of a finer, better life have you left in our souls! This quintet is, so to speak, one of the greatest of his lesser works.—On this occasion I too had to make my appearance. I played Variations from Beethoven and sang Goethe's *Restless Love*, and Schiller's *Amalia*. Unanimous applause for the first, less for the second. I, too, felt that my rendering of *Restless Love* was more successful than that of *Amalia*, yet it cannot be denied that the essential musicality of Goethe's poetic genius was largely responsible for the applause."

Schubert does not seem to have possessed much common sense; he made a very bad bargain with a publisher for the rights in his songs, a publisher whom Schubert's English biographer denounces as a Viennese Barabbas; and in the company and under the lead of his brilliant, gifted, immoral friend Schober, he got into low dissipation, with sad consequences—the hospital. He seems to have been ashamed of himself and to have avoided the Fröhlich family for a long time, though he continued to set Grillparzer's poems to music. Kathi Fröhlich, Grillparzer's ladylove, has left a record of this: "Schubert used to come over often to our house. Then he drifted into somewhat loose society, and moved for some time in other circles—not necessarily bad, but in circles in which it was easy to let himself go too much. And he did let himself go too much. For instance, he went among other families, among them, to one in the Landstrasse. One day an acquaintance of these people said to us: 'Yesterday we had to carry Schubert into another room. He had been



Franz Schubert

drinking too much.' . . . Schubert got into debt. Then he did not come to see us for nearly two years. One day I met him in the street, and when he bowed to me I gave him a significant side glance, severe, reproachful. He looked at me bashfully, very shyly. I shall never forget his conscience-stricken appearance. He made his excuses for not having been to see me for so long. And I felt it was my duty to lecture him severely, and to tell him that his conduct and manner of living were not creditable. He promised me to make amends. A few days later there was a knock at our door. I was sitting at my window as usual. It was our long-missing Schubert. He opened the door a little, and, pushing his head through said, 'Fräulein Kathi, may I come in?' 'Since when, then, is our house so strange to you?' I asked him. 'You know very well it has always been open to you.' 'Yes,' he answered. 'But I am a little timid. I have not forgotten that look you gave me in the street.'"

The sisters were as devoted to him and his music as ever. Grillparzer chose a better way; though he decided that he was unmating, and had ceased to woo Kathi, he went and lived with them in their house for years. Schubert was of a sweet nature, and it is too bad that he ever abandoned that pleasant home, so typical of Vienna at its best, kind, unjudging, devoted to music, open and hospitable.

There is a nice anecdote concerning his temper. He was with some friends in a beautiful meadow, with buttercups and daisies pied, and talking hard to a young lady. "Above all things," he said, "I must not get angry. For God's sake I must not get angry. For if I do get angry I knock all the teeth out of the mouth of the poor wretch who has angered me." The lady looked at him in surprise and alarm. "Have you often been angry?" she asked nervously. "No," he replied, "never yet."

There is, as you see, something more in Viennese history during the domination of Prince Metternich than foreign diplomacy and domestic police; forget those things, as most citizens

do, and you will find the gay, musical, jolly, careless, duty-free life that the adjective Viennese has come to mean.

Schubert and his friends led, but with a difference, a *vie de Bohême* that was not mere pleasure-seeking, but garlanded with works of high renown. Here is the record of a Schubertian evening. "We went to the *Anker* [in Grünangergasse, just under the cathedral], where Spaun, Enderer, Gahy, and Schober had foregathered and also Schober's uncle. After we had been there a long time, we considered it time to break up; and it being a glorious moonlight night, went on to Bogner's coffee house, where we danced and engaged in all manner of childish pranks. From there we danced over to the Stock-im-Eisen Square the other side of St. Stephan's Cathedral. Then into the Goldschmiedgasse, and made a demonstration at that coffee house, also at the *Peter* and at the coffee house in the Graben. Then we went to Geninger's coffee house in the Kohlmarkt, where we said we would push Spaun in, as he was always averse to late coffee-house going. But to our surprise, when we pushed open the door he went in meek as a lamb, and we all trooped in sedately behind him. Finally we went home at 12:30."

On these occasions, after a glass of punch Schubert would be most talkative. If music, as usual, was discussed he would listen, unless the talker showed his ignorance, then he spoke out, "You'd better be quiet; you don't understand that, and you never will understand it." There was much mirth and much punch, but no real excess. They were a remarkable group. Bauernfeld, the poet, noted in his diary (March 8, 1826): "Schober stands mentally above us all. . . . Schwind is a magnificent pure nature. . . . Schubert has the right texture of the ideal and real, the earth is beautiful to him. Mayrhofer is simple and natural. . . . And I? . . . until I have created something worth while I am not a man." Another witness said: "Mayrhofer was sullen, shy and to strangers unapproachable. His very counter-

part was the little broad-shouldered musician, Schubert, outwardly a lump of fat, but with eyes so sparkling, they revealed at once the inner fire. Unfortunately his urge for the fullness of life led him into those wrong ways, from which there is usually no return, at least no healthy return. . . . He took, shall I say, a certain pride in the accidents which befell him in his wild ways. . . . When the blood of the vine glowed in him he did not rant but moved into a quiet corner to give himself up to a comfortable frenzy. . . . He used to sit there and grin and contract his eyelids, so that his eyes became very small."

One night Schubert, Bauernfeld and a third had been on a little excursion from Vienna, sampling new wine, of which Schubert was very fond; on their return to the city they went to one tavern, then on to another, and they talked music, and drank punch, till one o'clock at night. Then, as chance would, some of the players from the orchestra of the Opera dropped in, and seeing Schubert, rushed up to him, shook his hands and smothered him with flattery. It turned out that they wished him to write a new composition for them. "No," he cried, "for you I will write nothing!" "Why not," they pleaded, "we are artists." "Artists!" he shouted, then emptied his glass, tipped his hat over one ear, walked up to the two biggest. "Artists!—musical *artisans*! One bites into the brass mouthpiece of his wooden cudgel, and the other blows his cheeks out on a French horn. Do you call that Art? . . . Tootlers and fiddlers you are, all of you. *I* am an artist. *I*. *I* am Franz Schubert whom all the world knows and acclaims—who has made great and beautiful things—the most beautiful cantatas, and quartets, operas and symphonies. . . . And when the word *artist* is used, it refers to *me*, not to *you*, worms and insects—you who demand solos which I shall never write for you. I know perfectly well why! You creeping and gnawing worms, whom my foot should crush,—the foot of a man who reaches to the stars! *Sublimi*

feriam sidera vertice! To the stars! While you poor blowing worms wriggle in the dust. And with the dust you will rot and be blown away."

Next morning Bauernfeld hurried round to see Schubert, uneasy lest he find his friend very miserable, physically and morally. He found him in bed, with his spectacles on, as usual, fast asleep. His clothes lay strewn in wild disorder all over the room. An overturned inkstand had spread a pool of ink over the table, sparing one sheet of paper, on which was written:

At two o'clock in the night,
Enviably Nero, thou who wast so strong as to destroy a
detestable people, whilst playing on thy lyre and singing.

Bauernfeld waited till Schubert awoke and then asked, "What will these people think of you?" Schubert answered, "The rogues! Do you know they're the most crafty rascals in the world? Especially towards me. They have deserved their lesson; but I confess, I repent it. I suppose I shall write the solos they asked me for, and then they will kiss my hands for the gift."

A great musician, even with poverty and disease and misery, has his compensating moments. And in Vienna Schubert passed many pleasant hours with his friends, even if Schwind, the painter, had to paint the sign of a Turk's head to settle his account at the Bogner Coffeehouse, and Schubert and Bauernfeld had to provide him with a dress coat when he wished to go a-wooing. Lady Poverty was cruel to poor Schubert, but perhaps his songs would not have been divine, had she not lived with him so loyally.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1848

THE Emperor Francis died in 1835. He had been popular with the masses. Even the liberals, however much they disagreed with his ideas, entertained a fair measure of respect for him; but for his son Ferdinand, and for his minister Prince Metternich they felt antagonism and mistrust. Probably the majority of the Viennese were well enough satisfied with the old order; but revolutions are not made by majorities but by the energy of a discontented minority. The educated classes were not radical, most of them were very loyal to the dynasty, and they were too fond of ease to put it lightly in jeopardy; they would have liked to have freedom of the press, with censorship confined to matters of decency, freedom of worship rather as a theory than in practice, for they had little sympathy with Protestants and Jews, and many desired some sort of constitutional government with popular representation. Times were changing, and Mrs. Trollope would have been highly unlikely now to meet ardent advocates of Absolutism.

Ferdinand grew more and more unpopular; opposition spread, even the younger officials in the employ of the government became restive. Dissatisfaction showed its head in the open; it became fashionable, and criticism of the existing régime found vent in conversations in private houses, at clubs, at theatres, in the streets, almost everywhere. Free publication was denied, but pamphlets and books of liberal thought were smuggled across the border. Some younger men-of-letters emigrated; and the police could do little against discontent that did not express itself in overt acts. Most of what are called re-

spectable people, though they were attached to the House of Habsburg, distrusted the masses, and had no hankering for a revolution *à la française*, nevertheless were in favor of reforms up to a certain point, and were ready to attend popular gatherings, but held themselves aloof from any demonstrations that might lead to violence. On the other hand most young men, especially students at the University, became impatient; they proclaimed that the people were entitled to a share in the government, and that the French Revolution had been an admirable thing.

Prince Metternich has left his opinion of this section of the citizens: "The turbulence of the times," he said, "has given birth to a party, whom repeated concessions, if not actual indulgence of all their demands, have emboldened to an extraordinary degree. Inimical to every kind of authority, because it fancies itself to be the depositary of all sovereign power, this party maintains, in the midst of general political peace, an internal war; it corrupts the minds and dispositions of the people, corrupts the youth, deludes even those of riper years, introduces trouble and discord into all the public and private relations of life; it deliberately incites the population to cherish a systematic distrust of their rulers, and preaches the destruction and annihilation of all that exists."

This conflict between old and new ideas presented particular difficulties to the Habsburg government. Let me remind you. In Bohemia and Moravia, there were Czechs and Germans; in Galicia, there were Poles and Ruthenes; in Hungary, Magyars and Rumanians; in Lombardy and Venetia, Italians; in Dalmatia, Croatia and Slovenia, Serbs and Croats; in Carniola, Slovenes; in the region filched from Poland, Poles; next them, Slovaks; and in Upper and Lower Austria, in Styria and the Tyrol, there were Germans. Each of these races had its own grievances, its own ideology—to use a popular word—its own notions of liberty and lawful rights.

Hungary had a parliament; but elsewhere in his dominions, the Emperor was absolute; he issued edicts at his good pleasure, he taxed, and spent, as he wished, he kept his police and spies everywhere. The whole situation was feudal. The nobles exercised mediaeval authority over their serfs, they exacted feudal dues, such as, for instance, the right to prevent them from leaving their villages without their lord's consent. The clergy possessed immense power in all sorts of ways, and only Catholics were allowed to enter the service of the government. This mediaeval yoke began to rub the modern neck.

The year 1848 saw matters come to a head. In France the revolutionaries seized opportunity by the forelock, cast out Louis Philippe and proclaimed a republic. Throughout Italy, men of all classes shouted for freedom and a constitution; revolt succeeded revolt. In Hungary, Kossuth roared for freedom and human rights. The storm reached Vienna. On March 13, Grillparzer was sitting at the window of the public office in which he was employed, in the Hofburg, and looked out. He saw a mob of young students gathered together on the Ballhaus-Platz, in front of the Reichskanzlei-Trakt (the Michaeler-Trakt that now completes it on the town side had not been built). These students hoisted one of their number on the shoulders of two others, directly in front of a platform of soldiers guarding the palace, and the one so hoisted began a harangue. Grillparzer said afterwards: "The scene made a great impression on me. The imperturbability with which these young men stationed themselves there, like sheep ready to be slaughtered, had something sublime about it, they did not take the slightest notice of the soldiers. They were heroic children." That is not the way they appeared to the police.

The Austrian Diet was in session at the time in the Landhaus, a building a hundred yards or so across a park to the north of the Hofburg; and into this building, the band of students, swelled by a miscellaneous crowd, forced their way. Most of

the crowd were very young, and it was natural for Grillparzer to feel touches of the emotion that stirred Wordsworth at the sight of revolution in his youth: "It was charming," he said, "the gayest revolution imaginable." Favored by beautiful spring weather, the entire population was in the streets from morning till night. When the crowd reached the Hofburg, where soldiers with cannon were on guard, it shouted from joy and excitement; but, as does not seem unreasonable, those within the palace thought the mob was howling for their lives. The wildest were the students, who regarded themselves as heroes. At the mere notion that there might be delay in granting a constitution, they were all for an assault upon the palace, eager for the glory of dying in the cause of freedom. The younger and smaller lads tried to take the front places, so that when they were shot down, the older and stronger could charge before the soldiers had time to reload. A professor standing beside Grillparzer said to him, "I am convinced that they will storm the palace." But matters did not come to that.

The political agitation had begun the day before. It was known that the Estates of Lower Austria were to convene that day, and Prince Metternich in his official residence, the Bundeskanzleamt, on the north side of the Ballhaus-Platz, one of J. L. von Hildebrandt's baroque buildings, awaited the session without apprehension, though from the windows he could see that there were unusual crowds in the streets. He did not know that members of the Estates and students of the University, supported by a liberal party at Court, and by the Trades Union of Viennese artisans, had organized a demonstration, and that some malcontents had already prepared a petition demanding various concessions, and his own resignation. The petition was handed to Archduke Louis, the Emperor's uncle, who acted as president of the Council of State, on account of the Emperor's poor health, but the Archduke refused to dismiss the Chancellor on the petition of malcontents.

The next day the Estates met in the Landhaus, while the Imperial family gathered in a room in the Hofburg. Crowds filled the Ballhaus-Platz, the Herrenhausgasse, all spaces up to the Freyung, and streets round about. Excited students harangued furiously. Soldiers were everywhere, and there was some firing. Metternich offered concessions to the Estates, which were not acceptable; he then appointed a committee to consider a Constitution and general reforms. After this he recrossed the Ballhaus-Platz to his residence, amid shouts of "Down with Metternich." Later, he went again to the Hofburg and found the Imperial family in hot discussion. Miscellaneous deputations were trying to force their way in, demanding this, demanding that, and all crying that Metternich must go. The uproar steadily increased. Members of the Imperial family asked Metternich to resign. The Emperor sat silent; the French reign of terror, and the storming of the Tuileries, was present in the minds of all. Louder and closer came the howls for a free press, a national guard, and riddance of Metternich.

Needs must, Metternich confronted the deputation from the Estates, and said, "Gentlemen, if you think that my resignation will be of service to the State, I will gladly resign." The deputation thought his resignation would be of very definite service to the State. He then said, "The task of my life has been to work for the welfare of the Monarchy in the position I have occupied, but since it is thought that my continuance will imperil the Monarchy, I consider it no sacrifice to retire. I place my resignation in the hands of the Emperor. I wish him good luck with the new régime, I wish Austria good luck."

To quote his own words, "The misguided attempts of factions to supersede the monarchical principle by the modern idea of the sovereignty of the people" had triumphed.

The news of Metternich's resignation was greeted with bonfires, Roman candles, smashing street lamps and other appropriate expressions of popular joy. When the Emperor drove

through the streets, there were shouts and cheers and assurances of love and devotion. Metternich and his wife took refuge till dark in the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, and then drove to a house outside the city, where they stayed a few days. Then came an order from the new government bidding them depart within twenty-four hours. They went to Prague, decked themselves with national cockades—poor Metternich!—and hurried on to Dresden, and so, with a false passport, across Holland to England, where they were kindly received by the Duke of Wellington and other great people. Metternich lived for a time in London, and for a time in Brighton, where he met the Princess Lieven again after a separation of more than twenty years. They had once been very good friends, but she broke off the friendship when Metternich married his second wife. Both had had varied experiences during those twenty years, and it is a pity that neither he nor she has left a record of their conversations at Brighton.

Metternich's health was not good, and he was homesick; so, as soon as the political atmosphere became more propitious, he turned his head homewards. At Brussels he was cordially received, but he suffered a pardonable shock while attending a court banquet in honor of M. Thiers, because that statesman appeared in grey trousers and a black tie. The Revolution in France had evidently done its worst. Before long permission came to return to Austria, and in September, 1851, Prince Metternich, clad, to the shame of M. Thiers, in irreproachable English clothes, thereby starting a fashion that continued throughout the century, returned to Vienna. A great crowd was gathered at the station to welcome him.

He resumed his residence in his palace on the Rennweg, a beautiful villa, surrounded by gardens and a park, very near to the Belvedere, Prince Eugene's summer palace. There he lived on for eight years, but had no further part in politics. A month before his death, Alexander von Hübner, an Austrian

diplomat, went to see him. He spent the whole morning with him, and the two took a little stroll in the garden; the old man leaned upon the younger man's arm and it grieved Hübner to notice how light the burden was. When von Hübner said goodbye in the Prince's study, the Prince repeated over and over, "*Ich war ein Fels der Ordnung*, I was a rock of order." After going out, von Hübner softly opened the door again to take a last look, and for a moment stood watching the old aristocrat as he sat at his desk, bolt upright, cold, haughty and distinguished, with a sunbeam illuminating his noble features. The Prince noticed him, looked at him kindly and repeated, as if half to himself, "*un rocher d'ordre*."

Prince Metternich's name has become a synonym for clinging to the past, for deafness to the Pied Piper of progress, piping songs of merry glee, and his method of diplomacy has been summed up in Napoleon's words, "*bugiardo, bugiardo, e niente che bugiardo*, a liar, a liar, and nothing but a liar"; but his enemies have not been fair. Progress is never fair to conservatism, the unsatisfied never just to the satisfied; and Prince Metternich is entitled to the praise of one who loved his country and the House of Habsburg, and served them to the utmost of his power, according as God had given him to see the light.

CHAPTER XXXIV

VIENNA IN REVOLUTION

IN THE meantime, after Metternich's flight, the revolution had been rolling on. Kossuth upset the old régime in Hungary, the Czechs did the same in Bohemia, in Italy the Austrians were driven from Milan and Daniele Manin had established a Venetian Republic. Long before, in 1831, after minor Italian commotions, Metternich had written to Count Apponyi, "Nothing can be viler than the Italian revolution," but these disorders of 1848 were viler still. Constitutions were demanded everywhere, and Prince Metternich, living at Eaton Square in London, or at Brighton, must have read the newspapers with glum satisfaction. In Bohemia the Germans and the Czechs fell out, and the Imperial General Windischgrätz took advantage of their dissensions to capture Prague, and put down the revolution there; in Hungary, likewise, Magyars and Slavs could not agree, and the Austrians, assisted by a Russian army, crushed the rebels. In Vienna matters for several months became more uproarious, the incompetent Emperor fled to Innsbruck (May 18, 1848) and the incompetent revolutionaries set about drafting a constitution.

Berthold Auerbach, the celebrated novelist, went to Austria that autumn. I quote from his account of what he saw. "The world is now in the act of changing its domicile—no longer at home in the old house, and not yet settled in a new one. . . . On the 12th of September, at noon, I started from Breslau. On the very frontier a feeling of home came over me; in Austria the people drink out of open flasks, and draw wine from the cask,

instead of pouring it out of corked bottles as in North Germany. This seems to me typical of the difference likewise in mental enjoyment: in the North men's ideas are as it were bottled and corked up. I asked a comfortable-looking Viennese, who sat opposite to me at table, if the wine was good—he handed me his glass 'to taste.' And this again called up my home feelings: these easy and social manners are scarcely possible in North Germany. . . . At the railroad station before the last, a band of music was standing on the platform, playing waltz-tunes. The music filled up the pauses in the movements of the locomotive. Austria—merry, jovial as ever! The peaches and fine bunches of grapes, which were offered us, showed that we were come into the rich harvest of a favored land. A body of the Academic legion [composed of students] were on guard at the station; their well-known songs resounded from the guard house, and faces full of life and spirit beamed under the Calabrian caps and waving plumes. . . . In my first walk out I found the city full of life and animation; the people were promenading gaily on the fine granite pavement, with its well-cut and compact blocks. But an acquaintance whom I met expressed his regrets that I had not come earlier; adding that the gaiety of old Vienna was no longer to be found. . . . But who does not prefer Vienna at the present day to the old city, with her police spies and her Prater drives?

" . . . Sept. 14. On every side are heaps of combustibles, and close at hand a lighted match. . . . In the evening I went to the *Burg* theatre. . . . I was particularly pleased with the admirable delivery of the actors. . . . I never heard such good speaking as here in the *Burg*. . . . The streets of Vienna present a strange appearance: Scarcely a button-hole is seen without the tri-color badge. The arming of the people has become an everyday business. . . . Among the monied aristocracy I found the most frightful thirst for enjoyment. A constant succession of new sensuous pleasures, all equally stimulating is called for! . . . I

found the young men in these circles ever ready to inveigh against all who created disquiet, and longing and sighing for undisturbed enjoyment. . . . When we reflect on the rottenness of this state of society, whose wealth serves but to overlay these men with a varnish of education, we feel the historical necessity that new classes of men should arise, to root out and supplant this good-for-nothing frivolity. . . . On every side pale terror confronts you—a terror not to be dispelled by dilettante pianoforte playing. People trembled for their property, for their privileges, for their position in society. . . . It becomes more and more clear to me, that a language is current here which neither emanates from, nor aims at, cultivation and refinement. Traitor, scoundrel, slut, Mephistopheles, are terms commonly applied to unpopular persons. How can any decent discussion, founded upon clear argument, exist with such language. And such are the journals written for a people, who still have an atrocious soldiery, a rotten bureaucracy, a decayed school-system, in short everything derived from the old order of things.

"[Auerbach had gone out of town for a few days.] Oct. 7. On coming into the city, we had to pass from barricade to barricade: they seemed to be well constructed . . . the fine blocks of granite were easily piled one upon another, and at some distance in front of each barricade the pavement was pulled up, and strewn about to obstruct the advance of close columns. . . . All the shops were closed in the *Graben*, while in the streets adjoining the Arsenal the iron-plated shutters of the ground floor were riddled with bullets; not a whole windowpane was to be seen, up to the fifth story. In the streets were gathered people of every grade and dress and all armed. . . .

"Oct. 11. There is a general alarm in the streets: troops march up and down: the horses from the Imperial stables are drawing cannon and baggage waggons. . . . Persons who come from a distance admit that it is difficult to make the lower classes understand the peculiar position of Vienna. Not a man has

risen against the Emperor; the Diet continues its sittings peaceably, and is regarded by all as the legitimate safeguard and sheet anchor of the State. The Camarilla [a Court party] has been the only object of hostility. [The Secretary of War was hanged by the mob; the excitement grew.] . . . The dead body of a student was just brought in, which had been found on the Belvedere, after the departure of the troops. The corpse was frightfully mutilated . . . all the horrors that the frenzy of a monster in human shape could devise had been perpetrated. And now there arose in the Aula shouts and howling and heart-rending cries for vengeance. . . . The women wept and wailed aloud; and the men—not students, not proletarians—raised their arms and swore vengeance on the House of Habsburg and Ferdinand *the Kind*.”

But Prince Windischgrätz and his army were too much for the revolutionary defenders of the city. Auerbach climbed up the towers of St. Stephan's-Kirche, where he found a number of men in great confusion. An order had arrived from the Municipal Council to hoist a white flag, or else those there would be dealt with according to martial law. There was no white flag; a sheet was procured from the watchman's wife, and hoisted. Other people came shouting to pull it down, saying that the proletarians would shoot all who hung out a white flag. Dr. Auerbach and the others scuttled out as fast as they could. Artillery was roaring. In the streets the crowd was scornfully yelling the song *Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser* and, in the pauses, howling and cursing the House of Habsburg. Auerbach got in safety to his lodgings; soon afterwards the husband of a young woman who had taken refuge there came in. He was unhurt, and the meeting of the two Auerbach found deeply touching. The man said, “Wife, do you know what I should like above all things? I long like a child to hear a little good music again; for weeks I have heard nothing but the sound of drums and firearms. Ay, a little good music—that's what I

should like!" And Auerbach comments: "Strange as it may appear, this readiness to revert to old and customary enjoyments after such scenes, is perhaps a genuine type of the Viennese character."

What had happened was this. General Windischgrätz had marched upon the city. The citizens tried in vain to defend the walls. The Imperial troops entered in triumph, and meted out what the conservatives deemed just punishments. Prince Schwarzenberg, who had succeeded to Metternich, compelled the incompetent and underwitted Emperor Ferdinand to resign, passed over Ferdinand's brother Francis Charles, and set up Francis Charles's son Francis Joseph, a lad of eighteen years, in his stead.

CHAPTER XXXV

FRANCIS JOSEPH

FRANCIS JOSEPH was born in 1830, and was barely eighteen when the wave of passion for social changes, of which I have been talking, swept over Europe. The young Prince inherited the personal beauty and physical strength of his mother's ancestral House of Wittelsbach, and grew up to be handsome of face, slim and strong of body, with beautiful manners and faultless bearing. He received an excellent education, and learned a self-control beyond his years. He spoke French and Italian excellently, Magyar and Czech tolerably, and possessed an admirable gift of concise expression in German. He had little imagination; his attitude to religion was that of the Austrian nobility, he accepted Catholicism as a part of the natural order. Mysticism was a sealed book to him, and his intelligence, though quick of apprehension, was dry and matter-of-fact. He early learned that his duty was to maintain the glory and power of the House of Habsburg in undiminished lustre, and he believed thoroughly in the system of stability, which Metternich had represented.

But unfortunately for concord between the rulers of Austria and their realms, the rulers (since Joseph II) had been lagging further behind Western Europe, with its new political ideas, than the realms had. Metternich's system of stability blocked the ideals and aspirations of the middle classes, irritated most educated people, and outraged the intellectuals. It reserved all initiative to the government; and the government refused to try anything new, and enforced its views by a bureaucracy and by

police. Even the Court party, headed by Francis Joseph's mother, the Archduchess Sophie, which had forced Metternich's resignation, approved of his system. That lady wrote to him: "Do not take it ill, my dear, dear Prince, that I intrude upon you with a few lines, solely dictated by the need of telling you how much I admire and revere you, how grateful I am for all the great and ineffaceable good that our poor Austria owes to you, and how much I thank you for the benefits you have conferred on my son during this last winter, in giving his ideas and sentiments so wise a direction."

In fact, when Prince Metternich left, he handed on the torch of conservatism to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The one change that the new Emperor endeavored to make was to give a military character to Vienna, but the atmosphere of Vienna was too joyous, kindly, pleasure-loving, to become truly military; that was a matter for Prussians. Vienna preferred a civilian slouch. The two leaders of the final conservative triumph in 1848 were Prince Windischgrätz, an aristocrat of the old school, a man of most resolute will, and his brother-in-law Prince Schwarzenberg, who was of a personality almost as notable as Metternich. Schwarzenberg had been colonel of a cavalry regiment, a diplomat, a Byronic hero of romance, and had long served under Metternich; he was an ideal aristocrat, fearless, outwardly imperturbable, contemptuous of the revolution and its low-born supporters, and very able.

The first important thing that Schwarzenberg did was to make Francis Joseph issue a liberal proclamation at his coronation:

"Convinced, on Our own motion, of the need and value of free institutions expressive of the spirit of the age; We enter, with due confidence, on the path leading to a salutary transformation and rejuvenation of the monarchy as a whole. On the basis of genuine liberty, on the basis of equality of all the nations of the

realm and of the equality before the law of all its citizens, and of participation by all citizens in legislation, our Fatherland may enjoy a resurrection to its old greatness and a new force. Determined to maintain the splendour of the Crown undimmed and the Monarchy as a whole undiminished, but ready to share Our rights with the representatives of Our peoples, We count on succeeding, with the blessing of God, in uniting all the regions and races of the Monarchy in one great state."

So the young Emperor, with these hollow words put into his mouth by Schwarzenberg, started out to confront the three chief tasks before him: (1) the retention of absolute power, (2) the uniting of his heterogeneous Empire, and (3) the maintenance of the hegemony of Austria among the Germanic states, in face of the challenge of dominating Prussia. No wonder he said, as he mounted the throne, "Goodbye, youth!" He lived according to his lights.

Schwarzenberg wrote to Metternich (July 29, 1850): "The Emperor sees the magnitude and difficulty of his task, and his will is firmly set to meeting it. His intelligence is acute, his diligence in business astonishing, especially at his age. He works hard for at least ten hours a day. . . . His mien is dignified, his behaviour to everyone exceedingly polite though rather dry. Men of sentiment (and many people in Vienna make claims to kindness) say he has not much heart. There is no trace in him of that warm superficial good-heartedness of many Archdukes, of the wish to please and make a personal effect. On the other hand he is perfectly accessible, patient, and well disposed to be just to every one. He has a rooted objection to any kind of lie and is absolutely discreet. But the quality that is most valuable to him in his present position, above all in a time like the present, is his courage. I have never seen it fail for an instant, even in the most difficult situations of whose peril he was entirely aware. Physically and morally he is fearless and I believe

that the main reason why he can face the truth, however bitter, is that it does not frighten him. Time will make him more self-reliant. I do my best to assist that good work. Then the country will have in him what it needs above everything—a man.”

At any rate Francis Joseph gave proof of his manliness, in that within two years after promulgating a constitution, he rendered it a dead letter, took upon himself absolute power, and after Schwarzenberg's death (1852) acted as his own prime minister and his own foreign minister. Bismarck, who met him at this time, wrote: “The youthful ruler of this country makes a very agreeable impression on me: the fire of the twenties, coupled with the dignity and foresight of riper years, a fine eye, especially when animated, and a winning openness of expression, especially when he laughs. The Hungarians are enthusiastic about his national pronounciation of their language and the elegance of his riding.”

In his foreign policies Francis Joseph had hard luck; there were difficult problems confronting him and he and his ministers did not, as we judge from their ill-success, manage them wisely. The first was the attitude to take towards Russia in the circumstances that led up to the Crimean War. The two Imperial families had been on a very friendly footing, and the Czar, when he wished to bully Turkey and establish a protectorate over Greek Christians in Turkish territories, expected Francis Joseph at least to be sympathetic, if not to aid and abet him. But the two great Western powers supported Turkey; England because she was afraid that Russian success might lead to interference with the English line of communication with India, Napoleon III because he felt the need of drawing the attention of Frenchmen away from domestic matters, and therefore claimed a protectorate over Latin Christians in Palestine.

Francis Joseph hummed and hawed, but yielding to his fear that Russian victory might be dangerous to Austrian interests in

the Balkans, leaned charily towards the Western Powers, and then, but too late to satisfy them, he concluded an alliance with them. Russia felt betrayed. During the war Nicholas I died; and Francis Joseph, according to royal good manners, wrote to the new Czar Alexander II to express condolence. Alexander answered tartly (March, 1855): "You will readily understand what the political events of this last year wrought upon my Father's spirit—he was heart-broken by them—for instead of finding in you a friend and faithful ally, on whom he relied, and whom he loved as his own son, he saw you follow a political course that brought you closer and closer to our enemies, and which, if it does not change, will infallibly lead us to a fratricidal war, and you will have to answer for it before God." The result was that at the end of the war, Francis Joseph had alienated everybody and gained nothing.

The Emperor's second problem was in Italy; Austria owned Lombardy and Venetia, and the Italians wished to get the Austrians out. Italian patriots schemed and plotted, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, each after his own fashion. Napoleon III thought he could add to Napoleonic glory and popularity by aiding Victor Emmanuel in a war of liberation against Austria. The Austrian generals were incompetent, and the French and Italians won the victories of Magenta and Solferino (June, 1859). The result was that Austria surrendered Lombardy. This was a bad reverse for Francis Joseph; but another, and far worse, awaited him a few years later.

As the Holy Roman Empire had been snuffed out by Napoleon (1806), the question as to what was to be done with the disunited states of Germany came before the Congress of Vienna, and was answered by the formation of a German Confederation. To the hegemony of this Confederation, the two powerful members, Austria and Prussia, aspired—Austria because of her ancient Imperial titles, Prussia because of her waxing might. In the previous century, the Great Elector of Bran-

denburg, Frederick William, had started Prussia on her road to domination; his son Frederick III had pushed her forward by acquiring the title of King (1701). Frederick, his son, created a first-rate army, and his grandson Frederick the Great added to her might and her renown, so that by the middle of the nineteenth century, Prussia had become a great European power. A fight to a finish for supremacy between her and Austria became inevitable; and when, in 1834, a customs union among German states under Prussian leadership was effected, with the exclusion of Austria, it seemed as if the moment had come.

But the Fates were dilatory. When the Frankfort National Assembly offered King Frederick William IV the Imperial crown of Germany, the King, partly from sentimental reasons, partly because he was unwilling to face the consequences, declined, and the crisis was temporarily averted. The Prime Minister to his successor, Prince Otto von Bismarck, was made of sterner stuff; he saw that an effective German unity could not be accomplished under the lead of Prussia, until the German Confederation had got rid of Austria, and he accomplished this by a most ingenious policy. He invited Austria to join Prussia in taking Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, and then he picked a quarrel with Austria over the spoils. It was all very simple. Redlich, the historian, says that the Emperor Francis Joseph was hindered by his belief in "the threadbare ideology of the sanctity of international treaties." Bismarck was not so hindered; he asserted that "the great questions of the time are to be decided not by speeches and votes of majorities but by blood and iron."

The struggle for hegemony was promptly and decisively settled by the crushing victory of Königgrätz (July 3, 1866). Austria was knocked out of the German Confederation. The Franco-Prussian War completed Bismarck's triumph; the German Empire was created under the domination of Prussia, and Austria became a secondary and inferior military power. The

Habsburgs had doffed their bonnets to the Hohenzollerns.

One more humiliation befell the brave, proud monarch. Hungary demanded independence of Austria, and Francis Joseph was obliged to agree to the division of his Empire, and to accept the position of monarch of two separate countries, Austria and Hungary, each with its own constitution and its own Parliament, one at Vienna and one at Budapest, united by a common monarch and the necessary adjuncts of a united army, navy, coinage, tariff, and common control of foreign affairs, and such like.

The *Ausgleich* (the Compromise) was perhaps necessary, but it only concerned Hungary, and did not comfort the other nationalities in the Empire; and to the general misfortune of all, the local spirit of race, nationality, language, in its several parts, maintained an ominous centrifugal pressure. In the Austrian dominions, there were roughly seven million Germans, five million Czechs, two and a half million Poles, two and a half million Ruthenians, a million Slovenians, half a million Croats, half a million Italians, and two hundred thousand Rumanians. Here was cause enough for all uncharitableness, and for the evils that attend upon uncharitableness. And uncharitableness and its attendants came with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE WALTZ

WHEN Francis Joseph was young, and all the trees were green, and every goose a swan, Vienna glided to the foremost place in Europe as Queen of the Waltz. Schubert's friend, the poet Bauernfeld, called Vienna—not appropriately, for he forgot her elegance and feminine delicacy, but at the feasts of that Schubertian Club those gallant comrades drank too freely—he called her “the Falstaff among cities—*ein sorgloser gemütlich, munterer, schlemmer*—a carefree, kindly, jovial roisterer to whom life is a tavern table or a dance.” This is true enough, except for the comparison with Sir John, even granting that he was “a goodly portly man . . . of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage.” Frau Schratt, in her youth, dancing, would have furnished a better similitude. Bauernfeld did better in his other stanzas:

*Es huschen die Feen und Nixen
Im Mondenschein vorbei;
Sie lachen und tanzen und knixen
Bei lieblicher Melodei.*

*Das ist ein Geigen und Blasen,
Ist ein tönende Flut—
Die Männer und Frauen, sie rasen
In stürmisch jubelnder Glut.*

The Water Elves and the Fairies
Glide by in the light of the moon,
They laugh, and they dance, and they curtsy
At the sweet, bewitching tune.

The flutes and the fiddles
Pour forth a river of sound,
And men and women dance madly,
And joyously whirl round and round.

In the next generation, Ludwig Eisenberg said: "If ever the old Viennese gaiety goes to sleep, the first note of a violin playing a waltz will wake it up, and cheer its weary spirit with rhythmical swaying and swinging, and caressing, flattering sweetness."

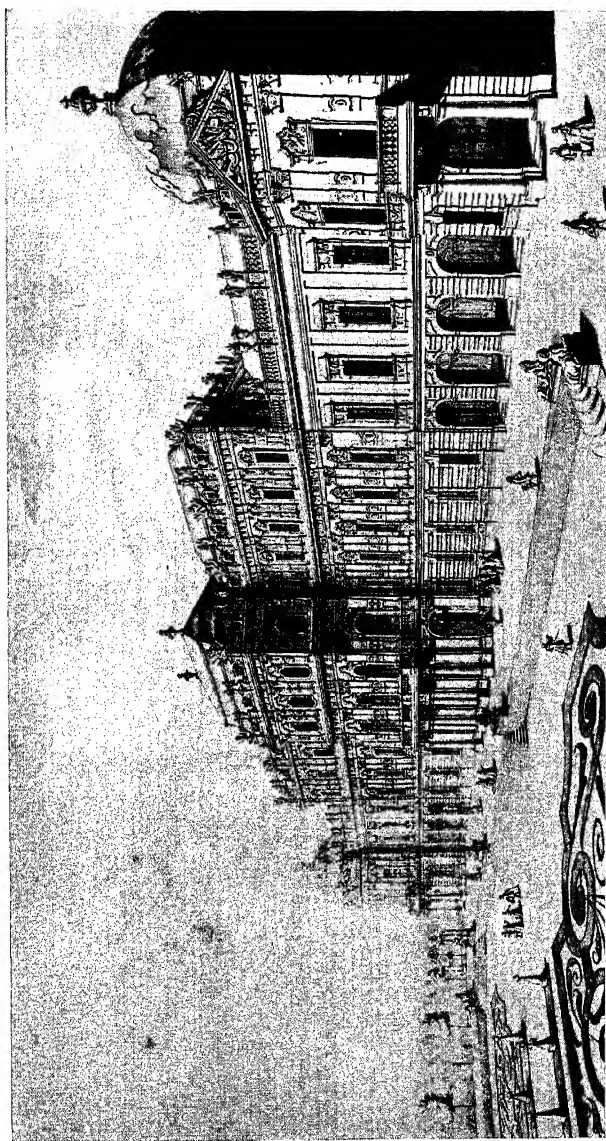
But in Francis Joseph's youth, Viennese gaiety needed no cheering up; before Königgrätz, it gave itself up to pleasure and waltzing. The waltz was the happiest expression of the Viennese character, and Strauss's *Blue Danube* stands beside Haydn's Austrian anthem. An enthusiast, Ferdinand Gross, described the Viennese waltz in allegory as an "enchanting feminine creature, that invites kisses and hugs, and yet with mysterious strength compels respect. Not a touch of crabbed age . . . to arouse reverence rather than love, and entice lips to the hand rather than to the mouth; no, she is young, and blood runs hot in her veins, roguery shines in her eyes, ecstasy flashes, wild spirits flare up, wit bursts forth, love catches on fire. Her face is a marvel; all opposites meet therein, from naughtiness to melancholy, from harmony and measure to mystery and witchcraft, as if every race in Europe had laid a good gift in its cradle."

The first of the great waltz-composers, Joseph Lanner, was born in Vienna in 1801. His rival, Johann Strauss I, was three years younger. Strauss was born in a tavern, *The Good Shepherd*, kept by his parents, in the Flossgasse, Leopoldstadt, a cosy little place frequented by a group of artistic patrons. The boy Johann—we will glance at Strauss's career, for he was really more important than Joseph Lanner, if only because he was the father of his son Johann II—early showed his musical taste and talents, but his parents, wishing him to be able to earn a

living, put him to work in a bookbinder's shop. The boy ran away; a Viennese gentleman, who had noticed him at *The Good Shepherd*, found him and took him to his own house, and had him taught music. But this did not last long. Johann was presented to Lanner, who already had collected a few itinerant musicians and used to go about playing at taverns. Johann was engaged to join the troupe, and it fell to him, as the youngest, to pass round the plate for coppers. The two boy musicians became good friends, and it is said shared one coat, or pawned it, and both were in debt as deep as they could go. Lanner, from his fair hair, was nicknamed *Towhead*, and Strauss, from his dark hair, *Niggerskull*. But Strauss decided it would be better for him to start on his own account. They parted on the most cordial terms; Lanner composed the *Trennungswalzer*, the *Parting Waltz*, in honor of their goodbyes. Today you may see the bronze statues of the two musicians, against a marble background with reliefs of dancers, in the Rathaus Park.

Strauss married the daughter of the host of *The Red Cock*, in Lichtental, and that same year his son Johann II was born (1825). Strauss's foot was soon on the ladder of success. He collected a very good band of musicians, and played in various places in Vienna. He became very popular and was chosen musical director of the fashionable dance hall, the *Sperlsäle* in Leopoldstadt, and acquired the title of *der Walzerkönig*, the Waltz King. Some critic said, "Take Rossini's melody, Watteau's colors, Carlo Gozzi's fancy, and mix them up, and you will have a Strauss waltz." He took his orchestra to Berlin, to Edinburgh, to London, and under the patronage of Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador, conducted many concerts, with great success. After his visit to England in 1838, he appeared in the Imperial Volks-Garten with unusual triumph; a critic says that "his conducting was marked by a quiet power that ensures the perfection of every minutest nuance."

But he found a musician's life hard, and decided that his son



(Salomon Kleiner)

The Upper Belvedere

Johann should be a merchant. The boy, conscious of his talents and very conscious of his inclination, struggled to obtain a musical education behind his father's back, and his mother helped him. Once, the father's first violinist gave the boy lessons, but when this was discovered Father Strauss gave the violinist notice, and only on a promise not to do so again, consented to take him back. Johann, senior, in his family played the part that Metternich played in the state. At last when the boy was eighteen, the parents were divorced and the children entrusted to the mother; and she, though in narrow circumstances, accepted every sacrifice to enable her sons to do what their talents inclined them to. Johann studied with a musician, Johannes Drechsler, who became Kapellmeister to St. Stephan's-Kirche, and composed church music, but who also had, by some odd chance, composed the music for the songs in Raimund's plays, the

Brüderlein mein, Brüderlein Fein

Buddy, Buddy, Buddy dear,

for instance. Raimund's songs were really folk poetry and needed folk music, of the kind from which the older Strauss's music had been derived, and which the younger Strauss would draw from later. It was not long then before young Strauss applied for an official license to act as Musical Director of an orchestra of his own. Together with testimonials from his teachers, he submitted what seems to have been called a Protocol, but which in simpler fashion I should call a petition:

"Johann Strauss, of Vienna, born in St. Ulrichs-Platz, eighteen years old, Catholic, bachelor, musician, residing at No. 314 Leopoldstadt, in relation to his request, says: I have always lived with my parents, in St. Ulrich for a year, in Marianhilf [another city district] for a year and a half, and then moved into Leopoldstadt, where they lived at first at *The White Wolf*, one year, at *The Unicorn*, Karmeliter-Platz, two or three years, and in their

present dwelling, No. 314, for eleven years. I have attended Gymnasium classes for four years, and Technology for two, and since boyhood have occupied myself with music, wherein according to the accompanying testimonials, I have gone so far that I am now in a position to offer myself as conductor and musical director. I have also composed several pieces. I have played the violin in the Court chapel, and in private circles, every time to the approval of the audience.

"My purpose is to play with an orchestra of from twelve to fifteen persons, in and about taverns, and in especial at Dommayer, in Hietzing [a district of Vienna near the Schönbrunn Palace] which has already guaranteed that as soon as my orchestra is organized, I may give musical entertainments there. As an earnings-tax I would pay annually twenty florins, which at the beginning ought to be sufficient. If later my undertaking should prosper, I should expect to pay a proportionally larger earnings-tax.

"Finally I state that beside dance music, I shall perform opera pieces and concert programmes, according as the nature of the entertainment demands. And, with respect to fixing the amount of the earnings-tax, I most deferentially beg leave to say that I have always led an orderly life and have never been summoned before any public official.

"JOHANN STRAUSS."

He obtained the office (1844), and went to thank his Master, Herr Drechsler, who, learning that Strauss meant to pass over church music and devote himself to light music, said in his disappointment, "Well, go along, and write waltzes like your father. You won't need any knowledge of counterpoint."

And the young man went ahead. On October 13, 1844, a Sunday, it was announced on the billboards and in the newspapers that on Tuesday the 15th, Johann Strauss, the Son, would make his first appearance with an orchestra at Dommayer in

Hietzing, opposite the Schönbrunn Park. A great crowd attended, swarming out of the old Inner City, still girdled by its ancient walls, and across the Glacis, by the dim light of oil lamps in the lamp posts, half of them partisans of old Strauss, who had been unwilling that his son should get a license to conduct an orchestra, and half of them partisans of the daring young son.

A slim youthful figure, with quick nervous movements, and dark, flashing eyes, very black hair that fell fantastically over his forehead, and a budding mustache on his upper lip, came forward and mounted the conductor's stand. There was breathless silence. The overture presented nothing especial; next came the conductor's own waltz, *Gunstwerber* (courting favor), and was encored four times. Then a polka met with resounding applause, and was called for three times, followed by a quadrille, also stormily applauded. The last piece was Johann's waltz *Sinngedichte*, and the public went crazy; they clapped, they whooped, and called for it again and again, three, four, five, six times, and would have had it played all night. Johann II had succeeded to the throne of Johann I. Then the young man rose once again on the conductor's stand, and played the *Lorelei-Rhein-Klänge* composed by his father. At this mark of respect for the father who had virtually disowned him and put every obstacle in his way, the partisans of the father joined the partisans of the son, and all plunged into a delirium of applause and approval. All Vienna recognized that it was a notable occasion. The leading critic in his newspaper, after describing the amazing success, wrote: "Good night, Lanner! Good evening, Father Strauss! Good morning, Strauss Junior!" Lanner had died in 1843, old Strauss died in 1849, and Strauss the younger was left without a rival.

He continued for many years to compose his winged waltzes. In 1866, the dreadful year of Königgrätz, he wrote *An der schönen, blauen Donau*, and sent his name, and that of Vienna,

like Puck, to put a girdle round the world. Eisenberg called it the wordless *Friedens-Marseillaise*, the Marseillaise of Peace. Its title is taken from a poem by Karl Beck:

*Und ich sah Dich reich an Schmerzen,
Und ich sah Dich jung und hold,
Wo die Treue wächst im Herzen,
Wie im Schacht das edle Gold
An der Donau, an der schönen, blauen Donau!*

And I saw you rich in sorrows,
And I saw you young and fair,
With Truth on guard within your heart,
As pure gold lies within the mine,
By the Danube, by the beautiful blue Danube.

*In den Sternen stand's geschrieben,
Dass ich finden Dich gemusst,
Und auf ewig Dich zu lieben,
Und ich lass es mir zu Lust
An der Donau, an der schönen, blauen Donau!*

In the stars it standeth written
That find you I needs must,
And love you everlastingly,
And I took my fate with joy,
By the Danube, by the beautiful blue Danube.

Perhaps it was that after Königgrätz and its humiliation to Viennese pride, the zest of waltzing, the free, careless, abandonment to the joy of swaying over a polished floor, in close embrace, lost its edge; at all events, whatever the cause, Strauss turned towards opera. It is said that in 1862 Offenbach spent the carnival at Vienna, and that Strauss was very polite to him, and never tired of conducting the French guest wherever there was anything worth seeing or hearing. Offenbach was grateful and fully recognized the excellence of Strauss's music, and used all his eloquence to persuade Strauss that he had talents for the opera, and that there he could achieve his best. Once

as they sat drinking in friendly fashion at *The Golden Lamb* Offenbach burst out, as if he had been waiting for an opportunity, "My dear Strauss, you ought to write operettas." And when Strauss, in his modest way, attempted to say what he thought about it, Offenbach interrupted, "And I assure you, that you possess all the qualities necessary to achieve a brilliant success." The idea, whether it came from Offenbach or elsewhere, lingered in Strauss's mind, and was strongly urged upon him by his wife and his friends.

Franz von Suppé (1820-1895) led the way. Destiny seems to have intended him for comic opera, for his name is a gay aria in itself, Francesco Ezechiele Ermenegildo Suppé-Demelli. The officiating priest must have said "Encore." Suppé was very popular in his day, and *Fatinitza* is still remembered. He was a good fellow and a genuine Viennese. But, in spite of Suppé's operettas, Offenbach dominated the comic opera at Vienna. Strauss now stepped forward to challenge that domination. On February 10, 1871, "*Indigo, or the Forty Thieves*" was performed. The leading theatrical critic said of it next day:

"Johann Strauss, who inherited the Waltz fame of his father, and has added to it new glory, for the first time last night abandoned the concert hall in order to essay the operatic stage. All classes of people took a lively interest, and whoever could hurried to get a place for this first night. There is no more popular name in Vienna than Strauss. The Strauss dance music has accompanied and played about thousands of love romances. It lives in the mouth of girls of the people, and echoes under the tender fingers of high-born ladies; the air of Vienna is full of it. And Vienna's darling, when he mounted the conductor's stand, was clamorously applauded, and one would have thought oneself in the Volksgarten or in the Blumensäle, when a waltz tune came into the overture, it met such a salvo of welcome. These dance motives gave a foretaste of what was coming, only the audience received more than was promised. It would do

the composer injustice if we picked out the gems. The whole is an excellent piece of work and justifies the highest hopes for the future. If, in consequence of well-known circumstances [the Franco-Prussian War], Jacques Offenbach must be excluded, we may expect Johann Strauss to take his place. Strauss possesses an imagination of unusual strength, and also the necessary technique. Both rhythmically and harmoniously, dance music has unveiled all its charms to him, and by his own melodious treatment he has added still new charms to it."

The performance was a great triumph.

In 1872 he was invited to go to Boston to some great civic celebration. He dreaded the voyage, but the offers were generous, and, during the voyage, though his fellow passengers kept their cabins, he hobnobbed with the captain, drank cognac and smoked large cigars. When good weather came, the Prussian band played his waltzes on deck and Strauss bade his valet, an excellent waltzer, dance with every lady in turn. There were great days in Boston; Verdi was there and von Bülow. Strauss was a great success. When he appeared in the theatre the public gave him three cheers, and ladies besought his valet to cut for them a lock of his hair, which, to say truth, according to American taste would not have suffered from much cutting. When he returned to Vienna he produced the *Karneval in Rom*; and then his masterpiece *Die Fledermaus* on April 5, 1875. The text was derived from "Reveillon," a vaudeville by Meilhac and Halévy.

The Blue Danube and *Die Fledermaus* express better than any words can, those essentially Viennese qualities, which are so charming, an insouciance, a delicate irony, a skepticism of self-denial and laborious effort, a relish for wild carouse, for enthusiastic friendship, for love that shall last today and tomorrow, for laughter and gaiety, for gliding down well-polished days and nights, clasping Euphrosyne, and not a thought of the future. That damned Future! Let Prussia have it.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE EMPRESS AND THE CROWN PRINCE

THE Archduchess Sophie proposed to marry her son Francis Joseph to the oldest daughter of her sister, the wife of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and an arrangement was made that the two families should meet at Ischl (a fashionable watering-place not very far from Salzburg) in the summer of 1853. On August 15 the young Emperor met his two young cousins, whom he had never seen except as little girls, but instead of choosing the eldest, Nené, he fell wildly in love with her younger sister, Sisi (a nickname for Elisabeth) who was but fifteen. On the seventeenth Francis Joseph rushed to his mother's room early in the morning, to tell her that Sisi was enchanting—her hair! her eyes! her figure! That night there was a ball. On the eighteenth, Francis Joseph's eighteenth birthday, he had eyes for nothing but Sisi, and that evening Duchess Ludovika (her mother) told Sisi the Emperor wished to marry her. And the next day at seven o'clock in the morning a note of consent was delivered to the Emperor, and off he rushed to Sisi's door.

The wedding took place in Vienna on April 24, 1854, and the poor girl was at once subjected to the domination of her mother-in-law; the morning after the wedding (honeymoons not being included in Imperial customs) she was obliged to come down to the family breakfast table. She had not been allowed to bring one single lady from home with her, so that she was wholly surrounded by strangers; and instructed by a domineering mother-in-law. The etiquette was exceedingly distasteful to her, she was never left alone, and knew herself always

under observation. She was criticized because she wore the same pair of shoes for a month, because she found it irksome to keep her gloves on at receptions, because she judged the toilet arrangements abominable, and so on. The worst was lack of personal freedom. The police polluted the air. It is said that in the archives of the Cabinet Secretariat there is or was a bundle of documents, dating from 1867 to 1870, that shows how the office of the Household Controller knew through police agents of all her doings.

Everybody says that she was very beautiful. One lady describes her as "too beautiful for words, with inscrutable eyes of deep amber flecked with gold, and wonderful hair which, unbound, flowed round her in heavy chestnut waves, a daughter of sun and fire"; and another, as a "quaint combination of an angel, and a goddess, a Greek nymph and a Christian virgin blended into one."

But the possession of beauty is not all in all. The Empress was lonely, she turned to pet animals and poetry for comfort; she composed, at this time, two poems *Sehnsucht* and *The Captive Bird*, and another, within two weeks after her marriage, in which she regrets that she had abandoned freedom, to find herself in a prison cell. Poor little lady, she began to hate her mother-in-law—*diese böse Frau*. Two daughters were born, one of whom died, and a son Rudolph (1857), but the mother-in-law insisted upon taking control of the health and training of the children. As an aide-de-camp expresses it afterwards: "Sophie was certainly a good old meddler. . . . They must have given the poor young Empress hell. . . . We were thoroughly sorry for her."

Not till she was twenty-eight did she dare speak out boldly on this subject to the Emperor. Then she wrote to him: "It is my wish that full and unlimited powers should be reserved to me in all things concerning the children, the choice of those by whom they are surrounded and of their place of residence,

and the entire control of their bringing-up; in short I alone must decide everything up to their majority. I further desire that everything concerning my own affairs, such, for instance, as the choice of those about my person, my place of residence, all changes in domestic arrangements, etc., etc., should be left for me alone to decide. Elisabeth."

She was a strange lady in some respects, and gave rise to much comment because she went away from Vienna for long periods, and stayed at Madeira, at Venice, or Corfu, for months at a time. She seems to have behaved always with strict propriety, though she probably found her husband, who lacked all interest in her intellectual tastes, in her love of art and poetry, a little tedious, and never gave him ground for any criticism.

I cannot do better than quote an episode told by a friend of hers (*The Martyrdom of an Empress*, pp. 49, 50). As you see, the lady has a markedly baroque style. "This scene took place at Schönbrunn, the favorite summer residence of the Emperor. . . . It was on the night of a state ball, and the Empress, fatigued by the heat and glare of the *salons*, had stepped out upon the terrace illumined by the chastened radiance of the full-moon. She was accompanied by the young Count H—, a great noble, and one of the handsomest and most dashing officers of the Emperor's body-guard. Elisabeth had at that time attained the fulness of her flawless beauty. Clad from head to foot in snowy lace, with great emeralds, her favorite gem, gleaming on her white neck and in the masses of her perfumed hair, she paced slowly up and down along the rose-covered marble balustrade, talking to her companion in that melodious low voice which had something so captivating about it. Suddenly, as they reached a shadowy and secluded corner of the long mosaic-paved walk, Count H—, losing all control over his feelings, cast himself at her feet, and confessed his love in broken, tremulous accents. He was terribly in earnest, and words came to his lips like a furious torrent let loose by the

breaking up of ice in the spring-woods, unconsidered and unwise beyond all pardon. He clung to the hem of her skirts, which he had grasped, his eyes sparkling like fire, his whole frame shaking with fierce emotion. With one swift movement she shook herself free, and looked at him as she might have looked at some infuriated animal, which she wished to cow. He saw that she was implacably offended. 'How dare you!' she exclaimed, almost choking with a fury which was all the more terrible because it was so foreign to her nature to yield to any outward sign of anger."

But Countess Marie Larisch gives a slightly different picture of the Empress, and reports that she said, "What I do not mind doing, nobody else need cavil at. Love is no sin. God created love; and morality is entirely a question for oneself. So long as you do not hurt anyone else through love, no one ought to presume to judge you." But the Countess adds, "Elisabeth was in love with love because it represented the color of life to her. She regarded the excitement of being adored as a tribute which her beauty had a right to demand; but her fancies never lasted long, probably because she was too artistic ever to become sensual, and the lover who shattered her conception of him as an ideal was instantly dismissed."

At any rate the Empress was very different from the conventional Habsburgs, and it seems that her son Rudolph, the Crown Prince, inherited much of his interesting nature and unusual gifts from her. This tragic young man, born in 1857, grew up to be a slender adolescent with a distinguished and sensitive countenance, indicative of unusual intellectual gifts. His education was thorough and broad; he read widely and was full of liberal ideas. He was a zealous student of science, and was well grounded in history, and in economics. He knew the principal European languages and most of the national tongues included in the Empire. He wrote an admirable German prose style. And he was well instructed in the art of war. He delighted in

hunting, and had a marked taste for zoology and botany. By the time he was twenty he showed an interest in contemporary literature and in the press, that no other Habsburg showed. In religious matters he was a free thinker.

The educated public looked upon him with great approval, but the Emperor and the family Archdukes raised their eyebrows; and the Emperor refused to allow him to pursue his scientific studies seriously at the University. He became more and more separated from his father's beliefs, but he seems to have reached a real, though intermittent, sympathy for his mother's love of independence and for her half-romantic, half-skeptical philosophy. Naturally, as he grew older he became more and more critical of his father. The situation was hard: the father, a man of great experience, who had endured many hard knocks, and the son, who realized that he was more intellectual than his father, and was so sure of what ought to be changed, if less sure as to what it should be changed into. The clever Countess Larisch said that "Rudolph rapidly developed all the fascination, cleverness and degeneracy which," so she asserts, "distinguished so many male members of the House of Habsburgs." Bismarck saw him in 1888 and said: "Your Crown Prince was pleasant as indeed he always is. But as to the development of his mental powers and the maturity of his opinions and conceptions, these surpassed even my expectations. His comprehension of political matters is no ordinary one, and proves that, in spite of his youth, he has reflected independently and seriously on many subjects; he really surprised me. We were not always of the same opinion, but he was able to argue his point of view excellently, and what struck me most about this was the cautious manner in which he did so."

In due course it was thought time to get him a wife. So he was betrothed (1880) to an uninteresting, unattractive, though some say she was beautiful, little Belgian princess; but the choice of a Habsburg bride was limited—she needed to be

royal and Catholic. His mother was unhappy over the match. But the Crown Prince approached the marriage with contentment. He wrote: "Stephanie is pretty, good, sensible, very distinguished, and will be a faithful daughter and subject of her Emperor, and a good Austrian. I am very happy and satisfied." (Brussels, March 7, 1880.) "I am jubilant with happiness and contentment. The days pass all too fast, and I think with anxiety of the moment when I shall have to leave. I have become very fond of my future people in law." (March 11, 1880.) "In Stephanie I have found a real angel, a good and faithful being who loves me, a very intelligent, cultured and tactful companion for life, who will stand successfully and sympathetically by my side in all my difficult undertakings. I am certain that she will soon love her new home, and that, as a good Austrian and faithful subject of her Lord and Emperor she will be an adornment to my beloved country." (March 13, 1880.)

The wedding took place in Vienna, on May 10, 1881, and was celebrated with due circumstance. The entertainments began with a popular festival in the Prater and continued with great magnificence, for his Majesty's subjects in Vienna were fond of processions and display. The Prater was looking its best and was thronged with people. The spring had decked it for the ceremony with mosses and little flowers, violets, primroses, narcissi, and budding trees. The procession started from the Schönbrunn Palace, and crossed the entire city, with the streets all glorious with flags and banners and crowded with spectators. Sixty-two equipages wound their stately way—horses currycombed till they shone, grooms in resplendent liveries, bejewelled ladies in gorgeous clothes, men in glittering uniforms. Countess Larisch as *Palast Dame* wore a yellow and silver gown with a blue and silver *manteau de court* three yards long, carried by a page. The Emperor, according to inter-regal courtesy, wore the uniform of a Belgian colonel, and the King of the Belgians wore that of an Austrian colonel. Princess Victoria of

Prussia drove in a carriage with her brother the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). The Crown Prince of Prussia (Emperor Wilhelm II) in the uniform of an Austrian captain drove with Prince Rudolph's sister.

The crowd was delighted with the show, and when the procession had crossed the Donau Kanal, gone down the Prater-Strasse and had reached the Prater Stern, it broke through the guarding line of police, into the square and got in the way of the horses. The old Emperor stood up, and shouted out in his jolly way: "*Aber Kinder, seien sie doch nicht so dumm!* You want to celebrate the Crown Prince's wedding, and not his funeral and yours! Give us room to breathe!" And the crowd cheered. The paean often heard round St. Stephan's tower seemed truer than ever: "Though beautiful this city and splendid its buildings and historical associations, its crowning glory is the gay and friendly character of its beloved inhabitants."

That evening the city clothed itself in light, windows were garlanded with gas jets and candles in many colored globes, and in the streets there were pyramids and trees all brilliant with bulbs and lanterns; the houses seemed to waltz, so gay and merry was the general mood. Years before, in 1857, the old fortifications, that had guarded the city from the Turks, had been pulled down, and in their place, great avenues, the Ring-Strasse, sixty yards in width, bordered by parks and palaces, had been laid out, as if on purpose for just such a festival. These places were lighted fantastically; while in the Volks-Garten (beyond the Hofburg), the Stadt-Park (to the east of the Ring-Strasse), and the Schwarzenberg-Platz (down on the way to Prince Eugene's Belvedere), colored fountains bubbled their satisfaction. All were parts of a fairyland, like scenes from Cinderella.

But, as one looks back, all this jocund embodiment of mirth and joy serves but as a foil to make the tragedy that follows stand fiery off. The couple was ill-assorted. The Crown Prince was intelligent and gay, and melancholy. She was ignorant,

unintelligent, unattractive—her arms were red, she had no eyebrows or eyelashes—and he made her jealous; there were misunderstandings and quarrels. At last he found her simply unbearable, and sought relief in hunting, for he was a great huntsman, and pursued boars, bears, chamois, all shootable fauna, with untiring vigor. His favorite hunting lodge, Schloss Mayerling, lay some dozen miles southwest of Vienna in the Schwechat-Tal, and there he loved to make frequent visits, shooting, and stuffing the wild creatures he had shot, and ticketing specimens of rock and minerals. Three of the salons represented a forest with grottoes, with trees and shrubs planted in great boxes, and peopled with stuffed wild creatures in appropriate places—a bear, lynxes, foxes, stags, eagles, owls, a most Teutonically pleasing baroque jungle. In one glass case was the carcass of a horse, fed upon by vultures and ravens; in fact the hall was *sui generis* and a great solace to its owner. His wife suspected that these trophies were not enough to take him to the lodge, and rumor said that she went to look for herself, and rendered her husband furious. Matters went so far that she asked her father's permission to return to Belgium, but he replied that it was her duty to stay by her husband's side.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MAYERLING

A RICH banker named Baltazzi, a Greek from the island of Chios, had married an English woman and settled in Vienna. The banker's sons had pleasant manners, a faculty for sociability, and a taste for sport, and were well established in Viennese society that ranked a little lower than the Court circle. His daughter married a Hungarian gentleman, Baron Vetsera, who had died before this part of our story, and Baroness Vetsera now had a very fine house on the Salesianergasse, not far from the gardens of the Belvedere, where she practiced a luxurious hospitality. Her second daughter Marie, was a charming girl, who possessed literary and musical tastes, read insatiably, and was enthusiastic for singing. Like the Crown Prince, she had a variable temperament. Sometimes she was all for dress and elegance, sometimes she would fall into melancholy and depression. She seemed a mixture of Europe and Asia, of superstition, fancy and almost ecstasy. Sometimes, with a cigarette in her lips, she was bold and free, and then again troubled and nervous, talking very fast, and beating an accompaniment with her heels. Her beauty had a Greek touch. Her mouth and chin were very elegantly modelled, and engendered fascination. Her lips were red, her teeth little and white, her nose slightly retroussé, and her eyes were deep blue, with long delicate eyelashes, and her eyebrows were even and well marked. Her hair was dark and very long, her hands were pretty and her feet little.

There are stories that they had met when she was a little girl, but it is said that the first communication recorded was a

message from her to him, by the medium of Countess Larisch, "One who loves him sends him an affectionate greeting," but it does not appear that the Countess gave the message. The real beginning of the girl's infatuation for the Prince was when she saw him riding in the Prater, she told her maid that she could never love anyone else. Her sister, in a moment of vexation said to the Countess Larisch: "I must tell you, though you will not believe that Marie can be such a fool. She is madly in love with the Crown Prince." To which Marie retorted with languid insolence, "And whom do I vex, if it pleases me to admire the Crown Prince? It is a pleasure to adore a man so different from other men." Then, according to Countess Larisch this episode followed (Signor Borgese thinks it incorrect): Marie wrote the Prince a note. In consequence, his carriage stopped at ten o'clock at night before her door. Marie got out of bed, put on a gown over her nightdress, tiptoed through her sister Anna's room, who was fast asleep, went downstairs where her sympathetic maid wrapped her in cloak and veil, and helped her into the carriage. The Prince's coachman, Bratfisch, drove her off but soon stopped, and Rudolph got in. As she told the Countess Larisch afterwards, "Oh, Maria, how can I tell you my feelings. I almost fainted for joy, when I knew that he was by my side. That drive was paradise for me. We talked of lots of things, and Rudolph was as adorable as I had imagined." Such is the story by Countess Larisch. After this followed a meeting between the lovers in the Prater by daylight. Marie's letter to a friend gives the next episode in the story:

"Today you receive from me a blessed letter; I have been to see him. Maria Larisch took me with her to do some shopping, then we went to be photographed, naturally for him. Then we went back to the Grand Hotel, where Bratfisch and the carriage were waiting for us. We had our faces in our boas and went at a great pace to the Hofburg. An old servant was waiting to receive us by a little iron door, and led us up several dark stair-

ways, through several rooms, and finally stopped before a door, and bade us go in. As I entered, a black bird, a species of crow, flew by my head, and a voice called from the next room, 'Please come in, Ladies, I am here.' We went in. Maria presented me, and we began one of our usual Viennese conversations. At last he said, 'I must speak to the Countess alone,' and he and Maria went into another room. On his desk there was a revolver and a skull. I picked up the skull and looked at it all over. Suddenly he came back, and in alarm took it from my hands. But when I said I wasn't afraid of it, he smiled. As he went away, he accompanied us across a dark room and down a stairway, and said to Maria, 'Please bring her to see me soon again. . . .' The date of this visit was November 5, 1888.

A little later Marie wrote again to the same friend: "Maria Larisch has gone away, and so I can't see him. I am dying of homesickness, and I don't know how I can wait till she comes back. However, she promised to come back soon, and I count the hours, for since I have known him and spoken to him, my love is still greater. I plan night and day what I can possibly do to see him, but without Maria it is impossible." Nevertheless it seems that they did see each other. During the opera season, while the Wagnerian cycle was playing, and her mother and sister were at the opera listening to the music, she went to the palace between seven o'clock and nine. According to Signor Borgese the irreparable happened on January 13, 1889. A letter from her to this same friend says: "Dear Erminia, I must make a confession that will cause you much unhappiness. Yesterday I went to see him between seven and nine. We both lost our heads, now we belong to one another body and soul. On Saturday I hope to get out of a ball and fly to him." And on that day when she got home she said to her maid, "It would have been better, if I had not gone out this time; but now I no longer belong to myself, but wholly to him." A little while before her death she wrote to her sister to lay a wreath on her tomb twice a

year, on her birthday and on January 13. She was passionately in love with him: "He is my God, he is my all. If we could live together in a hut, how happy I should be! We always talk of it, and it makes us happy to talk of it; and yet it cannot be."

Rudolph proposed to divorce Stephanie and marry Marie Vetsera. Doubt reigns more or less over all these facts; but this seems to be what took place. Rudolph did apply to the Pope, Leo XIII, for a divorce from his wife. This wild and unimaginable application the Pope sent to the Emperor, who summoned his son to his cabinet. Their meeting took place on January 26, 1889. Some say that the Archbishop of Vienna was present and the two Archdukes Albert and Karl Ludwig; others say that the Empress and the Papal Nuncio were there. The Emperor was beside himself at the idea of a divorce and marriage with a mistress, or, according to another hypothesis, because the girl was his own daughter; he threatened to disinherit his son, and extracted the Prince's word of honor that after one last goodbye he would separate from Marie Vetsera forever.

On January 27 there was a great reception at the German Embassy in honor of Kaiser William's birthday. Baroness Vetsera and Marie were there, brilliant in diamonds. It is said that Marie and Stephanie passed near each other, that Marie looked the Crown Princess directly in the eyes, but made no greeting; it is also said that Marie had eyes only for the Crown Prince, and by some that the Prince spoke to her. But all these happenings were swallowed up by events to come. The next day, January 28, a Monday, Rudolph went to Mayerling. The girl, too, went, but separately.

This *Schloss*, castle, hunting lodge as they call it, lies in a wildish country a little more than a dozen miles as the crow flies from Vienna. Rudolph had bought it from the Monks of Heiligenkreuz, a monastery near by, and though he had greatly changed the interior some of the rooms preserved their monastic appearance. The household while he stayed there

consisted of two cooks, two other men servants, his head game-keeper and an old valet, Loschek. From time to time the Crown Prince would invite his friends to go there especially in the hunting season. This time he had invited Count Hoyos and Prince Coburg. Confusion now again descends like a cloud on the story, but some facts are clear. On the twenty-eighth Rudolph and Marie go to Mayerling. In Vienna the Baroness Vetsera searches for her daughter, goes to the Chief of Police, and to the Prime Minister Taaffe. On the morning of the twenty-ninth Countess Larisch was summoned by telegram to join her husband, and left Vienna. On the same morning of the twenty-ninth Count Hoyos and Prince Coburg took the early train to Baden (a little town near Mayerling) and drove to the *Schloss*, arriving at ten minutes past eight. They noticed that the shutters on the side of the *Schloss* toward the road were all closed, as if the house were uninhabited. The Crown Prince breakfasted with them, and sent them off to shoot, excusing himself on the ground of a cold he had caught the day before. The two guests set out on their hunting. Prince Coburg went back to Vienna early in the afternoon. Hoyos returned later to his lodging in what was formerly a workman's cottage, and went to the *Schloss* to dine with the Prince at seven o'clock. This is Hoyos' own story.

That evening the Imperial family had a dinner party to celebrate a betrothal; Rudolph was expected but sent a telegram to excuse himself on the ground of a slight indisposition. The Crown Prince and Count Hoyos dined alone. The Prince, having remarked that he had been writing a great deal and had not been out all day, talked about all sorts of things. Count Hoyos says that he was gentle, moderate in his criticisms, and that he felt all the Prince's charm. The Count thanked him for various acts of kindness, especially for a hunting party the spring before, and the Prince said, "Yes, the Wiener Wald is beautiful, very beautiful," and they told stories of hunting and

of the remarkable instinct possessed by setters. Then the Prince read three telegrams from Count Karolyi in Pest on Hungarian politics. The dinner was simple—soup, goose-liver pie, roast beef, roast venison and pastry; the Prince had a fairly good appetite and drank plenty of wine. He said he had a bad catarrh; the Count offered him handkerchiefs, he replied that he had a sufficient supply. They smoked together till nine o'clock; then the Prince shook hands, told him he had ordered breakfast to be served the next morning as soon as Prince Coburg arrived, and bade his friend goodnight. The Count returned to the workman's cottage.

As Prince Coburg was coming in the morning on the same train that the two had taken the day before, Count Hoyos intended to go to the *Schloss* at eight o'clock. A little before that time a servant came to say that Loschek, the Prince's valet, wished the Count to know that the Prince had left word not to be wakened. The Count remarked that the Prince must be sleeping soundly; but the servant reported that the Prince had been up at half-past six, had gone, fully dressed, to the ante-room and had ordered Loschek, who slept next door, to wake him again at half-past seven, and to order his breakfast, and have Bratfisch, the coachman, bring his carriage to the door, and then whistling to himself had gone back into his bedroom. The servant also reported that Loschek had been knocking on the door since half-past seven, with his knuckles and also a bit of wood, but had elicited no sound. Hoyos was alarmed and hurried to the castle. The Prince's door was locked and Hoyos again beat on the door and shouted. No answer; so he ordered the door to be broken in. At this moment Loschek informed him for the first time that the Prince was not alone, but that the Baroness Vetsera was with him. This news took the Count completely by surprise. He had had no inkling of any such intimacy. It was then nine minutes past eight. Prince Coburg was due at ten minutes past, and just then he drove up. The

two decided to break the door at once. "On account of the exceptionally delicate circumstances, Loschek was to go in alone, and see how matters stood, and the nomination of other witnesses [this casts a light on the Emperor's ubiquitous authority] was to be left to his August Majesty."

A panel of the door was broken in with a hatchet. Loschek looked in. He said that the two bodies lay dead on the bed. The two gentlemen, considering the "delicate circumstances" of the case, remained outside, and decided not to call a doctor, but that Loschek must convince himself that human help would be vain. Loschek put his arm through the broken door, unlocked it and went in. Both were dead; the Crown Prince was lying bent over the edge of the bed, with a great pool of blood in front of him. The one thing to be done was to notify the Emperor. Coburg stayed on guard. Hoyos drove to Baden with Bratfisch and then took the train to Vienna. Arrived at the Hofburg, Hoyos mounted the so-called kitchen stairs to the apartment of Count Bombelles, Comptroller of the Household of the Crown Prince; Bombelles conducted Hoyos to Baron Nopsca, Comptroller-in-Chief of the Emperor's apartment; Nopsca conducted him to Count Edward Parr, His Majesty's General Field-Marshal. They decided that they must tell the Empress first, and through Fräulein von Ferenzy as intermediary, Count Hoyos saw Her Majesty and told the story. The Empress told the Emperor.

Both the hero and heroine of the tragedy had written farewell letters. Baron von Mitis says that "the exact wording of those letters has never become known." But the following have been printed:

Rudolph to an unknown person:

"My dear Friend, My strength has been paralyzed, and I have not the courage to show the world, in so laughable a way, the

aureole of my dignity. Now, I shall be considered absolutely invincible. And after all this would not have happened, if I had wished to avoid it, but I am too weary. But do not think I have wanted to do anything but my strict duty. I have finished these last things with philosophic calm, and I do not feel the least nervous tension, nor the burden of contrition against which I have so often rebelled. How gladly I would unpack my heart to you! But the time is terribly short. M [Marie] is by my side, and her joy supports me. In these hours I am really happy. My most hearty farewells, R."

Marie to the Baroness Vetsera:

"Dear Mother, I am going to die for Rudolph. We love each other too deeply to endure existence apart from each other, and a cruel fate that nothing can alter has made it impossible that we should ever belong to one another. He has had to give his father his word of honor that he would never see me again. There are circumstances which prevent our union, circumstances that I cannot talk of, least of all with you. I am happier to die than to live. Forgive me. Your unhappy Marie."

Marie to her Sister:

"He has told me all. I cannot tell you what he did tell me. I can never be his now. I am alone for a moment, while he has gone down to send away Bratfisch [the coachman]. I knew that something dreadful would happen to prevent our being happy, so I brought the poison with me, and I am going to drink it. When he returns it will be too late to save me, and I will die in his arms, happy to be with him till the last. Forgive me and love me. Pray for me, and take care of our poor mother. She will feel this more than you can think of or know."

There were others in Rudolph's handwriting, but none to his father. One to a very close friend, the Duke of Braganza: "Dear Friend, I must die. In honor I can do nothing else. Good-bye. The blessing of God be with you. Rudolph." And to another: "Dear Szoegyenyi. You will find enclosed herein a codicil to my last will and testament made two years ago. You will find most of my papers in my study at the Hofburg; I leave it to your discretion to decide which seem fit for publication. These papers are locked up in the drawer of the table that stands near the sofa, and so I enclose also the gold key to open it. When you receive these lines, I shall be no more. I must die. Give my most affectionate remembrance to all my friends. May God bless our beloved country. Rudolph."

The Emperor published a message to the people of Vienna a few days later: "Tell my people that it is to the courage and devotion of that noble woman, the Empress, that I have not given way to absolute despair." There was a fitful attempt to conceal the fact that the Crown Prince's death was by suicide. The truth would out; and the Emperor issued another proclamation: "To my People. Deeply moved by a sorrow too profound for words, I humbly bow before the inscrutable decrees of a Providence which has chosen to afflict myself and my people, and I pray Almighty God to grant to us all the courage to bear the load of our irreparable loss, etc." In the meantime, the day after the two suicides, one body was taken in state to Vienna, the other buried huggermugger in the cemetery at Heiligenkreuz, two miles away.

As one looks back on this tragedy of a young man, twenty-nine years old, of morbid temperament, but rare promise and great gifts, a beautiful girl of seventeen, with power to love love better than life, sacrificed whether to a motive of Greek tragedy, to inadequate conventions, to unjustifiable theories, it seems a presage of the tragedy of Austria. To her as to her children, will, strength, persistence, the unconquerable soul

had been denied, but charm, loveliness, a longing for happiness accompanied by a wish to scatter happiness with both hands, a gift of irony, of mocking fate,—qualities most necessary to make a kindly world—had been abundantly given. There could hardly be a more severe criticism of the “fittest,” if it be that the “fittest” survive.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1890-1910

IN the centuries before the time we have now reached, the adjectives *fröhlich* and *glänzend* kept forcing themselves to the front as typical Viennese adjectives, and, during the generations subject to the domination of Johann Strauss, father and son—for many years in a decade and many months in a year—kind fate whipped melancholy adjectives out of the town, set mirth on a pedestal, tuned the violins, and even as late as the eighties like a policeman in charge of jollity, ordered all people, old and young, to wear on their sleeves the appropriate emblem. You can still hear old physicians, octogenarians now, who had the luck to study medicine in their youth in Vienna, tell delightful tales, such as the children of Hamelin heard when the Pied Piper played, of what Vienna was like when they attended the medical school of the General Hospital. How a group of American students lodged together four flights up, how a sweet-mannered Viennese girl fetched their chocolate and rolls in the morning, how they improvised bathtubs, and obtained an adequate supply of water, how they hurried to the lecture hall or to the clinic, how they struggled with German speech and copied one another's notes, how the professors appeared like supermen, so clear in explanation, so learned, so skillful, so kind, how busy they themselves were all day—happy memories made them to themselves models of industry and perseverance, heroically triumphant over difficulties. It was a time of giants at the General Hospital. There was Rokitansky, compact of anatomy and pathology; Joseph Skoda, a miracle-worker and diagnostician;

Ferdinand Hebra, the dermatologist; Joseph Hyrtl, anatomist; Brücke, physiologist; Oppolzer, physician; Theodor Billroth, the surgeon. To listen to American memories of these men is like hearing tales of mythological patriarchs. And if there was doubt as to treatment A or treatment B, in some mortal disease, those Austrian doctors, lovers of certainty (I am but repeating what I have heard), tried treatment A in one hospital on a thousand patients, and treatment B in another hospital on another thousand patients, and though all subjected to A recovered, and all subjected to B died, they continued to administer B in the second hospital, No. 996, No. 997, No. 998, No. 999, No. 1000, until all were dead. Q.E.D. The A treatment was established throughout the world.

And after lectures were over and notes copied out, how delicious was the dinner in a little restaurant, with wines from vineyards of the neighborhood, and, on feast days, the Fête of the Immaculate Conception, George Washington's birthday, the Emperor's birthday, the Empress's birthday, the Crown Prince's birthday—they put on their best clothes and feasted at Sacher's where the waiter pointed out great personages, noted ladies and distinguished gentlemen; and, there was the theatre, the Burg-Theatre, the Raimund-Theatre, the Wiener Bürger-Theatre; what fun, what animation, what enjoyment, what delight! And the Weinkeller, and the Heurigenschenken, and long draughts and toasts, and songs, and arm-in-arm a tramp round the Ring-Strasse and back, late at night or early in the morning, to the four flights up, sound sleep, and a spoken, or unspoken, prayer of thankfulness for life, for youth and Vienna.

But those young men skimmed the cream; life was not all like that. Not even in the Golden Age was it like that, nor will it be in the new Golden Age of Socialism and the Brotherhood of Man. There was another side to the story, or perhaps a change went over Vienna in the following years: human relations were hard to adjust properly, maidens were over-trusting, men were

inconstant, the privileged were selfish, the unprivileged discontent, the poor were sometimes cold and hungry, and the laboring class endeavored to push its way to a place in the sun. There was, for instance, an ugly pattern in the life of the middle classes between 1890 and the Great War, at least a pattern that Arthur Schnitzler (1862-1931), the novelist, saw.

Schnitzler was a very intelligent man, and his pictures of the Viennese may be accepted as true; though one should make allowance for the effect upon him of *Fin-de-siècle* world weariness, of impressionism, of naturalism, and other literary movements. The young men he describes are what one colloquially calls no good. You will find his hero, perhaps, a young aristocrat, proud of his ancestry, feeling himself set apart from the bourgeoisie (why, he does not stop to think) who, not obliged to work for a living, cultivates his talent for music by fits and starts. He composes a charming song, a bit of chamber music, or, it may be a symphony, is applauded by his friends, flattered by ladies who crowd round the piano, and then procrastinates about what he shall do next to please the world. But what he does not procrastinate in is the pursuit of pleasure in the shape of a pretty girl. He is a man of taste, a gentleman, as the term usually goes; he chooses a sweet modest girl, makes love to her delicately, gradually, conqueringly, not declaring promises of marriage but not denying hopes of it. The girl's heart is broken, her life ruined, and he wanders on to fresh woods and pastures new. The impression the reader takes from Schnitzler's novels, stories and plays is very definite; it is sad, it is that of a doomed people, doomed not for wickedness but for want of will. The doom, so far from any kinship with that of Sodom and Gomorrah, seems in comparison due to hard luck, or at least to a rational and excusable lack of purpose. What is there to be purposeful about? The men Schnitzler depicts are good natured; that is, they do not willingly harm, but they cannot see merit in self-sacrifice, in stoicism, in heroism, in effort, in labori-

ous days. They have fed upon lotos leaves; they reason; they have agreeable manners; they do little kindnesses that cost nothing; they listen well; they talk agreeably. But some fatal virus, a drop of despair like the memory of a terrible defeat (could it be Königgrätz?), seems to have tainted their blood. You find a number of Athenian qualities but no Spartan. The people enjoy nice things—the shadow of clouds falling on forest and field in the Wiener Wald—they like to catch the sound of a shepherd's pipe, and watch the nibbling sheep; they take pleasure in picnics, in boating, in music of all kinds; they cultivate pleasant behaviour. But all the time you feel that, when a crisis puts them to the test, they will be on the losing side.

Schnitzler's people, I repeat, are self-indulgent, hedonistic, clever, sophisticated, kindly, and he makes you feel that he is drawing from life. One of his characters, for instance, discovers that he is fatally ill, that he cannot live another twelve-month. He is in love (moderately, with a love very second to that of his love of self,) and his girl is devotedly in love with him. He lacks the strength of character not to tell her, and after a feeble effort at self-restraint, makes her share his poisoned prospect. He is afraid to die, and wants her to die with him. His nature is the very antithesis of heroism. So, too, in Schnitzler's best-known pieces, little plays, *Anatol*, the hero is not merely a rake and philanderer, but he neither controls nor guides his love affairs; he does this or that, as chance or the line of least resistance determines. A nation in which carelessness, lightheartedness, sentimentality become predominant qualities, cannot hope to win in the fatal arena where primitive national appetites strive like beasts.

Schnitzler had excellent opportunities to see and know his fellow townfolk. He was born in Vienna in 1862, the son of an eminent professor of medicine at the University. His father took care of eminent artists at the opera and in the theatrical world, so that Arthur may have been influenced a little by his

experience of a life touched with Bohemianism, slightly different from the ordinary bourgeois existence in Vienna. But it does not seem so. He himself studied medicine, at about the time with the young Americans of whom I have spoken, and attended the clinic for medicine under Professor Standhardtner, a friend of Richard Wagner's. Then he studied under Meynert in the department of psychiatry, and finally in the clinic for skin diseases under Professor Isidor Neumann. He subsequently acted as his father's assistant in the General Polyclinic, and interested himself in hypnotism. But he had many talents; he composed waltzes, wrote poetry, and for a time was undecided whether to devote himself to music or literature. Possibly his medical experience led him to contemplate life from a too materialistic point of view. One cannot say that of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the famous poet, his contemporary.

Hofmannsthal was born in Vienna in 1874, a gentleman in the narrow sense, of patrician blood as his friends were pleased to think, in which various races blended—Austrian, Bavarian, Italian and Jewish. He had enough money to save him from the compulsions of obligatory toil, and gave himself up to poetry. When he was still very young, a poet from Hesse, Stefan George, by half a dozen years his senior, came to Vienna full of art for art's sake and breathing fire and slaughter against naturalism. The two became great friends. They honored Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and proclaimed themselves champions of the spirit. Hofmannsthal showed a surprising maturity; all at once he stepped forward as a great poet, so ripe was his philosophy, so commanding his mastery of form. The critic Hermann Bahr surmised that he was a man of middle age, who had been trained by the Jesuits, and had spent twenty years in the Embassy at Paris. Hugo was but seventeen, but had already plunged his mind, like a bee in a canterbury bell, into the artistic and spiritual problems of his time. After a year of voluntary service with the Dragoons, he studied the Romance languages

and took his doctor's degree. His wide learning, his aristocratic sympathies, his artist's conscience, and his natural leaning toward things of the spirit, enabled him better than any man else to express the soul of Vienna.

Hofmannsthal heard and saw things we do not hear or see, that emanated from the Wiener Wald, from St. Stephan's-Kirche, from the Hofburg, from the Schönbrunn Palace, from the concerts in the Burg-Garten, from the choir of the Wiener Sänger-Knaben, from the Ring-Strasse, from the Stadt-Park, from the Prater, from the haze rising over the river, from the Graben, from every little Gasse, from the monuments erected to memory of the illustrious dead—a strange universal blending of a thousand emanations, illuminated by human griefs, joys, hopes and fears—and so he became what he was, a poet, an Austrian poet, a Viennese poet.

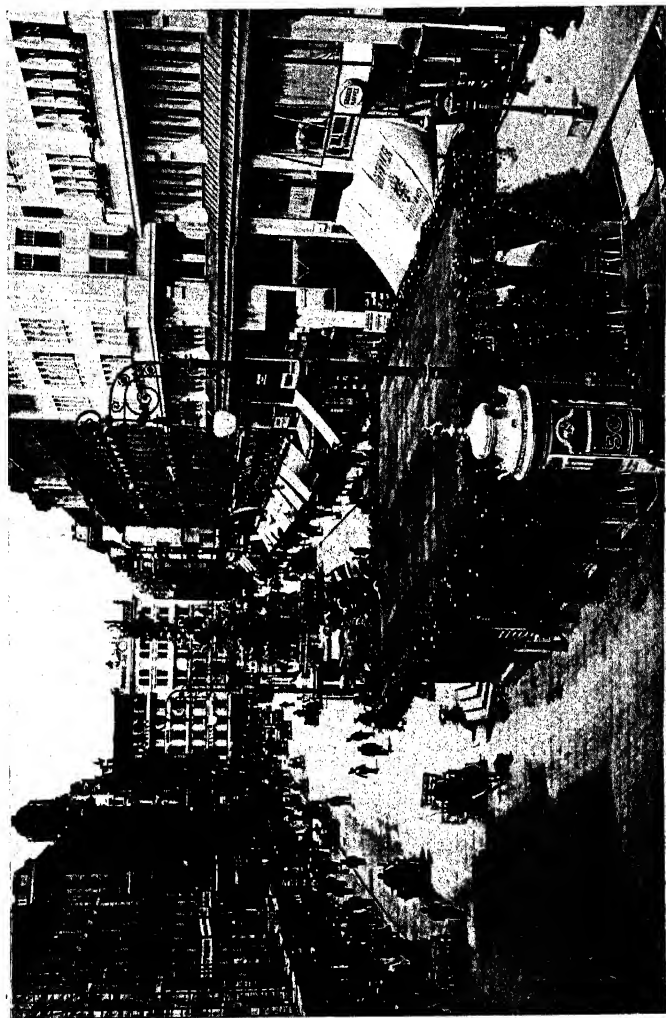
You must not expect to find Vienna as a city of stone and brick, of sleeping and waking, of buying and selling, in his poetry, whether in his plays, dramas or lyrical poems. He always was interested in the soul of an object, not its body; things—spring, children, mutability, death—were but musical instruments to make music from.

*Ist nicht die ganze ewige Natur
Nur ein Symbol für unserer Seelen Launen?*

Is not the whole everlasting Nature
Merely a symbol for the moods of our souls?

He listened to the music from the mighty organ voice of Vienna, and transmuted it into other forms.

Critics called him a Neo-romantic, for critics like to call names. He began by attacking what he held to be the false conceptions of naturalism and realism, and declared himself for Beauty, for Form and for the Spirit. Imagination? Dreams? Symbolism? The relation of life to art? All those things I leave to the critics.



(Photograph by E. M. Newman from Wide World Photos)

View of the Graben with the Trinity Column (before the Anschluss)

One certainty appears; that Hofmannsthal is an apostle of the spirit, and that—loud as Schnitzler proclaims that the men of Vienna are too rational, too self-indulgent, too lazy to strive in defense of anything—he proclaims—still louder—with image, form and melody, that there was a soul of Vienna and that it was well worth fighting for.

There is an interesting correspondence between Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss, for Strauss set the poet's *Elektra* and *Der Rosenkavalier* to music; but the best memorial of Hofmannsthal is the tribute of his friend Jacob Wassermann. Wassermann was a poor Jew, who had had a hard struggle with the primitive needs of life and, having struggled successfully, made his way to Vienna about 1899, and there met Hofmannsthal. At first he felt the constraint of their different origins; one the child of privilege, the other sprung from the unprivileged; the one fed upon French symbolism, the other upon Dostojewski and the Russian realists. But that obstacle once got over, and Wassermann found it hard to do, they became intimate. Hofmannsthal was simple, eloquent, modest, with a touch of tender womanliness as it were, a very superior being. They lived near each other in the summer and autumn at Alt-Aussee, and would walk together in the mountains or bicycle in Salzkammergut or in the Ennstal. When Hofmannsthal felt well, he was delightful company, gay, talkative, and by his wit sending the others into peals of laughter. And he loved things in nature, a flower, a tree, a waterfall, and taught Wassermann the beauties of the Austrian landscape, how the woods stand out against the cliffs, how meadows have their foil in forest and lake, how a village leans against a hill, how autumnal colors clothe the flanks of the mountains, how flox, asters, dahlias bloomed in the peasant's gardens, and how every object was wonderful to the sensitive spirit. He liked best the familiar paths, through meadows, by the banks of a brook or river, or through a wood to a ruined mill, or up the mountain to a waterfall, or in the after-

noon toward sunset down to a lake. At those times, when mood and landscape matched, intercourse with him reached the plane of the unforgettable. Perhaps his chief charm, attractive as he was in appearance and manner, was his eloquence, for his talk made that of other men seem but a stammering and a stuttering, so copious was his vocabulary, so infinite his variety of expression, so wide and so exact his learning, but, Wassermann says, it is idle to try to describe his conversation, one might as well try to photograph a dream.

But I have said enough of him to show you that Schnitzler gives but one side of Vienna, and that, God be praised, the city had two soul sides—one to face the cynic with, the other to show to children of the spirit.

CHAPTER XL

THE JEWS

It is said that even in Roman times there was a colony of Jews at Vindobona; at all events, a little before the time of Rudolph of Habsburg, there were so many in Vienna that an Ecclesiastical Christian Synod decreed that all Jews must wear a special sort of hat, to distinguish them from Christians, under penalty of a fine. About forty years later they were definitely confined to a ghetto. The story is that elastic limits had already been assigned them in the city, but they had found those limits irksome and had not adhered to them. The Christians endeavored to enforce segregation. In order to revenge themselves on the Christians, the Jews bribed a peasant to go into St. Michael's Church and steal the host, and this they took to the house of a Jew in what is now Spiegelgasse (it runs out of the Graben), and concealed it in a vessel of some sort. Thereupon a cry like that of a suffering child issued from the vessel, and people, hearing it, crowded about and vowed vengeance for the desecration. A pogrom began, and Christians rushed about vowing to destroy with fire and sword all Jewish houses in Vienna; but the Duke suppressed the rioters. He then marked out stated limits for a district in which Jews must live, a fixed ghetto, and appointed a special tribunal, composed of Jews, but presided over by a Christian magistrate, to decide all matters in dispute, civil or religious, in Jewry. The magistrate served as a liaison officer between Jews and Christians, and was charged also with the duty of collecting taxes. In this way the ghetto became a separate community with its own schools, park, hospital,

slaughterhouse, taverns, graveyard and bathhouses. This region centred about what is now the Juden-Platz toward the north-west of the city.

A little later there is a doubtful and confused story of another persecution: "In the year 1370, the Christians took counsel together, and on one and the same day in all the cities throughout Austria, seized the Jews and robbed them of their possessions. But when they expressed a wish to burn the Jews at the stake they learned from the doctors of Sacred Theology that it was not necessary to put them to death, but to keep them down by harsh servitude. So they released them. For a whole month, however, the Christians put Jewish stiffneckedness and obstinacy to the test, to see if at least one out of so great a multitude, would not, from fear of punishment, be reasonable and receive baptism. But none were converted, except two adults, a man of about forty and a pretty girl, whom the Duke gave in marriage, with a dowry, to one of his head cooks. The man, however, fell back from the faith into his superstition; and as he publicly protested that he had been converted out of fear of death, he was burnt at the stake in the presence of everybody."

Again, there was a pogrom in Vienna in November, 1406, which for three days rendered life for the Christian zealots exciting and enjoyable. This, however, was but a prelude to a more famous episode. In March, 1420, three boys went skating on the Danube, broke through the ice and were drowned. The story went about that the Jews had killed them because they wished Christian blood for the Feast of the Passover. Another story was added to this, that the wife of a sacristan had stolen holy wafers from a pyx, and sold them to a rich Jew, who wished to make sacrilegious sport of them with his friends. The two stories set public anger on fire. The only tangible person, the woman, was arrested and subjected to torture; at first she was steadfast, but at last gave way and said the story was true. The Duke ordered all the Jews in Austria to be thrown into

prison. This was done; children torn from their parents, husbands from wives. Poor Jews were driven out of the country; the rich were arrested and their property confiscated. It rested with the Emperor to decide whether all those that were left should be exterminated by fire; and he thought that was the best thing to do. Their condition was desperate. Some sought priests and were converted; many committed suicide, some opened their veins, others strangled themselves, and so forth. Many little children were put to death by their parents; and many were seized by the Christians and put in nunneries and Christian institutions. The great number, however, stood firm and awaited the end.

The poor, as I say, had been driven out; those once rich were now herded together before the Rathaus, and the judgment of death by fire read aloud. It was on March 12, 1421. The sentence was carried out in the *Gänseweide* (Goose Meadow), which is now the Erdberg suburb, close to the Donau Kanal, in the eastern part of the city. The fundamental cause of this fanatical hatred of the Jews seems to have been that the rich Jews were virtually all usurers, and charged an exceedingly high rate of interest. What Jews remained were ordered to leave Austria, and all property was confiscated, the synagogues were torn down and the stones thereof used to build a University, their houses were sold or given away by the Duke, and the Jewish graveyard was allotted to a Christian institution. These precedents—"the wisdom of our Aryan forefathers"—have come in handy of recent years.

But time heals, and two centuries later Ferdinand II, the zealous partisan of the Counter Reformation, found that in his time Jews were farming the customs and other taxes. The persistence of the race told. In 1626, a part of the city, in what is now called Leopoldstadt, was assigned to them, in the broad angle between the Tabor-Strasse and the Augarten-Strasse. In 1670 they were again expelled from Vienna, and their syna-

gogue was converted into a church. In the next century, Maria Theresa disliked them very much.

But Austrian commerce suffered by the absence of Jews, and at last, in the reign of the "enlightened" Joseph II the law removed the worst burdens from that persecuted race. Joseph permitted Jews to learn handicrafts, arts and sciences, and within certain restrictions devote themselves to agriculture. He allowed them to attend academies and universities; he abolished the body-tax upon them, released them from the obligation of wearing beards, and of staying indoors on Sunday mornings and holidays, and of avoiding public pleasure resorts. He permitted the wholesale merchants, and such, to wear swords. They did not, however, receive full citizenship, nor complete freedom of worship or freedom of residence in Vienna; but the Emperor declared that they were fellow men and that Christians should be good neighbors to them (1781-82). Nevertheless dislike prevailed again, and old discriminations were restored, especially by the Congress of Vienna, which took a very gloomy view of innovations, and a very favorable view of mediaeval practices.

At last in 1867, the new constitution abolished all disabilities on the ground of religious differences; but in very large measure the Jew continued to be *persona non grata* to his Viennese fellow citizens and many social difficulties, hardships, chagrins and sorrows, were caused by the opinion of "Aryans" and Christians that he was an alien. The one friend in high quarters that they had was Crown Prince Rudolph. When he was in Prague, in 1883, some tipsy young swells had behaved most rowdily, smashing windows, in the Jewish quarter; the police pardoned them and withheld their names. Rudolph sat down and wrote, anonymously—he could not speak openly—to the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* an article entitled *Noble Window-breakers*, and mentioned the names of the rowdies. His letter to the Editor explained the situation: "A few days ago, during the

night, various blue-blooded young gentlemen of the so-called highest, but God knows not the best, society broke the windows in the Jewish quarter in order to show their political sentiments in an aristocratic manner. . . . When a poor country lout breaks a window, a great fuss is made about it, yet these aristocratic ragamuffins can go scot free, their action unnoticed."

This social antagonism is reflected in Viennese literature, and in its gentler phase nowhere better, perhaps, than in Schnitzler's play, *Professor Bernhardi*. The time represented is 1912, the date of the play, and the scene is laid in Vienna. Professor Bernhardi is a Jew, a practicing physician and professor of medicine, a cultivated gentleman and a public-spirited citizen. Some fifteen years before, he had founded a medical institution, hospital and clinic, which was one of the best in Vienna, and there he had gathered about him a very competent staff, without regard to race or creed. A goodly number of the staff were Jews. At the opening of the play the Board of Directors is about to give a ball, under the exalted patronage of the Princess Stixenstein, for the benefit of the hospital. The staff is much excited about it; but, naturally the hospital goes on as usual. There is a poor girl there, who is on the point of death. She is absolutely conscious, thinks herself perfectly well, and wants to get up and meet her lover, who, she believes, is ready to take her home, and the radiant hope of happiness is upon her; but her pulse is too low to count, and she may die any moment. An assistant doctor has just given her an injection of camphor, and, as Professor Bernhardi remarks, perhaps procured for her the happiest hour of her life. The nurse, who is a Catholic, has sent for a priest, and while the Professor is closeted with the sick woman, the priest comes. He inquires if he is too late, and finds that the woman is still alive, but that her case is hopeless and that she will die any minute. Professor Bernhardi comes in and learns that the priest wishes to see his patient and administer final unction. He opposes the priest. He is very polite but explains

that the woman (who has been light of life) is in a happy mood, that she believes that she will get well, that her lover is coming to take her home to him, and that it would be wicked to destroy these last few minutes of happy dreaming, possibly the happiest moments of her life. The priest says that their views are different; that his creed believes that these last rites may affect her eternal happiness, and that, if she is still conscious he must see her. During the colloquy the priest has made a sign to the nurse, a Catholic, and the nurse goes back into the girl's room, tells her that the priest is come to give her final unction. The girl gasps out a last cry of horror, "Must I die!" and dies. The nurse comes out and, under questioning from Professor Bernhardt, admits these facts.

You have there the Jewish situation, as a contrast between religions, very well propounded. What happened in consequence of the girl's dying without the rites of the Catholic Church was this: The Princess patroness resigned, the Advisory Board, presumably prominent respectabilities, resigned, the matter was brought up in Parliament, the law was invoked, the Professor was sent to jail for two months, and the story went that he had prevented the Priest by force from administering supreme unction, and so on. The problem before Austria was not merely to reconcile and unite German, Slav and Magyar, but also different creeds, ardently held. This, perhaps, if left to herself, she might have done.

There was certainly a Jewish question. There were some two hundred thousand Jews in Vienna, out of a population of two millions; the overwhelming majority of lawyers were Jews, a large percentage of physicians—for instance, in one hospital twenty-three out of the twenty-four doctors, more than in Professor Bernhardt's institution, were Jews. But what many people believed to indicate a more definite racial trait was that the main leaders of the Socialist and Communist movements in Austria were Jews, and whether for that cause, or for a com-

bination of that cause and others, the Austrians were inclined to look upon Viennese Jewry as an alien element, with a definite *Weltanschauung* of its own, international and unassimilable, and without desire for any sort of what one may call chemical union with the rest of Vienna.

A personage, bright in the public eye and loud in the public ear, has left an account of his impressions on the question. This young man from close to the German frontier, coming to Vienna to seek his fortune, had been brought up to consider German Jews as different from other Germans, merely because they professed a different religion. When he got to Vienna he saw strange-looking people in the streets, dressed in long caf-tans, with locks of black hair, and he asked himself, *Ist dies auch ein Deutscher?* And he began to look into the matter, and found that the difference was not one of religion, but that here was a foreign race; he discovered that in the Inner City and in the districts, such as Leopoldstadt, there were swarms of people who had no similarity at all to Germans, and that a section of them openly professed themselves, not Austrians, but Zionists, animated by alien hopes and ambitions. He further remarked that many of them were not water-lovers, as one could often perceive without the use of one's eyes. But he says—it is obvious to the reader that his antipathy is growing and may have warped his judgment—that the physical lack of cleanliness of this chosen people, was accompanied by moral uncleanness.

“Nothing had set me seriously thinking, in so short a period of time, as my slowly deepening insight into the conduct of Jews in certain fields. Was there any indecency, or shamelessness of any kind, in which at least one Jew did not have a share? . . . When I got to learn what Jews did in the press, in art, in literature and the theatre, they fell under severe condemnation of my judgment. . . . It was pestilence, spiritual pestilence, with which they inculcated the people, worse than the Black Death of old. . . . The fact that nine-tenths of all porno-

graphic literature, all foul art, or theatrical idiocy, were to be charged to the account of a people who hardly numbered the one hundredth part of all the inhabitants in the land, could not be lied away; for it was a fact. . . . The connection of Jews with prostitution and still more with the White Slave trade, one could study better in Vienna than in any other west European city, with the exception, perhaps, of some southern French ports." Later, this young observer says, and perhaps thereby sheds light on his attitude: "When I recognized that the Jew was the leader of Socialism (Sozialdemokratie), the scales began to fall from my eyes."

This young man obviously holds his own views very vigorously, but he hardly gives one the impression of intellectual detachment. In one thing he seems to be right, in deeming Jews the leaders in the Socialism that he despises. Nicholas Berdyaev (I quote *Dollfuss and his Times*) said: "Socialism has arisen from Jewish soil. It is the ancient form of Hebrew millenniumism, of the hope of Israel in a miraculous earthly kingdom, in an earthly felicity. It was not mere chance that made Karl Marx a Jew. . . . For him the elect of God, the Messianic people, was the proletariat." And his statement is confirmed by the brilliant novelist and poet, Jacob Wassermann, a German Jew, who, commenting on the fact that today the Jew is outlawed in the popular mind, says: "The unfortunate fact is that one cannot dispute the reasons given by the baiters. . . . Every iconoclastic incident, every convulsion, every social challenge has seen, and still sees, Jews in the front line. Wherever a peremptory demand or a clean sweep is made, wherever the idea of governmental metamorphosis is to be translated into action with frenzied zeal, Jews have been and still are the leaders."

But let us put these polemical matters aside. For such a bird's-eye view of Vienna, and her history, as this, one can get a juster view of the contribution made by the Jews to the life of the city from what Wassermann says about them, as he saw them dur-

ing the twenty years he stayed in Vienna, from 1898, I believe, till the Great War. He must have been there at the same time as Hitler. He had started from simple beginnings and had had a harsh time in Germany. He says:

“One circumstance puzzled me before I had been long in Vienna. In Germany I had associated with Jews scarcely at all; . . . here, however, it developed that all with whom I came into intellectual or friendly contact were Jews. . . . But I soon realized that all public life was dominated by Jews. The banks, the press, the theatre, literature, social organizations, all lay in the hands of Jews. The explanation was easy to find. The aristocracy would have nothing to do with such things; with the exception of a few, who saw things in a different light, they not only maintained a respectful distance from intellectual and artistic life but feared and contemned it. The small number of untitled patrician families imitated the aristocracy; the original upper middle class had disappeared, leaving a gap now occupied by government functionaries, army officers and professors, then came the closed circle of the lower middle class. The Court, the lower middle class and the Jews gave the city its stamp. And that the Jews, as the most mobile group, kept all the others in continuous motion is, on the whole, not surprising. Yet I was amazed at the hosts of Jewish physicians, attorneys, clubmen, snobs, dandies, proletarians, actors, newspapermen and poets. From the very beginning my inner and outer relations were full of conflict. . . .

“The German Jews among whom I had lived had accustomed me to more polished manners, a less conspicuous demeanor. Here I could never lose a certain sense of shame. I was ashamed of their conduct and their bearing. . . . This sense of shame sometimes was aggravated to the point of desperation or disgust. Things small or great might serve as provocation: the idiom; quick familiarity; mistrust that betrayed the Ghetto

left not far behind; unshakable opinions; idle meditations upon simple matters; sophisticated fencing with words where a seeing eye would have sufficed; servility when pride would have been proper; boastful self-assertion when modesty was in place; lack of dignity, lack of restraint; lack of metaphysical aptitude. This last it was which dismayed me the most, and most of all in the more cultured of them. Through all these Jews ran a quality of rationalism that cast a gloom over any more intimate relationship. Among the base it found base expression, in worship of success and wealth, in self-seeking and lust for gain, in greed for power and in social opportunism. Among the nobler it manifested itself in impotence on the ideal and intuitive realms. Science was set up as an idol, intellect as the sovereign lord. Whatever could not be calculated was relegated to a lower category, even destiny became a matter of calculation, and the most obscure secret depths of the soul were subjected to a minute analysis. . . .

"I came to know highly cultured Jews, refined to the point of fragility; one might have believed that with these last weary offshoots the race had reached the end of its road. Then, again, types of an entirely different sort: Vigorous emissaries of a huge circle that still stood apart from European civilization but was pushing toward it threateningly, eagerly, or antagonistically fascinated by it. Imbued with a fierce resolution to hold their own, they came as conquerors, gained territory by violence and by unscrupulous competition quickly seized the resources offered by the state and society. . . ."

It is obvious that the Jews were an alien element and that there was a Jewish question in Vienna, which the present German Government is now striving to solve in its own enthusiastic Teutonic fashion.

CHAPTER XLI

PRECEDING THE WAR

It was sad at the Hofburg after the death of the Crown Prince. The youngest daughter was married, and the Empress renewed her old habits of staying abroad and avoiding Vienna. She was not in good health and visited German watering places, or went to various retreats on the Mediterranean, and often to the villa, the Achilleon, which she had built on the island of Corfu, for she still kept her interest in ancient Hellas and maintained a Greek scholar, M. Christomanos, in her suite. She and her husband had become good friends and nothing more; he did all for her that he could, he admired and respected her, provided for her generously, though very abstemious and thrifty for himself, but he had neither the native endowment nor the time to take an interest in her intellectual tastes, and she cared nothing for politics. Being a woman, and with her time at her own disposal, she suffered much more acutely than he from their son's death, and seems to have entertained self-reproach, perhaps, for not somehow saving her son, perhaps for leaving her husband, who had in her the only person with whom he could be on intimate terms, with whom he could share his hopes, apprehensions, uncertainties, little and big.

It was too bad that Francis Joseph was not more musical, for there was music in Vienna then for laughter or for tears, for dancing or for deep religious worship. At Ischl, where the Emperor and Empress often went, Johann Strauss had a beautiful villa, and the great Brahms loved Ischl, visited there, and frequently went to see Strauss, most amiably; once when a young lady of the family asked him to autograph her fan, he

wrote down the first bars of *The Blue Danube*, adding "*Leider, nicht von Johannes Brahms* (unfortunately not by Johannes Brahms)." And Brahms, as well as his great *German Requiem*, wrote a number of enchanting waltzes in duet form. Brahms, too, made Vienna his home from 1872 to 1897. So the Emperor might have had the noblest music and the gayest. But music was not enough of a comfort for the Emperor; like humbler men, he needed feminine society. To make up to him for the lack of her own society, the Empress hit upon a novel device.

There was at the Burg Theatre an actress, both charming and sympathetic, and most respectable, with a husband and a son, Frau Katharina Schratt. She was born of decent people, living at Baden, near Mayerling, showed a great deal of talent and was a favorite with the Viennese public. Some say that it was the Empress who was first attracted by her, and that then the Emperor took a liking to her, as being what (Redlich says) she really was, the attractive embodiment of all that is best in the genuine Austrian woman, both in natural gaiety, general simplicity and warmth of heart, such as, making allowances for the difference between Austrian bourgeoisie and Hellenic heroism, Grillparzer depicted the heroines in his dramas, a true exponent of all that the culture of Old Austria meant.

The acquaintance began when Frau Schratt with other actors was presented to the Emperor and Empress after a performance in honor of the Czar, and gradually ripened. They used to meet at Ischl and elsewhere; the actress proved to be very agreeable in conversation, and of a warm, kindly, and thoughtful disposition. One first of March advanced their acquaintance by a generous stride; the Empress was walking in the park at Schönbrunn with her daughter Valerie, and met Frau Schratt, who presented the Empress with a bunch of violets, as violets bring good luck on that day; in return the Empress broke her custom of not hearing modern comedies and went to see the actress in a play by Georges Ohnet.

Ischl, however, afforded a better place for the friendship to develop, and Frau Schratt made frequent visits to the Imperial Villa and took walks with the Emperor and Empress. But, as might be expected, people began to talk. But the talk by no means deterred the Empress; she felt that she could not do her husband a better deed than bring this charming and comfortable woman into his dreary life. The Emperor, now nearly sixty years old, and Frau Schratt became familiar friends, and he would go to see her constantly. She had charm and tact, and never touched on politics. This was in the eighties, before Rudolph's death. It is clear that malicious talk was not justified. On New Year's day, 1889, the Emperor wrote to his wife:

"My best wishes to you all, but above all to you, my Beloved Angel. I hope, too, that all your wishes that are practicable and not too inconvenient to myself may be fulfilled, and I beg you always to show me the same love, consideration, and goodness. The blessed feeling that your love, too, increases with the passing years, instead of growing colder causes in me the warmest gratitude, and makes me infinitely happy. I received the enclosed telegram yesterday from our friend [*die Freundin*, as he always called Frau Schratt]."

The intimacy was already very close by this time.

It happened that, just after the Empress had told the Emperor of Rudolph's death, Frau Schratt came to the palace on one of her frequent visits—or, perhaps, she was sent for—and the Empress took her in to comfort the stricken father, by her simplicity, her composure, her wholehearted sympathy. "Your Majesty has three angels about you," she said, "the Empress and their Highnesses Valerie and Gisela [the two daughters] to watch over, love you and console you."

The actress had become singularly necessary to him; a necessity that was due to the quiet charm of her person and character,

and the Empress knew it. That summer (I think it was then) the Empress was in miserable health, and the Emperor bade Valerie try to make her mother take her cure as usual at a German watering-place, but the Empress replied: "No I will not hear of such a thing. I cannot leave Papa alone at such a time, for Frau Schratt is not here to distract him, as she is away. I should like to go, but I will not, even if staying should drive me mad."

But, to say the truth, the situation was not always like that; the Imperial pair experienced the friction that comes between imperfectly mated beings. Sometimes, for his cares were heavy and his grief was great, the Emperor was curt, and she complained to Valerie: "Why was I born? My life is useless, I only come between the Emperor and Frau Schratt. I really play an almost ridiculous part. . . . Marriage is a nonsensical institution. One is sold as a child of fifteen and takes an oath which one does not understand, but can never undo." But these were outbursts of ill health and petulance. When she was away her husband used to write long affectionate letters telling all details of his life, including seeing Frau Schratt: "Low though my spirits were in the morning . . . they brightened up a little when I received your letter and one from our Friend, with a pot of four-leaved clover, and an unusually splendid, sunny day lit up the woods and snow-covered mountains with the most magnificent and varied coloring. You are right, Nature is the best comforter."

But Frau Schratt, at the lowest rating, was a close second to Nature. When the Empress was in Vienna, Frau Schratt would make the fourth at dinner with the Emperor, the Empress and Valerie; and when the Empress was away, the Emperor would take a walk with her every day in the park at Schönbrunn. When both the ladies were away the poor old Emperor was very lonely and melancholy. I quote another letter from him to his wife which repeats the same story:

"With all true love I wish you happiness and the blessing of Heaven. . . . Happiness is hardly the right word for us, we should be satisfied with a little peace, a good understanding between us and fewer misfortunes than we have had hitherto. Show consideration for my age during the coming year, and my increasing idiocy (*Verrottung*). Your kindness and solicitude and the friendship of *die Freundin* are the only bright spots in my life. I think of you continually with boundless longing and am already beginning to look forward to our next meeting."

Frau Schratt was so far from being a cause of jealousy that the Empress employed a painter to paint a three-quarter life-size portrait of her, in a popular role, for the Emperor. Frau Schratt returned the compliment by trying the Empress's continually changing medical régimes. "It is extraordinary," the Emperor wrote to his wife, "how you two are always making the same medical experiments, though without taking any particular harm from it, thank God." And when the Empress was at Schönbrunn the two ladies went familiarly walking together. The Emperor and Empress were always good friends, although later, as time went on and the Empress's health became less good, and the Emperor older, they got on each other's nerves, and he turned more and more to *die Freundin*, until he was so exacting of her time that she found it burdensome, especially as gossip became a little louder than before.

After the death of the Empress (1898), Frau Schratt was the Emperor's only familiar friend. She lived at No. 9 Gloriette-gasse, a street very close to Schönbrunn Park, right round the corner, one might say. Her calm temperament, amiability and sense of humor made her always more necessary to him. Early in the morning—for he had imposed his matutinal habits on the Court—a very correct old gentleman might have been seen almost every day to leave the castle of Schönbrunn by a small inconspicuous door, which led to an alley, cross the road and enter

Frau Schratt's house. There awaiting him was a lady always good-tempered and smiling, who conducted him into a small room, furnished in the old-fashioned Viennese way, and to a table, covered with a white cloth, gay with flowers, and laid for breakfast. In order to be ready for him in summer, her household had to bestir itself at four of the morning. It was the same at Ischl, where the Emperor's little summer palace was connected by a private way with the Villa Felicitas which Frau Schratt had rented. The path was guarded by police.

Her company was not a mere solace, it was of great use to the Emperor. She was clever and discreet, she gradually acquired a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, among the notabilities of the city and, as Herr Tschuppik says, knew how to select what was most interesting, and learned so much, that she was metamorphosed into the Emperor's morning newspaper. Moreover, he heard from her not what the ministers wished him to know, but what the Viennese were saying. It was a delicate situation for Frau Schratt, but she acted with great dexterity, and all for the good. The only letters from him to her, at least that are known, are of the following character: "Frau Katharina von Kiss-Schratt, Hietzing, Bei Wien, Gloriettegasse No. 9. Please keep to yourself the information I sent you yesterday. Best wishes. Francis Joseph." It is pleasant to think that the poor old man as he went on his way to old age, to war, defeat and destruction, had so comfortable and kind a companion.

During his long reign he had been obliged to see ideas contrary to his ideas constantly gaining strength, and winning victory or else close to their goal. The differing nationalities in the Empire would not sink their personal desires in order to effect the Imperial unity that he desired so strongly, Czechs and Germans, Magyars and Slavs, contended and vilified one another to heart's content. Democracy made great strides, the working classes demanded the vote and got it; the commercial

class insisted upon an influential share in the government. Everything was changed. The type of Viennese citizen was no longer what it had been; the frivolous, non-political, ironical, easy-going *Alt Wien* was giving place to the kind of people who appear in Arthur Schnitzler's plays.

The city's physical aspect also had been changing. The removal of the old ramparts round the Inner City in 1857 had taken away a mediaeval look, and the Ring-Strasse, in their place, gave a noble air of luxury and ease. The Helden-Platz, to the north of the Burg Ring, and the Maria-Theresien-Platz, bordered by the new Art History Museum and the Natural History Museum, accentuated this air of an aristocratic, Imperial city. The great new buildings, the Opera House on the Opera Ring, the Parliament building, the Burg Theatre, the Rathaus, all situated on the Rathaus Park make a very splendid ensemble, and the sequence of parks, the Rathaus Park, the Volks-Garten, the Helden-Platz, the Maria-Theresien-Platz, cause the traveller to say, Can Paris rival this? And north of the University, fronting on Freiheits-Platz, in almost the very northwest corner of the city, stands the Votiv-Kirche, built to commemorate Francis Joseph's escape from an attempted assassination.

Wherever you go outside of the old Inner City, you come upon improvements made during the Emperor's reign. The Stadt-Park to the east of Park Ring is a charming place, while all over the city statues of famous persons show how the city has delighted to honor them for what they did: Archduke Albert, who defeated the Italians at Custozza in 1866, a victory rendered useless by the crushing defeat at Königgrätz, the painter Rudolf von Alt, the canonized Saint Klemens Maria Hofbauer, Field-Marshal Radetzky, who put down the Italian rising in 1848; Johann Strauss the waltz magician; Bruckner the composer; Franz Schubert; Makart, a famous painter in his day; Amerling, another painter; Kneipp, priest and doctor who invented the Kneipp cure; Franz Grillparzer; the Empress

Elisabeth; Anzengruber the poet; Haydn, and so on. In 1893 the outer lines of fortifications, built in 1703, to include the suburbs, were razed and in their place a great boulevard runs round the town. In fact Vienna, except in the Inner City, completely changed her outward aspect in the long-lived Emperor's reign; the population had tripled; in 1910 it had risen to two millions. And one must remember in sympathy for the Emperor's sorrows that no old man likes changes in his familiar surroundings.

CHAPTER XLII

THE WORLD WAR

DURING the long years of Francis Joseph's reign, the Eastern Question was a thorn in the flesh to European diplomacy. The Turkish Empire, the Sick Man of Europe, showed obvious signs of collapse; the Slavs and other Christians in its dominions were exceedingly ill treated. Russia stood forth as the champion of oppressed Slavs and rolled up her sleeves; the consequence was that in 1878, by the Treaty of Berlin, after Turkey had been defeated, Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro became independent countries, Bulgaria also, but under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, and Bosnia and Herzegovina (Slav States) according to the language of the Treaty were "to be occupied and governed" by Austro-Hungary.

Thirty years later, reformers in Turkey, known as the Young Turks, obtained a constitution. In the turmoil caused by the uprising, Bulgaria declared herself entirely independent, and Austria, in spite of passionate protests from Serbia, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, with no right but that of force. Four years later the new Balkan States attacked Turkey and were victorious; but the victors fell out over the spoils and fought one another. Serbia came out on top, doubled in size, and doubled in self-esteem and self-confidence. This was far from satisfactory to Austria, who, threatened by a great Russian Slav State to the north, did not wish a strong Slav State to the south, especially as her new provinces Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the rest of her Slav population, had pan-Slav longings.

War clouds were gathering; political problems rumbled preceding eruption. Even then, possibly, a far-sighted statesman

might have put the Austrian ship of state upon an even keel, if, instead of the dual system constituted by the union of Austria and Hungary, a triple system had been established by which the Slavs in the Empire should have been given equal status with the Germans and the Magyars. But the Magyars were jealous of the Slavs, and rendered the plan, entertained by some, quite futile. On the other hand, Serbia felt her oats, and, protected by Russia, manifested her sympathy with her fellow Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina in a way that Austria regarded as insolent. The relations between Austria and Serbia became too taut; Austria's Chief of Staff cried out for war; the lighted punk was close to the bunch of firecrackers.

The heir to Francis Joseph was his nephew, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, a man of sombre and singular character. The two were on distant terms. The Archduke's education, partly owing to illness, had been very deficient, and he thought the Emperor should admit him to his counsels, and help him acquire a knowledge of state matters; but the Emperor did nothing of the sort. Again, the Archduke fell in love with the Countess Sophie Chotek, a lady of a very ancient Bohemian family, but the Emperor forbade their marriage, because she did not come within the sacrosanct circle of marriageable ladies, as set for royalty by the German Confederation Act of 1814. This difficulty, however, was surmounted—in an unsatisfactory manner—for the Emperor allowed the Archduke to make a morganatic marriage, after he had taken an oath that his children should not be entitled to inherit his crowns. And even after his marriage the position assigned to him and his wife at Court, by the Imperial Chamberlain, with the Emperor's approval, was intolerable to both of them. On intimate Court occasions the Archduke was only admitted alone, his wife was not permitted to accompany him; she was excluded from family receptions and banquets, from private parties in honor of foreign royalty, and from certain Court functions. And at some balls, held in the carnival

season, the Archduke had to give his arm to some archduchess and lead the procession, while his wife walked at the very end, behind the youngest princesses; and she was never allowed to get into a Court carriage.

It was also a long time before the Archduke was allowed to have any adequate military position, or influence. Moreover, the nephew disagreed with many of his uncle's ideas; he hated the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, disliked the Magyars, inclined to clericalism, was brusque and inconsiderate with inferiors, and apparently did not completely conceal his impatience to succeed to his uncle's place. The two men had different natures, and looked at things from different points of view. This was unfortunate, for there was great need of harmony and wisdom.

The strained relations with Serbia were dangerously connected with the antagonism between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente; and, within the Empire things were at sixes and sevens, the megalomania of the Magyars was overbearing, the Austrian bureaucracy would not give the Slavs an equal status, and the Czechs in Bohemia were hardly on speaking terms with the Germans of the Sudeten lands. In all these matters the judgment of the Archduke might have been helpful. He seems to have had considerable political wisdom; for instance, he said that one of the reasons for which Königgrätz was to be regretted was that it interrupted the natural course of federal development. "Under the primacy of the House of Habsburg the federal principle would have become the essence of the German system, and would have found further application in Austria itself." The application of the federal principle, giving a place in the sun to each of its constituent nationalities might have saved Austria.

But, as the year 1913 approached, the likelihood of war with Serbia was growing week by week. Count Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, wrote to Conrad, Chief of the Austrian General Staff, deprecating war; Conrad replied, reaffirming his

desire for war: "See how Serbia is developing into a powerful ally of Russia, while at the same time she attracts our South Slavs. The danger will, in the long run, affect Germany no less than ourselves."

The year 1913, however, passed in comparative quiet. Archduke Francis Ferdinand was strongly against war in the beginning of 1913, and remained so. Perhaps because of that feeling, he proposed to attend military manoeuvres in Bosnia, to be held in June, 1914, but hesitated because he did not feel well; finally he decided to go, and on June 25 arrived at Ilidze, a watering-place in the neighborhood of Sarajevo. On June 27 the Emperor went to Ischl, and the next day, Sunday, spent the morning in the park of his summer residence, for the day was sunny. At one o'clock came the fateful news from Sarajevo. The Archduke and his wife had been driving about the town, when a bomb had hit their car, glanced off on the pavement and exploded under the carriage following them, in which were two officers of the Archduke's suite. One of the officers was badly hurt. The Archduke went on to the Town Hall, and asked the Governor of Bosnia, who was there, if there was any further danger of bombs. The Governor answered, None at all. The Archduke wanted to visit his wounded aide-de-camp, and then go on to the Museum. He said to go by the quay and avoid the middle of the town. But the driver of the Mayor's car, which led the way, forgot this new order, and drove along the usual streets; then, apparently, he remembered and turned round. The Archduke's car was obliged to stand still for a moment. Two revolver shots rang out; the Archduke and his wife were killed. The two young Bosnians, both Austrian subjects, Nedeljko Chabrinovich and Gavrilo Princhip, had done the deed.

The bodies of the murdered pair were brought to Vienna. In the Imperial vaults, under the Capuchin Church, lay the ashes of one hundred and thirty-seven members of the House of Habs-

burg; and to the door of the vaults the bodies of the murdered heir to the throne and of his wife were taken. The civilized world stood trembling on the brink of ten million deaths; but the Imperial Chamberlain, Prince Montenuovo, like the sentinel at Pompei, remained faithful to his duty. The rules of the Habsburg family did not allow the burial in that vault of meaner ashes, and the body of the Archduke's wife was barred entrance. There were those who felt differently from Prince Montenuovo, and an angry troop of nobles followed the hearse from the Burg Ring to the West-Bahnhof. As the procession crossed the Danube a great tempest threatened to upset the funeral barge, but the hearse arrived safely at Artstetten, seventy miles up the river from Vienna, and there, in the crypt beneath the choir of the parish church, which adjoined the east side of the *Schloss*, while lightning flashed and thunder roared, the two bodies, not parted in death, were interred.

On July 7 the Austrian Cabinet decided, against the single adverse vote of Count Stefan Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary, "to address to Serbia such radical demands that refusal on her part can be anticipated, and a solution of the situation will then only be possible by the method of military action." On July 23, the ultimatum was delivered to Serbia, although the cabinet had no evidence of any connivance of the Serbian Government with the assassination. An official of the Foreign Office, who had gone to Sarajevo to make investigations, reported on July 13, "Connivance of the Serbian Government in the Assassination Plot, or in its preparations, or supplying the weapons, is neither proved nor suggested by any evidence. There are, on the contrary, sound reasons for supposing the opposite."

The terms of the ultimatum were not accepted in their entirety. On July 27, Austria declared war. The inevitable consequences followed. Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and finally all the western world, almost, was fighting. Things from the beginning did not go well for Austria. On

September 22 the Foreign Minister, Berchtold, asked Conrad, the Chief of Staff, "At what date must we be prepared for a Russian march upon Vienna and Budapest?" In 1915 the Central Powers prospered; but then hunger allied itself with their enemies, and millions of people in Austria had not enough to eat. Vienna fared ill. In 1916, on November 21, in the evening, the old Emperor died; that morning he had got up as usual at half-past four, and transacted business. Frau Schratt was not at his deathbed, for the Emperor said he wished "to spare her the sight of a sick man." His great nephew the Archduke Charles succeeded him.

Events hurried on to their close. The Central Powers collapsed. The House of Habsburg, after six hundred years of royal and Imperial power, bowed and fell; its Empire was dismembered. Austria, consisting of Vienna and thirty thousand square miles around it, became a republic of some six or seven million people; Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia were united in the republic of Czechoslovakia; Galicia was given to Poland; Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slovenia, and parts of Styria and Corinthia, were united with Serbia to make Yugoslavia; Italy took the coastland (Istria, Trieste, Gorizia and Gradisca), South Tyrol, and parts of Dalmatia and Corinthia; Hungary, reduced to thirty-five thousand square miles, and eight million inhabitants, remained a kingdom for a brief time. The fabric built up through centuries, like Prospero's visions, passed away, leaving mere sorrow-stained racks behind.

CHAPTER XLIII

ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS

POOR Vienna! To be cast down from the height of an Imperial city, Queen of an Empire, to the humble position of a provincial town, a head without a body, a stomach without hands. It was pitiful; kronen became of no more value than withered leaves in the valley of Vallombrosa, and grass grew in the cracks between the stones in the courtyards of the Hofburg, sounds of music and laughter were no longer heard, the Sacher Hotel became silent and shabby, and the once merry Weinkeller a place of memories and sorrows. Still Vienna lived, and it was possible that she might rise from her dead-seeming self to new life, with a special task for the good of Europe, which she alone could perform.

It has been remarked that Prussia connotes the Nordic, the barbaric, the pagan, the fighting character, of Teutonism, and is obsessed with the notion of the superiority of the German race over all others; whereas Austria was quite different. She might be and should be the standard-bearer of the principles that pervaded Christendom before the Reformation. Christian, German, pacific, she did not desire conquest, did not believe that the German race is dearest to God, was sympathetic with the Latin as well as with the Teuton, and her culture, resulting from a fusion of German, Latin and Slav, had a peculiar value of its own, without which the world would be the poorer.

There is truth, too, in the Austrian boast that Austria is "a land, in which every individual is a musician, in which old and young, gentleman, beggar, shopkeeper, nun, and particularly the young girl, are endowed with a peculiar charm not to be

met with elsewhere, and in which business is transacted with a leisure that ceases to be annoying, through the good-natured, courtly manner of its transaction."

Certainly before the Great War Vienna stood for all those things, and the world needed her. But, after the war, it certainly did not look as if she would be able to perform her ministering task.

Sometimes, where need is, the necessary man appears. And it was almost so in the case of Vienna. Engelbert Dollfuss, the son of a young woodcutter and a peasant girl, was born at Texing, a little hamlet in Lower Austria, in the year 1892. He was reared in an essentially Catholic atmosphere, and remained a devout Catholic all his life. After serving during the war, in the Kaiserschützen Corps, he continued his studies at the University of Vienna. At the University Dollfuss studied law, but he had the greatest difficulty to support himself; only his amazing energy and perseverance enabled him to succeed. Between University terms he would go back to the family farm—his mother had married a peasant farmer—and work in the fields. In his character, disposition and virtues, he was always essentially a peasant, a member of an "age-long soil aristocracy."

The politics of Austria in the post-war period are unintelligible except to a virtuoso. Dollfuss joined the Christian Socialist party, a body to be sharply distinguished from that of the Socialists, pure and simple. He rose to eminence in the Bauernbund, a peasant association, and then, feeling that the peasants were sadly neglected, helped to found a Provincial Chamber of Agriculture for Lower Austria, and flung his energies into helping the farmer—providing better equipment, establishment of new distilleries and dairies, improved methods for wheat and sugar-beet cultivation, potato-marketing, stock-raising, reafforestation, and in general the promotion of agricultural interests. In this he was supported by the Christian Socialist party.

Faithful and successful in the matters he undertook, his great

abilities were soon recognized, and in March, 1931, the Chancellor, Dr. Ender, took him into his cabinet as Minister for Agriculture. A year later President Miklas asked him to form a ministry. Dollfuss said he would answer in the morning, and, wandering off by himself into one of the poor quarters of Vienna, went into a little church, and spent the night in prayer, asking God for guidance. When Monsignore Ignaz Seipel, a priest of the great tradition of ecclesiastical ministers of state, who had been Chancellor, and believed that to save a state was as essentially a priestly duty as to save a soul, was told on his sickbed of Dollfuss's acceptance, he said, "Now Austria is in safe hands, and I may die in peace!"

Dollfuss had gained a great and varied experience, but his character and disposition remained what they had been, when in his boyhood his schoolmates and teachers admired and loved him. He was a little man, scarce five feet tall, with bright blue eyes, still boyish, still gay, still enthusiastic, and his charm, if possible, had increased, particularly when he was speaking, with his twinkling eye and winning smile, and he was a very resolute fighter for his ideals. Later he was accused of being a dictator, but he was as unlike other dictators as well could be. On accepting the Chancellorship he said: "We have not taken office in order to promise mountains of gold, but to provide peace, harmony and bread for the Austrian people! to build for the Christian German people a new house in which they can live and work for the present and the future."

It needed all Dollfuss's courage, energy and high purpose to face the hideousness of Austrian politics. Reading accounts of what took place is like groping in muddy waters for a string of broken beads. One confusing element is that the main parties all included the term *Socialist* in their names. Christian Socialists, Socialists, National German Socialists! The Christian Socialists were virtually a peasants' party, a country party; they believed in the Christian religion, and entertained a vague no-

tion that it was not out of place to apply Christian principles to politics. The Socialist Party was a real Socialist party; it looked forward to the dictatorship of the working class, and regarded democracy as merely a stop gap; it was atheistical, deeming the Christian religion an out-of-date and superstitious belief, only maintained and taught for the support of capitalism; it was essentially a city party, a proletarian party, and controlled a majority of the trade unions; its strength lay in Vienna, where it elected the Burgomaster, and a majority of the Municipal Council; and it had a military organization, the *Schutzbund*.

The Nazis, the *Deutsche Nationalsozialistische Arbeiter Partei* (German National Socialist Workman's Party) virtually constituted a branch of Hitler's victorious German party; it was pan-German and anti-clerical. In 1933 the Bishop of Linz said of it: "National Socialism is suffering from the internal disease of materialistic race-mania, and un-Christian nationalism. . . . Membership of the National Socialist Party is incompatible with the Catholic conscience . . . to despise, hate and persecute the Jewish people simply on account of their race is inhuman and anti-Christian. . . . The church has consistently condemned 'pogroms' and protected the Jews against injustice and hatred. . . ."

Then there was the Heimwehr, a military Fascist organization, which aimed at the suppression of the party system and the establishment of the corporate State; it wished to prevent capitalist domination on the one hand and proletarian domination on the other. At its head was a very engaging figure, Prince Starhemberg. His family, a thousand years old, is said to have been one of the original twelve families of the Holy Roman Empire; its most famous member was the Prince Starhemberg who defended Vienna against the Turks in 1683, but in every generation it had produced distinguished men in various military and civil positions. This member of the family, Prince Ernst Rüdiger Starhemberg, was a whole-hearted Austrian



(Photograph from Wide World Photos)

Dollfuss

Fascist, and yet a reasonable man. He said: "An idea cannot be permanently suppressed by force, but only by bringing home to the man who holds it that he is in error. We are well aware that power cannot be seized without bloodshed, in which it is the blood, not of the real criminal, but of those whom they have stirred up and imposed upon, that is shed. A bloody conflict would make it all the harder to bring those people over to us. To widen the gulf between us would be an imbecility for all time. We must win the Red workers by spiritual means."

The divisions between these parties constituted the State's greatest dangers, and a method to close them was Dollfuss's chief problem. But beside this Dollfuss had no end of difficulties; they cropped up, hydra-headed. In March, 1933, internal quarrels raged so furiously in Parliament, as well as out of Parliament, that the role of dictator was forced upon him. He dissolved the Socialist *Schutzbund*; he closed Parliament altogether, like Oliver Cromwell; he forbade all public demonstrations without special permission, and at the same time promulgated all manner of legislative measures for the benefit of trade and industry, and began public works in order to diminish unemployment.

The Nazis, who delighted in troubled times, made themselves dangerously obstreperous. To combat them, he forbade the symbol of the Swastika, and took members of the Heimwehr into the government. And he also attempted to counter the disruptive forces by an organization, the *Vaterländische Front* (the Patriotic Front), that should include all differing groups and strive for the regeneration of Austria. This organization adopted as its emblem, in opposition to the Swastika, the *Krückenkreuz*, the crutched cross, a symbol that Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who had been born in the neighborhood of Vienna, had stamped on his coins, and according to the story, King Arthur had taken for the Knights of the Round Table. The purpose was worthy, but the success slight.

Hitler was now Chancellor of the Reich, and the Nazis, stronger than ever in the support of Germany, redoubled their efforts. A conspicuous instance of their tough-mindedness is the case of Dr. Frank. This fellow, who was a German Government official, in a broadcast from Munich, made rude remarks about the Austrian Government. A complaint was submitted to the German Government, but was fobbed off on preposterous excuses. In May Dr. Frank announced, not to the Austrian Government but to the National Socialist Press, that he was going to Vienna; and he did not ask Austrian permission. On his arrival he was officially informed that, under the circumstances his visit was "not particularly desirable," but that the police would do their best to protect him. He paid no heed to the hint, but went with the head of the Austrian Nazis to the Nazi headquarters. There was some disturbance in the street, but it was quelled by the police. That evening Dr. Frank attended a great Nazi meeting, where he made a speech in favor of Hitler and derogatory to the Austrian Government, and stated that Hitler would shortly appear in Vienna, whether his visit was pleasing to the Austrian Government or not.

On the following day Dr. Frank accompanied the local Nazi chief to Gratz and there made a violent attack on Dollfuss, calling him "a pocket Metternich." The offense was wholly on the German side, but Germany complained to Dollfuss "on the unfriendly reception of two German Ministers and other high officials who had come to Vienna in a purely private capacity," and in retaliation the German Government put on a prohibitory fee (one thousand marks) on all tourists who wished to go from Germany into Austria. At the time Austria was desperately poor and the Tyrol and other places depended for their livelihood on tourist traffic.

It is pleasant to remember that on the very day that Dr. Frank was spewing forth his insolence at Gratz, Prince Starhemberg marched into Vienna, at the head of forty thousand Heimwehr

men, flags flying and bands playing, to the Schwarzenberg Platz, where Dollfuss, Schuschnigg and other patriots met them, and went with them to the Schönbrunn Palace. There Starhemberg made a speech: "These forty thousand men, and thousands more behind them, see in you first and foremost, the Kaiserschützen lieutenant (his rank in the World War); they see in you the warrior, who did his duty before the enemy as he is doing it today; they see in you the man whose unshakable tenacity and gallant defence have given his name to a mountain fortress. These forty thousand see in you the man who, rising high above the limits of party and free from the fetters of conventional politics, is strong enough to arouse the Austrian people and forge it into an iron front, fired only by a love of country and a will to renewed life. . . . Austria needs a saviour. . . . Be the saviour that she needs . . . and know that with one accord we Heimwehr men stand by you. . . . Be firm!"

From this time on, the Nazis within Austria and the Nazis without, supported by Germany, continued to commit numberless criminal acts, some of a very serious nature. In June, 1933, Nazis threw hand grenades at a party of the government's supporters, killing and wounding several; for this Dollfuss declared the National Socialist Party dissolved, and removed its members from whatever official positions they occupied. Nevertheless, the Nazi outrages continued worse than before: acts of sabotage, publication of libels, tear-gas bombs and powder bombs, until (so it is said) forty were exploded daily, strikes against smoking in order to diminish the revenue from tobacco received by the government, infernal machines to frighten foreign tourists away, blowing up railway lines and electric works, and occasional murder.

This conduct was aided and abetted by the Nazis in Germany in all sorts of ways, for instance: radio talks, leaflets dropped from airplanes, the organization, training, and equipment of a legion of Austrian Nazis in Germany, the organization of a

civil society, the *Kampfring*, of German Austrians in Germany, exportation of munitions to Austrian Nazis—all directed to the purpose of subjecting the Austrian Government to the Nazis.

However, it was not the Nazis, but the Socialists, who first rose in rebellion against the government; they were strong in Vienna and believed that the time was ripe to stand up, grasp the pillars of the Temple of Dagon, and pull it down on the heads of all their foes—the government that was now a dictatorship, the Heimwehr, which hated all forms of Marxism, and the Fascist Nazis, who were their worst enemies.

On February 12, Kurt Schuschnigg, who was then in Dollfuss's cabinet, was on his way to attend Mass in St. Stephan's-Kirche in commemoration of the accession of Pope Pius XI, when he received a telephone message from Innsbruck, to say that a bomb had been dropped through the letter box into his empty flat, by the Nazis, and had done considerable damage. In the church the lights went out. After that Schuschnigg tried to telephone to Innsbruck, but found that the telephone did not work. Then he learned that the Socialist *Schutzbund* which had been officially dissolved, had raised a revolt in Vienna. At 11:15 A.M. the electricity had been cut off, the tramway service stopped, and "action" began. At this signal, fighting started in various places in Vienna. In Ottakring, for example, which lies in the extreme western part of the city, riflefire was at once directed from a workers' club and café, and from a block of flats, against the police station.

The headquarters of the revolt were in the Karl Marxhof, a municipal housing block, a sort of workmen's castle, that lies in the northern part of the city near the spot where the Danube Canal joins the Danube. This fortress was able to resist the police for three days. In the Floridsdorf, which is a suburb north of the river, a very socialistic district, the Red palace fortress, called the Schlingerhof, was the centre of a real battle. Its capture required an attack by two thousand soldiers with armored

cars; in it the government captured some twenty machine guns, twenty-five hundred rifles, and one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition. Elsewhere the insurrection was put down more easily. The Socialist party was officially dissolved. In this way the first of the two great dangers, that of the Red menace, was overcome; but the second, the Nazi danger, was left.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE MURDER OF DOLLFUSS

IN 1933 Dollfuss had made Mussolini a visit at Riccione in Italy. The two got on famously; and the invitation had been renewed for 1934, and extended to Mrs. Dollfuss and the children, Evi the daughter and Bibi the son. The invitation was accepted with great pleasure, and Frau Dollfuss went on ten days ahead with the two children; Dollfuss could not get away until July 26. He was very busy; among other things he had arranged to send fifty thousand poor children out from the city to the Tyrol; they went off by the trainload, with cheers and waving flags. "Love your Austria!" he shouted as the train started. On July 25, too late to reach him, the children sent him a letter and large bunches of pinks and ferns that they had picked on the mountains. He, himself, had passed Sunday, July 22, in the country and had driven back to Vienna on Tuesday for a cabinet meeting. The meeting was postponed till the morning of Wednesday, July 25.

By this time the Nazi plot was ready for hatching; and some evil divinity seems to have blessed it, for only by a series of delays, hesitations and impish interventions, could it have succeeded. On the 23rd, one of the conspirators approached Police Inspector Dobler, told him the plot, and asked him to join. The tempter said that members of the police, officers in the army, as well as detectives, were in the conspiracy, that the present government was to be overthrown, Dollfuss and his associates were to be captured, and a message broadcast at once to say that Dr. Rintelen (who passed as loyal to the govern-

ment) was to become Chancellor, the Nazis were to seize strategic places, and the people would acquiesce in a *fait accompli*.

Dobler agreed to join, but privily meant to reveal the plot, apparently from a desire to be on whichever side won; and, naturally enough, as he had been warned that traitors would be murdered, he wished to betray his fellow conspirators without their knowing it. He, therefore, telephoned to a government agency to send some trustworthy person to meet him in secrecy at a certain café. One Mahrer went and received the communication; Mahrer told Hiederer; Hiederer telephoned to Major Wrabel; Wrabel reported to Major Fey, head of the Vienna Heimwehr, and Director of Public Security; Fey ordered Wrabel to see Dobler; Dobler, to show his honesty, produced a written order from the Nazis that he was to be at 11 Siebenstern Street at 12:45 P.M.; Wrabel reported this to Major Fey; the cabinet meeting had begun; Major Fey came in and told Dollfuss, who adjourned the cabinet meeting till 4 P.M. As one reads of these meetings and reports, and orders, and transmission of orders, a cold apprehension of the future creeps down one's back; it is impossible that easy-goingness should stand up against blood and iron.

Subsequent discoveries throw light on what was being done in Munich; in which city the headquarters of German Nazi operations in Austria had been established. Their wireless station kept proclaiming that Dollfuss was the enemy of the German people; Dollfuss was a tyrant who oppressed everybody, patriots and Socialists; Dollfuss prevented an economic revival; Dollfuss was a traitor to the German cause; Dollfuss must be got rid of, and so on. Virtually all plans for action in Austria were made in Munich; and orders were issued from Munich. "In point of fact," it is truly said, "the National Socialist organizations in Austria were in every respect part of the N.S.D.A.P. (Nazis) which is identical with the Government or the governing power, in Germany." What the plans were we

know pretty well. A document was found hidden in the shoe of a German, caught while trying to cross the border into Germany, that contains the instructions for the proposed revolution in Austria:

"1. *It is possible* [my italics] that one day the Dollfuss Cabinet will be forced to resign. . . . Either a new cabinet will be appointed, or a struggle for power will follow.

"2. In either case there will be an interregnum. . . .

"3. We must make the most of this interregnum. On receiving news of the resignation of the Dollfuss Cabinet the S. A. (*Sturmabteilung*, a Nazi militia) will at once begin what we will call 'unarmed propaganda marches,' whose apparent purpose is to demonstrate in favor of a general election, but whose real object is to occupy every public building and office in all provincial capital towns and district administrative centres, and thus to assume power. . . .

"4. Only two possibilities exist:

"(a) The New Government will recognize the National Socialist Movement and give way to the Party's requests, or

"(b) It will institute active resistance to the Party, which resistance will be more or less organized, and will result in an open fight for supreme power. . . .

"If we succeed in gaining control of the provincial areas, Vienna alone will be unable to resist us and will be compelled to fall into line.

"5. It is of the utmost importance that the movement is made to appear as originating spontaneously from the people. It must be organized in such a way as to seem no more than a purely internal political struggle, and at all costs the fact that it has been launched from beyond the frontiers must not be disclosed."

Another paper captured on the same man gives their telegraphic code:

<i>Message</i>	<i>Code words</i>
Dollfuss dead	Old samples of cutlery arrived
Dollfuss captured	Old samples of cutlery on the way
Federal army hostile	Candlesticks not arrived
Rintelen chancellor	New samples of cutlery arrived
New government	Market favorable

You see the whole plan had been carefully worked out. Two of the chief Austrian Nazi leaders, Habicht and Frauenfeld, were in Munich with airplanes ready to fly to Vienna if the *Putsch* was successful; the Austrian legion was on the border; vast quantities of the arms and explosives had been sent across. No doubt it was hoped that, under threats, Dollfuss would resign, and appoint Rintelen in his place, and that when this change was announced over the radio, armed Nazis would be at every point of vantage, and that the people would quietly accept the new state of things.

While Dollfuss, Major Fey (one of the ministry), and Karwinsky (a Secretary of State), were in the Chancellor's study, it was reported that numerous members of the police, and of the regular army and others, had entered the Gymnasium, 11 Siebenstern Street; then, that a lorry had drawn up in front of the house, and was being loaded with bags and packing cases, and then that four more lorries had arrived. The guard at the Chancellery was increased, but not enough. The Chancellery is on Ballhaus-Platz; and it was in the apartments there that the Congress of Vienna met in 1814-1815. The Chancellor's rooms were up one flight and connected with one another. As reports of danger came in, squads of police were sent to different places, here and there. The squad assigned to Siebenstern-Strasse arrived too late. The lorries from the Gymnasium there, filled

with men in uniform, were noticed, but thought to be reinforcements hastily rushed to the Chancellery, and so the conspirators reached their goal unhindered, passed through the gates and entered the courtyard. The occupants of the lorries leaped out, and overpowered the government guards. There was no defense, for the government guards constituted a guard of honor and a guard of honor did not carry loaded weapons. One may suppose that Herr Hitler's guards do differently.

Upstairs, the three members of the government, hastily warned, hurried from one room to another. The rooms were in a sequence; if they went one way they might escape into a labyrinth of little rooms, if the other they might get to a back door. The exact facts are not certain. At all events, the Chancellor was in what they call the corner room, which opened on the landing leading to the stairs. One of the insurgents, Otto Planetta, walked up to him, and shot him twice. Dollfuss was laid on a sofa in the corner room, his friends were taken into the other rooms, and insurgents made him believe, or tried to, that the army was in revolt, and that Dr. Rintelen had formed a new government. This was the same story that they were trying to spread from the wireless station in Johannesgasse.

Poor Dollfuss kept asking for a doctor, which was refused—good proof that they intended to kill him—and for a priest, which was also refused, and seems good proof that, as they knew how devout a Catholic he was, they had a good dose of Prussianism in their Nazi bones. But they allowed Major Fey to speak to him. Dollfuss, who could barely make himself heard, asked that, if no one else did, Mussolini should look after his family. Then he asked to see Dr. Schuschnigg, whom he wished to act as Chancellor in his place, but Schuschnigg was not there. His dying words were a message of love to his wife and children.

Then the rebels forced Major Fey at pistol point to stand out on the balcony and make various untruthful statements; the government forces, which now surrounded the Chancellery, in-

formed him that they did not believe them, which relieved him considerably. Dr. Schuschnigg called up President Miklas, who was out of town, by telephone, explained the circumstances and accepted the appointment of chancellor. The rebels were then commanded to evacuate the Ballhaus building within a quarter of an hour, on the condition that if no blood had been shed, they would be given free passage across the border; but before they surrendered the German Minister appeared and said that he had been asked by an insurgent, unknown to him, to intervene. The murderers had telephoned him that they wished him to provide transportation across the border. The Austrian authorities said that they did not want his intervention. The insurgents then surrendered, but as blood had been shed the condition of free passage failed, and they were kept in prison. The murderer, Otto Planetta, together with his immediate accomplice, and four police traitors were hanged, I believe.

As for Dr. Rintelen, who had taken up lodgings at the Imperial Hotel, he was summoned to the Ministry of National Defense, a bed was put in a room for him, and he was told that Dollfuss was dead, and locked in. About one o'clock at night, two detectives went to his room to take him to a police office for examination. He said, "Just wait a minute." A moment after, the report of a pistol was heard; the detectives rushed in and switched on the lights. Rintelen was sitting in a chair leaning against the desk, with a wound in the left side of his chest. He was hurried to a first-aid station, where the medical report said: "A case of attempted suicide. Motives unknown." A little later he suffered from what we call a stroke, so that he was not brought to trial until March, 1935, when he was convicted of high treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Mussolini heard of the murder very shortly after it happened, and at once drove from Rome across the Apennines, late into the night, to Riccione. Mrs. Dollfuss and the children had been lodged in a villa next his; he went immediately to break the

news. Signora Mussolini followed, seeking to comfort the poor stricken lady, and promised that they would always look after her children. The Duce paced up and down in his garden thinking. At nine o'clock in the morning his special airplane arrived, driven by one of his leading pilots, to take Frau Dollfuss, together with Prince Schwarzenberg of the Austrian Legation, back to Vienna. The children remained in charge of Signora Mussolini. The Duce hurried back to Rome, and ordered a mobilization of all the Italian forces, cavalry, artillery, infantry and air, on the Austrian front. He sent a telegram of condolence to Prince Starhemberg in which he said: "The independence of Austria for which Dollfuss fell is a principle that has been defended and will be defended by Italy even more strenuously in these exceptionally difficult times."

CHAPTER XLV

THE ANSCHLUSS

It is written in Article 80 of the Treaty of Versailles: "Germany acknowledges and will strictly respect the independence of Austria within the boundaries fixed by this Treaty . . . and that her independence is inalienable except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations"; and Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain (made with Austria) provides: "The independence of Austria is inalienable otherwise than with the consent of the League of Nations." In 1922 the League of Nations guaranteed the independence of Austria; in 1932 a similar declaration was made by the Powers at Lausanne. In February, 1934, Great Britain, France and Italy guaranteed the integrity of Austria. Again on September 27, 1934, after the murder of Dollfuss, a new declaration of Austrian integrity was signed at Geneva, by Mr. Eden, Monsieur Barthou, and Baron Aloisi: "Having proceeded to a further examination of the situation of Austria, the representatives of France, Great Britain and Italy have agreed, in the name of their respective governments, to recognize that the declaration of February 17, 1934, relative to the necessity of maintaining the independence and integrity of Austria in conformity with the treaties, preserves its full force and will continue to inspire their joint endeavors." In April, 1935, this Anglo-French-Italian guarantee was renewed at Stresa. In May, 1935, Hitler stated: "Germany has neither the intention nor the desire to interfere with internal affairs of Austria, or to annex or incorporate Austria." And, on July 11, 1936, by treaty with Austria, the Government of the German Reich declared that it "recognized the full sovereignty of the

Austrian union, and promised to regard the Austrian form of government and its domestic policy, including the question of Austrian National Socialism, as a purely Austrian affair, upon which it promised to exert no influence either direct or indirect"; while Austria, for her part, promised that she would "in general and in particular in her relations with the German Reich hold to those fundamental principles which correspond to the fact that Austria is a German state." And, finally, on February 12, 1938, Hitler not only set his signature to a recognition of Austrian independence, but further undertook to refrain from all direct and indirect interference in Austria's domestic affairs, including the question of the Austrian Nazis.

POLONIUS: What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET: Words, words, words, . . .

By these various treaties the independence of Austria seemed secure. The chief Powers, Great Britain, France and Italy forbade an *Anschluss*, and Hitler had pledged himself against it. Nevertheless, ever since the Great War, there had long been a desire in Austria for union with Germany. Some thought that all men of German blood and language should make one political whole; others felt that the economic plight of Austria demanded it; others feared for the littleness of Austria, a mere remnant of its old self, incapable of self-defense. After the war most parties desired the *Anschluss* and leading statesmen worked for it. Pan-Germanism seemed the only road to safety. The very day after the Armistice, Austria declared itself (that is, the German portions of the former Austrian territories) an Independent German-Austrian Republic, and by the second article of its constitution, it was further declared that, "German Austria is a component part of the German Republic." This was, of course, before the Treaties of Versailles and Saint Germain had insisted upon the separation of Austria from



(Photograph from *Mr. World Photos*)

Schuschnigg

Germany; but even after the treaties, in April, 1921, a plebiscite was held in the Tyrol and out of 146,468 votes cast, 144,342 voted for the *Anschluss*, and 1,794 against; in Salzburg also a vote was taken, and of 102,000 votes cast, 95,000 were for the union. Pan-German meetings and demonstrations were common in all the lean years after the war. In 1925 at the annual meeting of the Social Democratic Party there was a great pro-*Anschluss* demonstration, and in the opening address it was said, "The proletarian party would always have the *Anschluss* as its goal." In 1928 when the Deutscher Sängerbund came to Vienna to celebrate the Schubert Festival, there was a great *Anschluss* demonstration. And so the movement continued until Adolph Hitler came to power in March, 1933.

It was soon obvious that the attitude of Austria towards a Nazi Reich was different from what it had been. Catholics, Socialists, Communists did not like Hitler's ways. One of the Socialist leaders said: "In the interest of millions, who would desire *Anschluss* to Germany, but not to a prison house, who are turning away today from a barbarism that dishonors Germany, true friends of *Anschluss* must withdraw from the movement until the idea can again be made morally comprehensible."

It is hard to say how a majority of the public felt. The issue lay between the government and the Nazis, but, as the Nazis were supported by Germany, it behooved Schuschnigg to act warily. He felt that he had been entrusted with a moral task, the preservation of the Austrian idea. He felt that Austria represented a special type of human being and an honorable culture, that she was, as von Hofmannsthal had said "a creation of the spirit, which some envious power has again and again tried to rend." After all, was that spiritual essence to be lost, spilt in a desert, because of a count of noses? Schuschnigg fully recognized the moral, racial and economical dependence of little Austria upon big step-brother Germany, but he strove to keep Austria, with its individual disposition, its moderation, care-

lessness, indifference to material triumph, a corporate entity by itself, a land, as it had been, where friends greet one another, not with *Heil Hitler*, but with *Grüss Gott*. Schuschnigg, himself, in his book *My Austria*, discussing the *Anschluss*, puts and answers the question that confronted him: "But do not some of us have dark hours, when we still doubt Austria? Doubt whether she still has significance, whether she can still stand on her feet? Whether it is still worth while for us to acknowledge ourselves Austrians, of an Austrian Fatherland? Nevertheless answer to that question can only be a thousandfold Yes."

Unfortunately, an ex-Austrian, had answered the question in the negative. In *Mein Kampf* (1924) he says: "A lucky predestination caused me to be born at Braunau on the Inn, a village situated exactly on the frontier of these two German countries, whose union in my judgment is the essential task of my life, to be pursued by every means. German Austria must return to the great German Fatherland, and not in consequence of economical reasons. No, No! Not even if the union were, economically speaking, unimportant or even harmful, it must take place, just the same. One and the same blood belong to one and the same Empire."

As one reads the last pages of Schuschnigg's book, Ingres' picture of *Oedipus questioning the Sphinx* springs to mind. The answer of the Sphinx is contained in the following facts. At the time of the treaty of July 11, 1936, Schuschnigg agreed to admit into the government at a proper time some members of the former Austrian Nazi Party, of whom he approved. Nevertheless, the relations between the two countries continued to be unsatisfactory, and in order to better them, Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden and had an interview with Hitler, at which Hitler insisted that five cabinet positions—including Defense, Interior, Justice and Education—should be given to pro-Nazis, otherwise the German Army would invade Austria (February 12, 1938).

Schuschnigg had no choice but to accept, and he made the appointments. The pressure from Germany was growing heavier all the time, and naturally he wished to know whether the country was behind him, whether Austria wished to be independent and govern herself, or to accept the *Anschluss* and become a department of the German Reich. Accordingly, on March 9 he made a radio announcement that a plebiscite would be held on March 13 for the people to vote whether or no they wished Austria to remain independent. "I stand or fall," he said, "by your confession of faith."

On March 11, Friday, Hitler called Schuschnigg on the telephone—as he himself says, "On Friday night I was not even thinking of Austria. Then, suddenly, I knew that the deed and the hour were predetermined. . . . I did not consult anyone. I gave orders"—and told him if he did not resign within sixty minutes and recall the plebiscite, the German Army would invade Austria. Schuschnigg called up London, Paris and Rome, but none of his guarantors were ready to save him. That morning, as on the day before, the coming plebiscite was the talk of everybody in Vienna. The newspaper offices were buzzing, all discussing it.

Herr Lennhoff, editor of the *Vienna Telegraph*, which supported the government, was at his telephone calling up their correspondents in London and Paris, and their reporters in other Austrian cities, to get the latest news. The streets began to be noisy. Crowds of Nazis were demonstrating in Kärntner-Strasse, hawkers were selling illegal pamphlets and newspapers, excitable boys were shouting "*Heil Hitler!*" "One people, one Reich, one Leader!" and "Down with Schuschnigg!" Ordinary traffic was impeded or stopped, and much disorder prevailed. Herr Lennhoff asked a police officer why order was not enforced; he answered, "We get contradictory instructions, one order says do this, and then another comes saying, don't do it."

This was because Chancellor Schuschnigg gave one set of or-

ders, and Seyss-Inquart, a Nazi, forced into the cabinet by Hitler, gave contradictory orders. Telephone communications from other Austrian cities announced grave tumults. The police editor of the newspaper reported to the chief editor that "the Nazis are planning some kind of coup."

Messages from Berlin proved that false news was being disseminated there, for instance: "The Kärntner-Strasse is in the hands of a Communist mob," "In Vienna German nationals are being grossly maltreated," "Czechoslovakia is supplying the Red mob in Vienna with artillery to support an immediate Bolshevik uprising," and other falsehoods. And jocular messages would come to Herr Lennhoff: "Heil Hitler! Are you packing your things for Czechoslovakia?" Others, more serious, urged him to leave at once, as his life was in danger. Further communications stated that more falsehoods were reported in Germany to the effect that serious labor disturbances had broken out in Austria, that blood was flowing in streams, and Schuschnigg no longer had control of the situation. Everything was most confused, and Lennhoff, a strong supporter of Schuschnigg, was busy with editorials in favor of voting *Yes* in the plebiscite, and arguments and persuasions, when suddenly, hearing the telephone ring at his elbow, he lifted the receiver. It was near three o'clock. An official of the Federal Press Department was speaking: "Ultimatum from Berlin—." "Are you mad?" Lennhoff asked.

The official was not mad. Hitler had ordered the plebiscite called off. And so, the disbelieved-in messages that German troops were massing on the frontier were true. Later messages said that one German column was marching on Seefeld in the Tyrol and a second on Braunau. Lennhoff went to the Chancellery; when he gained admission, the First Secretary to the Chancellor said, "I have news for you. Hitler demands the resignation of the Chancellor, and the taking over of the govern-

ment by Seyss-Inquart (a Nazi), and in case of refusal, he threatens to invade Austria."

Lennhoff was told to publish nothing; but as he went back to his office, his mind turned mechanically on the headlines he would use:

"SCHUSCHNIGG RESIGNS. . . . BOMBING SQUADRONS OVER VIENNA"

More news came in; fear had taken hold of many citizens, trains for Czechoslovakia were crowded; troops in Nazi uniforms were lining up in front of the telegraph office. Lennhoff went to his friend, Herr von Becker, who had charge of official broadcasts over the radio; but Becker had been unable to get any information from the Chancellery. At last he got his connection, said he must speak to the Chancellor. A minute passed. There was then somebody at the other end. He asked: "What shall I announce over the wireless, Chancellor?" Lennhoff heard the Chancellor's voice, but not the words. "It's all over," said Becker, then he took hold of the microphone, switched on and spoke: "The Plebiscite is indefinitely postponed."

Meanwhile the Columbia Broadcasting System was announcing bulletins: "12:29 P.M. New York time: Vienna: The general election on Austrian independence has been postponed. . . . This action was taken under the extreme pressure of Germany which is reported to have given Schuschnigg a virtual ultimatum, while it concentrated troops on the Austrian border."

"2:15 P.M. New York time: Vienna: It is officially announced that Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg has resigned."

"2:45 P.M. New York time: Vienna: The Austrian Government press bureau announces that German troops have crossed the Austrian border at the town of Passau."

"3:43 P.M. New York time: Vienna: The swastika flag is now flying from the top of the Chancellery building, which is the seat of the Austrian Government."

"6 P.M. New York time: Vienna: Austria is in the hands of the Nazis and all Europe is in a turmoil. . . . In a farewell address Schuschnigg told the people that he had been compelled to back down under threats of violence from Germany."

"Midnight. New York time: Vienna: The Nazis are now holding jubilation meetings throughout the country and the swastika flag of Germany is flying from all public buildings."

In his farewell speech Schuschnigg, over the radio, said:

"Today we have been faced with a difficult and critical situation. I am instructed to report to the people of Austria on the day's events. The Government of the German Reich has presented to the Federal President an ultimatum, with a fixed time limit, demanding the appointment of a candidate of its own choice to the post of Chancellor and the formation of a Government in accordance with proposals of the German Reich Government. In the event of a refusal it is intended that German troops shall march into Austria at this hour.

"I place on record before the world that all reports to the effect that labour disturbances have broken out in Austria and that there has been serious bloodshed, that the Government is no longer in control of the situation and has not been able to maintain order, are inventions from beginning to end.

"I am instructed by the Federal President to inform the Austrian people that we are yielding to force.

"Determined at all costs and even in this grave hour to avoid shedding German blood, we have issued orders to our armed forces to withdraw without resistance in the event of an in-

vasion and to await the decision within the next few hours. . . .

"And so I take my leave of the Austrian people with a heartfelt wish: God save Austria."

Troops of armed Nazis paraded about Vienna and took possession of public buildings and whatever else they desired. Herr Lennhoff and his colleagues left their newspaper office by a side door at the very moment the Nazis were entering the front door. They managed to get a taxi, and drive to the Czechoslovakian frontier, but found that frontier closed by order of the Czechs; they drove on to the Hungarian border at Kittsee and crossed into safety. There were a number of other fugitives, an important man of business, two Catholic priests, well-known lawyers and doctors, a musical comedy librettist, the director of a large conservatoire in Vienna, an official of the wireless station, all sorts of people, flying from the storm.

In Vienna the Nazi youth celebrated their victory, and across the border from Germany in armored cars, on trains, on motor cycles, came thousands and thousands of German soldiers. On March 14 Hitler entered the city. The next day the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that "Vienna is now witnessing one of the greatest spectacles the city has ever known in its long and colorful history. Right now in Heroes' Square [the Helden-Platz], in front of the old Imperial Palace [the Hofburg], hundreds of thousands of persons are massed to hear Adolph Hitler speak." Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the arch conspirator, introduced the Führer, who said: "Within the last few days a change has taken place in the union of the German nation, the importance of which, however, can and will be estimated in its entire significance only by the generations to come. . . . This country is German. It has understood its mission and it will fulfill it. And nobody will dare to interfere with the execution of this mission! In this hour as Führer and Chancellor I can report to the German Nation: I report to German history the incorpo-

ration of my native land with the German Reich. Germany! the New Germany! The National Socialist Party! Our Army! Hail! Victory!"

Hitler subsequently announced to the German Reichstag: "The actions of the League of Nations have no moral basis. Austria was longing for union with the Reich," and to prove this he held the plebiscite that he had denied to Schuschnigg (April 10, 1938). The ballot read, "Are you in accord with the reunion of Austria with the German Reich which was effected on March 13, 1938, and do you vote for the list of our leader, Adolph Hitler?" Under this was a large circle with the word *Ja* (yes) over it, and next to it a smaller circle, about half as big, with the word *Nein* (no). The vote was taken very seriously, at least according to the language of its promoters. Herr Buerckel, who conducted the plebiscite, said, "It is not for us to vote yes or no, or for or against Germany, but rather we want to kneel before the Creator and say we thank you for having sent Der Führer." Goebbels said, "If the voice of the people is God's voice, then we Germans tomorrow go before a judgment of God to say *Yes*." And Hitler, "I want to thank the Almighty, who let me return to my homeland so that I might lead it into my German Reich. May every German tomorrow bow in humility before the will of the Almighty, who in the space of a few weeks has performed on us a miracle." I think I should interpose the caveat, that Buerckel's—Goebbels'—Hitler's Almighty is not to be confounded with the Hebrew Jehovah.

The Teutonic deity (luckily for him) completed his miracle to the Führer's satisfaction. The ayes had it by more than ninety-nine to one; perhaps there lacks one per cent of omnipotence in the Teutonic deity.

CHAPTER XLVI

EPILOGUE

AND so the great city goes upon her untried way. Cultivation, grace, delicacy, refinement, a fostered childhood of music and slow time, give way to all that the Swastika stands for. There may well be economic betterment; the Treaty of Saint Germain left the Imperial city stripped of its resources, its markets, its ordinary means of livelihood, left it poverty-stricken. Its Chancellors, Seipel, Dollfuss, Schuschnigg struggled against great odds to put her on her feet, to keep her Austrian character, to guide her course by the North Star of Austria, and under the sweet influence of the Austrian Pleiades. The belly will be taken care of; but how does the soul? The literary men I quoted as typical of Vienna, the poet von Hofmannsthal, the novelist and dramatist Arthur Schnitzler, had Jewish blood. Hitler's eyes could see caftans and greasy locks, but they could not see the spiritual light that shines from the Jewish Old Testament and the Jewish New Testament, nor the intellectual light that there is in modern Jews. And Germany, poor Germany! What hurt injustice does to them that practice injustice!

Jacob Wassermann says, "A vital defect must lie in a people if it can—so lightly, so habitually, so unscrupulously, heeding no appeal, admitting no sincere discussion, capable of no generosity on this point, a people that incessantly proclaims itself the leader of all nations in culture, art, research and idealism—continually practise such injustice, sow such dissension, heap up such mountains of hate." And then he draws a parallel—the Führer, Field-Marshal Goering might not appreciate it, but Herr Goebbels is more sensitively intelligent—between Germany and

Jewry: "That a similarity of destiny and character exists here is self-evident. Here as there centuries of dismemberment and decentralization. A foreign yoke and a Messianic hope for victory over all foes, for unification. For this purpose, indeed, a special German God was devised, and figured in every patriotic hymn as the Jewish God figures in prayers. Here as there misunderstood abroad, objects of ill will, jealousy and suspicion; here as there a heterogeneous configuration within the nation, dissensions among the tribes. Incongruously contrasting individual traits: practical activity and dreaminess; the gift of speculation in both the higher and the lower senses; the impulse to economize, to accumulate, to trade, to learn, the impulse to acquire knowledge and serve it. An overabundance of formulas and a dearth of form. A detached spiritual life that imperceptibly leads to hybridism, to insolence and intractable stubbornness. Here as there, finally, the dogma of election. Contact brought on abrasions, the abrasions became bleeding, festering wounds. In the weaker body, wounds that will never heal."

Since Wassermann so wrote, the bleeding festering wounds are bleeding and festering worse, the mountain of hate has gained in altitude and mass. Last November, in revenge for wrongs inflicted upon his parents by the German Government, a young Polish Jew shot a Secretary of the German Legation in Paris. Not parents, Polish Jew, Ernst von Rath, nor Paris had anything to do with Vienna; but in Vienna—and they were doing the same in Berlin, Munich and other centres of German culture—the Nazis, animated by devotion to their German God (very much in the manner that the Prophet Samuel was animated by devotion to the Jewish God when he hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord in Gilgal) attacked twenty-one synagogues in Vienna, and destroyed eighteen, wholly or in part, by fires and bombs.

Synagogues soaked in kerosene burn beautifully. Storm

troopers led the way, they directed the raiders in the gallant Teutonic fashion, they broke into Jewish houses and apartments, flinging furniture out of the window, and smashing and destroying, with the happy childish satisfaction in destruction that marks the Teutonic character. Jews were arrested, as in other countries mad dogs are captured; some were in line before the British and United States Consulates seeking protection, others in houses, in shops, in offices, till fifteen thousand, or more, were rounded up at police stations. Sacred books from synagogues were heaped up in the streets and burned, so, also, furniture from the Rabbis' school, to make bonfires in honor of Germania. Some property in shops and houses was saved, as it was believed to be doomed to confiscation, and the loss would in that case fall on the Fatherland.

One item of news was: "In the dingy streets of the Second District there took place a pitiful chase by a mob of a man aged and lame, who tried vainly to run while his granddaughter aided him. He had been examined by the police, nothing found against him, and the crowd, a thousand strong were roaring execrations. The child who was about twelve took his hand, begged and upbraided the crowd by turns, and fought it off with its other hand." Another correspondent saw "a member of the Elite guard beating a very old Jew of patriarchal appearance who lay prone on the floor, then the old Jew was dragged to his feet and struck in the face" *und so weiter*. (New York Times, November 11, 1938.)

It is evident that the Teutonic God, Wotan, or Thor, or whoever he is, dislikes his Jewish compeer very much, and is, in our current phrase, "rubbing it in."

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow,
By night Arabia's crimson sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous ray,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

But the problem of Vienna is not merely a Jewish problem: it is to preserve that culture, that *Weltanschauung*, that blend of the characters of different races, that openmindedness and easy-going disposition, which have been constructed slowly, thought by thought, idea by idea, emotion by emotion—even as the Temple of Zion was built, through the long ages—by Rudolph of Habsburg, Otto der Fröhliche, Walther von der Vogelweide, Maximilian I, Father Canisius, Prince Eugene, Fischer von Erlach, Maria Theresa, Metastasio, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Raimund, Grillparzer, Metternich, Francis Joseph, Brahms, von Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Dollfuss, and a thousand contributory influences. Must that be crushed and thrown to the scrap heap, because of the obtuse fanaticism of men of narrow vision and spiritual blindness bowing down to Teutonic Gods of force?

One would suppose that the Jew would sit upon the ground like Job, and moan the day that he was born. But listen to Prometheus:

And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or, starry, dim and slow, the other climbs

The leaden-coloured east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
—As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide Heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within!

Revenge, hate, cruelty! How far they take us from the sweet
city and its happy state, its *Glücksgefühle* where Mozart, Schu-
bert, Strauss had created a temporary earthly felicity, and sent
the Danube waltzing and singing towards the sea.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A

LIST OF EMPERORS

(Those in parentheses were not of the Habsburg House)

Rudolph I	1272-1291
(Adolph of Nassau)	1292-1298
Albert I	1298-1308
(Henry VII of Luxemburg)	1308-1314
(Lewis IV of Bavaria)	1314-1347
(Charles IV of Bohemia)	1347-1378
(Wenceslaus of Bohemia)	1378-1400
(Rupert Elector Palatine)	1400-1410
(Sigismund of Bohemia)	1410-1437
Albert II	1438-1439
Frederick III	1440-1493
Maximilian I	1493-1519
Charles V	1519-1556
Ferdinand I	1558-1564
Maximilian II	1564-1576
Rudolph II	1576-1612
Mathias	1612-1619
Ferdinand II	1619-1637
Ferdinand III	1637-1657
Leopold I	1658-1705
Joseph I	1705-1711
Charles VI	1711-1740
(Charles VII of Bavaria)	1742-1745
(Francis I of Lorraine married Maria Theresa) }	1745-1765
Joseph II	1765-1790
Leopold II	1790-1792
Francis II [End of Holy Roman Empire]	1792-1806
Francis I of Austria	1804-1835
Ferdinand I of Austria	1835-1848
Francis Joseph of Austria	1848-1916
Charles of Austria	1916-1918

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